LORING PACHA.

Fitruk and General.

A Confederate Soldier in Egypt

BY

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PREFACE.

THE author's purpose has not been to write a history of Egypt, but to trace to their probable causes the events which have for the last decade made Egypt so conspicuous a thread in the tangled skein of Old World politics.

An acquaintance of more than a quarter of a century with Eastern lands and peoples, and ten years passed in high command in Egypt itself, with unlimited opportunities for study and observation in every direction, may perhaps justify the writer in hoping that the results here presented may not be unwelcome to the general reader.

He has endeavored to give in succinct outline such features of Egypt's history, political, religious, and social, as was deemed necessary to a complete understanding of the drama now being enacted on her soil. He has dealt in some detail with her last six rulers, more particularly with Ismail Pacha, the ex-Khedive, to his thinking the only man who thoroughly understood the wants of his country, or who had any adequate idea of how to engraft upon the customs and habits of a people accustomed for ages to despotism in its most absolute form such features of modern civilization as would gradually open the way to a regeneration of the land.

Another interesting figure has appeared lately in Egypt

in the person of El Mahdi, a new prophet, who has suddenly caused wonderful excitement both as a military and political leader. Destined to play an important though brief part in the future of Egypt, something has been said of his antecedents and recent exploits, together with the traditional pretensions under the authority of which he assumes the rôle of prophet.

The selfish, cruel policy of the two Western powers, France and England, but more particularly of the latter, has been outlined, to the best of the author's ability, with impartial truth.

To these main features of the work are added brief accounts of recent explorations, and the reasons for penetrating the Dark Continent, as well as the influences which operated upon Mehemet Ali, the founder of the present dynasty, and Ismail Pacha, the greatest of his successors, in undertaking to extend the area of their empire. As a part of this policy, encroachments were made upon the frontier of Abyssinia. War followed these ambitious designs, and in its train came further financial and political embarrassments to Egypt.

It is therefore proper that there should be given an account of the Abyssinians and the campaign into their country; and as the author was a participant, he has thought it essential to relate somewhat in detail accounts of battles and the terrible tragedies which followed.

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PART I.

EGYPT.

vellous fruitfulness would speedily become an arid waste. The bounty of the Nile lands is the wonder of every traveller; and this fruitfulness is guarded by the Mokattum and Libyan hills as by nature's sentries. On those hills the desert winds are broken, and the valley is thus preserved from the choking drift of sand which would otherwise cover its fair surface, converting it—in spite of the inundations—into a desolate plain.

To the primitive Egyptians water was the obvious source of life, the necessary agent of the earth's fruitfulness; the Nile was their benefactor and the chief of their divinities. Their conception of it gave to the great river a human form, in which the characteristics of both sexes were combined. To make it still more typical of observed facts, they covered this figure with the leaves of various plants in the form of a great rainbow. The office of this Nile *numea* was to make offerings to the great gods of Egypt, in the name and behalf of the Pharaohs. Before this Nile god were set four vases containing the sacred water, each separated from its fellows by a sceptre. By every fact of life and every device of symbolism the people were taught reverence for the Nile, and it taxed their imaginations very little to invest the river with so holy a character that a person drowned in its waters was held to be sacred. The corpse, in such a case, could be touched and embalmed only by the priests at the expense of the temple specially dedicated to the god of the Nile.

Standing on the main heights of the Libyan and Mokattum hills and surveying the seemingly boundless desert through which the Nile courses, the spectator is impressed with the awful grandeur and solitude of the scene. In contemplating, too, the great ruins beneath these hills which fringe the silver thread of the river from the Pyramids to Isamboul, the mind is still more awed by the stupendous structures which the genius of man has raised there. The wealth of the Nile waters and the aridity of the deserts

bordering the stream gave rise to the beautiful fable of the ancients that Osiris—that was the river, the greatest of all the Egyptian gods—had for his spouse the sweet and lovely Isis, who represented the fruitful Earth. The desert they embodied in Nepthis, another interesting divinity, whom they made the sterile spouse of Typhon, the god of rain. They held, further, that Nepthis could only be made beneficent through the power of Osiris.

Amrou, the Mussulman conqueror of Egypt, in a letter written twelve hundred years ago to Omar the Khalif, well described the extraordinary changes wrought by the inundations: "To the most abundant harvest succeeds sudden sterility. It is thus that Egypt offers successively, O Prince of the Faithful, the image of an arid and sandy desert, of a liquid and silvered plain, of a marsh covered with black and thick soil, of a green and undulating prairie, of a parterre ornamented with flowers the most varied, and of a vast field covered with a golden harvest. Blessed be the name of the Creator of so many marvels!"

More than twenty years since, after visiting the different kingdoms of Europe and while in the interior of Russia, where intercourse between the people of Asia and Europe is constant, the writer became specially interested in the peculiar habits, customs, and dress of the Eastern nations. He then determined, before returning home, to visit Constantinople, Damascus, and Cairo, where the Oriental can be seen and studied better perhaps than in any of the other great capitals of the East. The interest engendered more than twenty years ago has been more recently deepened and intensified by a long official residence in Egypt; and the experience thus gained may, it is hoped, interest the reader.

The traveller landing in Alexandria looks on a city of which Ampère graphically says: "It was founded by Alexander, defended by Cæsar, and taken by Napoleon." Embellished by Ptolemy, it became the most famous city

of its day; but, suffered to fall into decay under Christian and Mussulman rule, it is only in these latter days that it has again arisen from its dejection under the inspiration of Mehemet Ali and his successors, but more especially under his grandson, Ismail Pacha.

The last twenty years had done wonders for Alexandria, until recent Christian diplomacy laid the fairest portions of the city in black and unsightly ruins. Entering the port, formerly an open roadstead, a beautiful revolving light, on the site of the ancient Pharos, guides the seafarer into one of the finest harbors in the Levant. To Ismail Pacha the country is indebted for this surprising change. He it was who constructed the grand and costly breakwater which incloses numerous solidly built quays. The harbor is filled with shipping which anchors in perfect safety, thanks to the energy of the late Khedive. At the landing the familiar Oriental scenes are encountered. That very questionable product of modern civilization, the tide waiter, is here. The guttural tones of the Arab, intent on his piastre, drowns all other noises, and the traveller is but too glad to get under the patronizing protection of his dragoman, a nondescript and objectionable but necessary person, who pushes him into a carriage.

Though amused with his first impressions of the picturesque Oriental scene, the traveller, unaccustomed to the din of a people unlike any he has ever encountered before, is delighted to get away from the noise and turmoil. He congratulates himself on this, his first visit to Egypt, on having made his way safely through the greatest confusion of tongues and the most dissonant screeching and yelling with which his ear has ever been assailed. Proceeding further his amusement increases as he passes through the narrow Arab streets lined with small shops, and his joy is complete when he finds himself quietly seated at his fine European hotel, where he can breathe freely and leisurely retemper his nerves for another essay among these people.

It does not take him long to gain a realizing sense of the fact that he is in the East, in the midst of a race totally different from his own in customs, color, dress, and religion. Having fought his first battle and won it by a masterly retreat, he finds his new acquaintances harmless and amiable, extremely anxious to serve him, always provided the piastre is at once forthcoming. This understood, he sallies forth with renewed energy to new scenes and encounters, and is greatly delighted that the fates have guided him to this distant land. Next he is astonished at the broad, well-paved streets of the new city, with its colossal statue of Mehemet Ali in the grand square, and its stone buildings which would beautify any European city. There is one nuisance which meets him at every turn—namely, the traditional beggar, whose cry for backsheesh is agonizing and whose deformity—which the Arab petitioner thinks a blessing—is painfully obtruded upon attention. Soon, however, one learns the magic Arab expression "Rue al Allah" ("Go to the Lord"), which acts like a charm and sends the beggar flying as though the Khedive himself were after him with uplifted kourbash.

It is difficult to convey an idea of the impressions made upon one by early experiences in this strange land. One is haunted by a persistent but indefinable sense of the greatness of the race that inhabited it ages ago, whose works on every hand attest their prodigious energy, industry, and skill.

As painters differ in the chosen subjects of their art—one being enamored of the human face or form, another of beauty in landscape—so the visitors to such a land as Egypt differ in the choice of objects upon which to bestow their attention. Human kind in the present, the evidences of what was done by human kind in the remote past, the phenomena of nature, the monuments of art—all these and other subjects of interest are there, and each visitor is affected by one or another of them according to his mood.

I have seen one in love with nature absorbed in the peculiarities of a desert flower, or forgetful of all else in contemplation of a nest of ants in the very shadow of the Pyramids. In a land so rich in interest of every kind, no one mind can hope to grasp all or do justice to all. Each must see as it is given him to see, and each must submit to his limitations In recording the observations made during a long and intimate acquaintance with Oriental and especially with Egyptian life, therefore, I ask the reader's indulgence not only for the infelicities of a hand better used to the sword than the pen, but also for any apparent slighting of matters in which the individual reader may feel special interest. Seeing with but one pair of eyes and led by but one set of sympathies, the writer can scarcely hope that his observations have always taken precisely the direction which each reader could wish.

Most noteworthy are the changes wrought in Egypt during the last ten years, and they are all in favor of the traveller and the student. Ismail turned modern science to account in working improvements almost as wonderful as those wrought in fable by Eastern magic. He beautified the villages and made the cities wonders of splendor and magnificence. He brought the ruins that lie scattered for hundreds of miles along the Nile within easy accessibility by dahabeeyah and steamer, making the journey even to the remotest of them easy and speedy. He stayed the hand of prying chippers and mutilators and relic-hunters, and instituted scientific excavation and investigation in the stead of mere idle curiosity. In his devotion to this purpose and his zeal for knowledge, the late Khedive appointed as sole conservator of the ruins of Egypt, Mariette Bey, a man of world-wide reputation as a scientific and single-minded archæologist. Under his care the Museum at Boulac, near Cairo, has been filled with objects of the rarest interest, selected and arranged with such care and skill that the intelligent student may there read the records

of the human race, on stone and papyrus, almost from the earliest dawn of history. But of the museum and of Mariette Bey's work we shall have occasion to write more fully hereafter.

Among the changes wrought by Ismail's policy, not the least interesting is the improvement in the character of the fellah. In his former estate he submitted to kicks and cuffs without a whimper, accepting ill-treatment as his due. Long ages of oppression had effectually crushed the manhood out of him. The change in this respect has been great. The Arabs have begun to feel their manhood and to assert themselves in various ways—mostly noisy, as the traveller is reminded every day. They do not talk, they scream. Seeing a pair of them in apparent altercation, swinging their arms, seeming to threaten each other with immediate destruction, yelling, screaming, with distorted faces and snapping eyes, the bystander fancies their fury to be such that nothing but blood can appease their wrath. Upon inquiry he finds that all this is a harmless harangue preliminary to a bargain. Among themselves all these Eastern people are given to loud talking. Of late they have gone so far as to assert their rights by boxing-matches with Europeans, when refused the piastre agreed upon, where before they were ready to take a kicking as a settlement in full of all claims.

Other changes of a less pleasing character have been made in Egypt, however, by one of which our own country has profited in a questionable way. In former times the so-called Cleopatra's Needle was the first object of interest to the traveller landing at Alexandria; but now the land that knew it for three thousand years will know the great obelisk no more. It seems a sad desecration to have removed from the land where it had significance to a park where it has none, a shaft written of by Herodotus, which had looked down upon the achievements of Alexander, Cæsar, and the great modern captain, Napoleon. One of

England's poets bitterly rebuked his countrymen for plundering Greece of her marbles in gratification of a selfish vanity; and now even America "violates a saddened shrine," and bears to her shores one of Egypt's altars.

Pompey's Pillar, the only monument now left standing to link Alexandria with the past, was not named after the great warrior, but after a Prefect of Alexandria, who erected it by order of the people in honor of Diocletian's clemency. The destruction of Alexandria had been ordered, but the Emperor's horse stumbled on a hill, and, anxious to save the city, he seized upon this omen as an excuse. This magnificent monument of red granite, one hundred feet high, was erected on this sole commanding eminence in or near the city.

Alexander, who conquered all the country east of the Mediterranean Sea, turned to account the advantages of the bay, where stood the ancient fishing-village of Racotis. He conceived the idea of a new and splendid city at the mouths of the mud-choked Nile, to be the great mart between the Greek mainland and archipelago and the ancient kingdom of the Pharaohs. This was to be the crowning of his plan of a great Greek empire. The legend runs that in 323 B.C. the oracle of Ammon-Ra informed the Macedonian madman that he was the son of the gods, and that in the future, as in the past, he would be invincible. Enchanted, he returned from his visit to the shrine determined to build a great city on this site and to give it his own name. It will be recollected that there is another legend of a venerable old man appearing to the Macedonian in a dream and repeating the lines of Homer (Od. w. 545):

> "One of the islands lies in the far-foaming waves of the sea,
> Opposite Egypt's river, and its name is Pharos."

There is but little left of the past grandeur of the mighty city, only here and there the fragment of a column deeply imbedded in the earth; while the modern city, with its

The Obelisk now in Central Park, New York, as it Stood in Alexandria Egypt.

stately structures and teeming population, covers the ground where stood the temples, palaces, and museums of the Ptolemies and Cæsars. Not being a city of the earlier Pharaohs, Alexandria has scarcely anything within its borders to remind you of the ancient people. A few stones among its débris tell you in hieroglyphics that they came from the Delta of the Nile to aid in the construction of the museums and seats of learning of a later day. The imagination readily carries one back to the days of the city's splendor described by the earlier writers, and sees the bold Origen mingling with the Egyptian priests and distributing palms near the gates of the temple of Serapis to Pagan and Christian while exclaiming, "Receive them not in the name of the gods, but of the one and only true God"; the myrmidons of Julian dragging the Christians to the altar and immolating them for refusing to worship the god Serapis; and then again the Christians under Theodosius breaking the mosaic doors, overturning and destroying beautiful objects of art because they were called idols. The temple, with its hundred steps, was a noble specimen of Greek art. It was destroyed in the year 389 A.D. by Theophilus, Patriarch of Alexandria, in a frenzy of religious fanaticism. The god to whom the temple was dedicated was an invention of the Greek Ptolemies. In this god the wrangling Greek and Egyptian priests had a divinity at whose shrine they could forget their quarrels in a common worship. Serapis was a compound of the Pluto of the Greeks and the Osiris of the Egyptians, and as both of those personages were inhabitants of the infernal regions, the religious zeal of the wranglers was satisfied.

A picturesque structure built by Mehemet Ali, though devoid of much architectural beauty, stands on a small island once surrounded by the sea but now a part of the mainland. It is called the Ras el Tin (Head of the Fig), because of its resemblance to that fruit. Part of it was destroyed by English cannon shot in the recent war. It is

the first object observed on entering the harbor, and stands upon the island of Pharos, the same upon which stood the ancient lighthouse of that name.

There is another palace west of the city known as Gabara, beautifully situated on a neck of land between the sea and Lake Mareotis, which commands a fine view. It is picturesque because of its massive rotunda, domes, and marble mosaic terraces. Erected for the summer palace of Said Pacha, the former Viceroy, its large rooms and galleries were expensively decorated, and its façade was of wonderful beauty. The surroundings were embellished with fountains and gardens, and planted with rare flowers, exotics, and fruit trees. This prodigal man covered several acres of ground in front of this palace with an iron pavement, in order that he might escape the dust on his elevated terrace while watching the drill of his favorite Nubians. It was here, when in command of Alexandria, that for a long time I had my headquarters.

This palace to the south-west of Alexandria was the ancient site of the Necropolis of the Ptolemies. They, like the ancient Egyptians, embalmed their dead. Time and modern improvements have swept away from this interesting locality the last vestige of the past, and the Arab has not the slightest idea of its former use. I recollect one night conversing on the subject with an intelligent Arab, who had never before heard that this was the resting-place of countless dead. Just then an owl on one of the huge acacias near by gave an ominous screech, and my companion trembled with fear while his dilated eyes expressed great agony of spirit. He insisted that the owl was a genius embodying the spirit of Saïd, the Viceroy who had lived here. At the next screech my companion fled, upsetting chairs and tables and smashing my astral lamp. This accelerated his speed, convincing him that the evil spirit was pursuing him. I tried to overtake him, but he was soon lost to sight, and the only sound disturbing the still-

ness of the night was the clattering of his heels over the iron pavement which the folly of the earthly Viceroy had put there for his comfort. The Arabs believe that they are surrounded by good and bad genii, and darkness is a terror to them. They never sleep alone, if they can help it, and always burn a light at night. They even burn torches in their stables to protect the animals. An Arab never enters a solitary or dark place without supplicating the presiding genius to guard him against the spirits under his orders. The ancient Egyptians, Mariette Bey writes, always had their city of the dead close by the side of their city of the living, and it was uniformly situated to the west. In speaking of the ruins of ancient Egypt which I have visited, I shall enlarge more fully upon this interesting theme, as well as upon their religion, so intimately connected with it. This custom rested on a very sacred belief, as they placed in the region where the sun sets the dwelling-place of their souls after death, expressing both by the word *Amenti*.

Driving out through the Rosetta Gate, on the road which leads to the famous old city of Canopus, you come to comparatively high hills, formed to a great extent by the débris of the ancient city. On one of these heights, about three miles out, there are two new palaces, beautifully situated immediately on the sea and commanding a picturesque view of the surrounding country.

These palaces, adorned with lavish magnificence, surrounded by luxuriant gardens, and fanned by refreshing breezes from the sea, are the most desirable summer residences in Egypt. The first season, about 1875, that the Khedive occupied them with his numerous harem, a great affliction overwhelmed him and his family in the death of his daughter, Zaneeb, a most interesting and beautiful young lady who was just married. Cairo being the mausoleum for Egyptian royalty, every preparation was made to vacate these palaces at once. The corpse was carried in

great state to a train to be conveyed to the tomb at Cairo. It was preceded by numbers of men called the "Yemeneeyah," who recited the profession of faith to a melancholy strain, "There is no deity but God; Mahomet is God's apostle; God bless and save him." They were followed by the present Khedive, then a prince, accompanied by a number of Pachas and Beys and other distinguished personages; then came several boys carrying the Mushaf (Koran) on a support covered with an embroidered handkerchief, and chanting verses from the poem called "Hashieeyah," descriptive of events of the last day and judgment. These marched in front of the bier, which was a long box with a roof, resembling in make and size the mummy-case of the ancient Egyptians. Ordinarily the Egyptians bury simply in winding-sheets. The bier on this occasion was covered with rich Cashmere shawls. An upright piece at the head was also covered by a shawl and surmounted by a lace head-dress ornamented with glittering gems. The bier was borne upon the mourners' shoulders, a goodly number of veiled women following, but not with the lamentations customary at funerals. There were, however, terrible shrieks coming from the carriages of the ladies of the harem, the friends and relatives of the dead princess, who were passing at the time, and their cry of "Zaneeb!" the name of the young lady, was heard in the most piteous sobs. Numbers of camels, loaded with bread, dates, and other food for the poor, walked in front and on the sides of the cortège. Their burdens were distributed to the crowds of Arabs assembled to witness the procession. Arriving at the station, all male spectators were inclosed in the *salon*, so that the Queen and the ladies accompanying her might pass into the cars unobserved. Subsequently, while I was standing on the platform near Tewfik in the midst of a great crowd, one of those occurrences happened which sometimes mar the solemnity of such an occasion. Alone in front of the vast and silent assembly on the opposite side of the track stood

two enormous Arab fellahs in the tarboosh and blue dress, sobbing and bellowing as though their hearts were breaking, and attracting the attention of everybody. Suddenly a policeman, coming up in the rear, gave each of them a kick, and the dumb-struck howlers at once took to their heels. The scene was exquisitely ridiculous, and the whole crowd broke into a loud laugh; and even one of the princes, a half brother, who, like the two Arabs, seemed more distressed than the others, joined heartily in it until his governor, standing behind him, gave him a prod with his stick which renewed the flow of his tears. At Cairo there was great pomp and ceremony in the final disposition of the body. According to the custom, it was so placed that the face should look toward Mecca. On the first night it is believed by the Moslem that the soul remains in the body and is visited by two angels, who examine and sometimes torture it. A Fakir, one of the Mahometan saints, remains with the dead to instruct it what answers to make, which he takes from the Koran. He is particular in giving the Islam or profession of faith. This night is called the Leyht-Wahdeh (the night of solitude). The soul after this takes its flight to the place of good souls until the last day, or to the abode of the wicked to await its final doom. The religion of the Faithful gives very minute accounts of the soul's place of abode between death and judgment.

I have said this much upon this subject because in no relation of life can we learn the hopes and fears of a people so well as in their manner of disposing of the dead. With how much interest do we read of Abraham bowing to the great law in purchasing a sepulchre in the land where his posterity were to live, and of Jacob and Joseph showing their faith in accepting the covenant. "There," said Israel, "they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife, and there I buried Leah . . . bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite." The ancient Egyp-

tians buried deep into the rock, and the Greeks and Romans cremated their dead, and encased the urns holding the sacred ashes in magnificent mausoleums. Mahomet, believing in the importance of funeral rites, left an elaborate law to guide the Faithful; though, strange to say, in this as in much that he said to them, they violate his law in the most palpable and extraordinary manner. It is a curious fact that the site on which the palace just mentioned was built was for two centuries a Roman cemetery, though, luckily for the peace of its Mahometan inmates, the fact was not known. As in the case of the palace of Gabara, all trace of this former use had been swept away and forgotten. In digging the hills for the railroad near by a populous abode of the Roman dead, numerous cinerary urns were found. Like the mummies of a still earlier people, these urns with their contents could be bought at that time in great numbers for a few francs each. The Khedive could not for some time induce his ladies, who were full of every kind of superstition, to inhabit the deserted summer abode. They finally consented, provided that for more than a year he would give in these palace halls grand banquets, balls, and entertainments to the Europeans, so that they might, by eating, dancing, and making a noise generally, dance Affreet (the devil) out of them. On that condition only would they return. It is said that they had commenced dancing Old Nick out, but before effecting this most desirable object the English and French danced the Khedive out of Egypt, and the lovers of fun and good living not only lost their entertainments, but Old Nick still remained in undisputed possession.

In attempting a survey of the splendid ancient city the mind is saddened, as not even vestiges enough remain to mark its limits. But for natural landmarks the boundaries could not be traced at all. Leaving Alexandria, the railroad crosses a broad sheet of shallow salt water called Lake Marcotis. In vain you search for traces of those old con-

Cleopatra, from the Ruins of Dendera.

vents, filled with thousands of Christian devotees, which bordered the beautiful basin once filled with fresh water. Nor is there a vestige of the splendid gardens where, amid clustering vines, Cleopatra and Antony drank golden wine to celebrate their union. All is swept away, and a salt lake with its arid border covers the spot. To add the finishing touch to the picture of sad havoc which Mahometan misrule had produced was reserved for civilized Europe. Just below Aboukir there was a massive dike, erected by the ancients to separate the sea from the shore, and in the course of centuries a large tract of land was reclaimed. The splendid engineering skill of the English opened this obstruction, created the present vast expanse of waste, and covered it with destructive salt water, in the merciful attempt to drown the French out of Egypt, when these most Christian nations were so intent upon annihilating each other. No less than sixty villages were submerged by the ocean and their teeming population driven from their homes to starve. The waters still cover the once fertile fields. How much more magnanimous it would have been if England in our own time, instead of driving Ismail from his home and battling against Arabi Pacha, who fought for the liberties of his race, had paid into the Egyptian treasury the value of the great property and territory thus destroyed. It might then have prevented the kourbash from wringing from the impoverished fellah the means needed to pay the indebtedness of Egypt. The hopeless misery entailed by British policy can never be estimated. The principal inhabitants of this inhospitable region are now jackals, which live here in great numbers. They are the scavengers of the suburbs of the city, and are named by the Arabs, for some unknown reason, "the father of Solomon." There is another little animal, more gentle and more numerous, often seen jumping about its borders, called the jerboa, which burrows in the ground. It is of reddish color, with short fore and very long hind legs, about the size of a large rat, and makes its appearance at

dark, hopping about like a bird. Such are the living creatures which now monopolize a region where, less than a century ago, the eye was delighted with great numbers of thriving villages and the rich green of rice and wheat fields. Here, as elsewhere in the East, Christian England has left the eternal blight of her greed.

CHAPTER II.

ROSETTA.

Rosetta, modern and ancient. Interesting associations of this locality—Ruins and mosques—Wonderful activity of bird life during the winter months. Experiences at Rosetta and other fortified cities on the coast. An Arab dinner, its etiquette and its dishes.

WHILE in command of the coast it became necessary for me to make frequent visits to Rosetta, thirty miles east of Alexandria, near the mouth of one of the branches of the Nile delta. Before the construction of the railroad, the beautiful bay of Aboukir was a delightful half-way station at which to take a day's rest. I often visited the bay and the site of the ancient city of Canopus, picturesquely situated on the tongue of land between the sea and the bay. Here are a nest of fortifications and a fine prospect, both seaward and landward. Excavations twenty or thirty feet down have disclosed the débris of the city, and there have been unearthed many statues and broken fragments, as well as the ruins of a marble aqueduct built to convey fresh water from the old Canopus branch of the Nile, now lost in what is known as Lake Elko, all trace of its connection with the ruin being at present obliterated. Here a temple of Isis attracted great throngs of the religious to the shrine of the goddess, and thousands of joyous devotees made the river resound with song and dance on their way to this notorious centre of sin and amusement. Under Greek rule Canopus became a great watering-place, to use a phrase of to-day, no less celebrated than of old for its orgies held in honor of the voluptuous goddess who had been adopted

into the Greek Pantheon. It was in this beautiful bay that Nelson achieved his naval triumph in 1798 (battle of the Nile) in the destruction of the French fleet under Brueix. The French subsequently revenged themselves by plunging into this very bay 10,000 Turks as a propitiation to the *manes* of their vanquished countrymen. One of the attractions of the place to me was the hospitable old Turk whose chief occupation was prayer, and whose sole diversion was the inspection of his numerous forts. He was remarkable for his fondness for cats, of which he had a regiment. Besides, they and the dogs are really institutions of Egypt. Throughout his life the old Bey showed in this way his reverence for the Prophet, who, it is related, had a similar weakness. Mahomet upon one occasion carried his tenderness so far that he cut off a piece of his robe upon which his pet cat was lying, rather than disturb the animal's dreams.

The favorite perch of this man's cats was his shoulder, and the caterwauling afforded no little merriment, as one cat descended in order that others might occupy this post of honor in their turn. The ancient Egyptians, like my friend the Bey, venerated the cat, and the killing of one of these animals was followed by instant death. Many mummies of cats are now found entombed, and the story is told that the killing of one led to the expulsion of a famous Greek from Egypt, who in revenge brought back Cambyses, the Persian conqueror, to defile her temples. While the Mahometan loves the cat, he evinces a dislike for the dog, an animal which, among all nations and in all ages, has been the ever-faithful companion of man. Homer says of Ulysses that, forgotten by his wife and family, he was remembered by his dog. Nature seems to have intended him as the companion of man, and he delights in adding to his master's pleasure and protection. I have seen even the savage share with him his last morsel of game. But Mahomet disliked the canine race, and impressed his hatred

upon his followers. They alone hold the dog in detestation as an unclean animal, excluding him from their houses and shunning him as they would a viper, for they hold that the touching of the creature is contamination which destroys the efficacy of prayer unless followed by numerous ablutions. The Arabs do not strike these animals, but give them food and shelter and use them as watchdogs and scavengers. They are seen asleep in crowded streets, the Arabs carefully passing them by. It is a singular fact that hydrophobia is unknown in Egypt. Though he is ordinarily a scurvy-looking cur, the Egyptian dog becomes a handsome animal under good treatment and makes a good watchdog. The Bedouin, on the contrary, in his isolated life, knows the value of dogs, and though a Mahometan, treats them with much greater kindness. It is dangerous to injure or kill one belonging to him.

The Mahometans' treatment of the dog affords an excellent idea of their habits. Their abhorrence grows out of the fact that the animal sometimes eats offal. But the cat is even worse than he, when not famished with hunger, and its vicious instincts have to be carefully guarded against. The ancient Egyptians understood the value of both cats and dogs, for Egypt was overrun then, as now, with rats and mice in houses and in the fields. Prudence required that the natural enemies of these vermin should be encouraged, so the priests protected them by law and religion. It was a piece of political wisdom thus to command the respect of the people by protecting these animals, so indispensable in their purely agricultural country.

Rosetta, called by the Arabs Raschid, is thought to be the ancient city of Melitus, and is situated near the mouth of the Rosetta branch of the Nile. There was always a large garrison here, where I have often inspected as many as 10,000 men. A few miles distant is the old fort of St. Julian, which was occupied by the French when they were in Egypt. It was at this place that the famous Rosetta

stone—the first key to the hieroglyphic writings of ancient Egypt—was found.

The city was once populous, but for many years its venerable-looking structures, desolate and uninhabited, have reminded the traveller of a city of the dead. The mouth of the river being choked by the Nile mud, Mehemet Ali conceived the idea of cutting the grand Mamondieh Canal so as to connect the Nile above here with the magnificent Bay of Alexandria. This isolated Rosetta and destroyed its importance, but now that a railroad connects it with the bay, it is being transformed once more into a busy mart; its once beautiful gardens begin again to smile with verdure, and the feathered songsters that had abandoned the sterile wastes have returned to their rosy bowers. The remains of parterres and gardens begin again to look beautiful with their perfumed hedges inclosing the pomegranate, citron, orange, and the waving date-tree. Here in the month of October no blighting frost stops the progress of nature, and a shower now and then, like a spring day in a cold climate, tempers the atmosphere, while the beams of the returning sun bring a more genial warmth. There is never any check to vegetation, as is the case for so many months in other countries, where nature clothes herself in the mantle of decayed vegetation. At Rosetta, as everywhere on the coast, the winds and rains alone temper the climate. Artificial heat is rarely necessary, and the song-birds of Europe prefer this for their winter residence to the drier climate of Cairo. They like the neighborhood of Rosetta, where they can linger among perfumed flowers and broad fields extending for many miles on both sides of the river. The Arab's fondness for birds is remarkable. He will sit for hours in these gardens watching and listening to them with patient delight. His favorite among all the birds that visit him is the dove, and he will often follow that bird into the thick shades of the shrubbery that he may the better hear the music of its cooing.

The nightingale on his winter visit to Egypt seems strangely gloomy and unsocial. To the wonder of the Arabs, he shuns all communion with his fellows, mopes in solitude, and remains as silent as the desert which surrounds his seclusion. There he sits moping from October till March, but the happy return of spring inspires him with new life, and he once more seeks the vine-clad hills of his native land, where the forests soon echo with the sweet strains of the king of the singing birds. In the month of September the great migration of the quail commences from Europe across the Mediterranean to the shores of Egypt, and then the air is dark with countless thousands of those birds. Many rest on the islands in their passage, and numbers seek a resting-place on any passing vessel; some fall into the sea, but the myriads that darken the shores of Egypt constitute a real wonder. Tired with their long flight, they are easily captured, and Egyptian hospitality is violated by their seizure when deprived of strength to fly. Over two hundred thousand of them are sent alive to Paris and London, at the time of their coming in September and on their return in the spring.

At a fort, a short distance above Rosetta, situated on quite a high isolated sand-hill, there is a view across a perfect level, with no barrier but the distant horizon, and yet the picture is a majestic one. To the north the thread-like outline of the shore which separates the landscape from the sea and the foaming waves at the mouth of the Nile mark the boundary of the distant waters. To the east are unfolded emerald fields and the ever-beautiful carpet of the delta. To the west lies the Libyan Desert, which nature has forever stamped with the indelible seal of sterility. Beneath the hill upon which the fort is situated is the mosque of Abou Mandar, or "Father of Light." Besides being a brilliant example for the Faithful, the saint possesses many other remarkable virtues. As Rosetta through all her history has been fearful of being

overwhelmed by the sands of the desert, the presence of this pious saint alone has saved it from the impending doom. Not only do deserts stand in dread of this mighty lord who holds in his hands their shifting sands, but he is the canonized enemy of all sterility. The beautiful women of Egypt who have no saint nearer at hand come hither to implore the beneficent offices of the Father of Light, and after performing nine days' devotion under the protecting care of the sheik who attends the mosque, it is rarely that the great boon so absolutely necessary to the fortune and happiness of a Mahometan woman is not bestowed. This mosque is situated immediately on the bank of the river, and no boat or vessel ever passes it without propitiating its powerful titular saint.

During official visits along the coast of Egypt, the arrival of the commanding general at any of the forts is the signal for a fête. The fatted lamb being killed, the low round table is soon set, covered by a single waiter. The dinner, *el ghada*, being announced, basin and ewer, *tisht* and *ibreck*, are brought, and every one is expected to wash his hands and mouth carefully with running water. A silver tray, *seeneeyah*, is placed upon the table, *sufrah*, and is large enough to cover it. The guests being seated (usually at each *sufrah* there were five or six persons), condiments and lemons with round cakes of bread in shape something like a Mexican tortilla are placed before each guest, together with an ebony, tortoise-shell, or ivory spoon. The roomy sleeve of the Arab being rolled up above the elbow, and the *Bismi-llah* ("in the name of God") repeated by each person present, the repast commences. The first dish, a large tureen of very fine soup slightly flavored with lemon-juice, is placed in the midst of the table. It is etiquette for the highest Pacha to help himself first, and it was usually my office to take that dip, which was done with the ivory spoon, all others following suit, and all helping themselves out of the same tureen. No one was expected to stop until the

Pacha signalled "enough," and knowing that they liked soup, I have often felt, when ready to acknowledge myself surfeited, that politeness made it necessary for me to continue the interesting occupation. The next dish was a whole sheep barbecued and perfectly well done. Again the Pacha took the first pick—no knives or forks were ever used. During the picking process, if the host particularly cherished his guest, he testified his regard by picking out a very nice piece and giving it to him, even putting it into his mouth if their relations were very friendly. This compliment is of course returned.

The "picking" never stopped until only the skeleton of the sheep was left. The result of this effort was that by the time the sheep was devoured we were tolerably sated. This eating with the fingers is much more delicate than those unacquainted with the process would imagine. The Saviour and apostles ate from one dish, and it is a general Eastern custom. Even in Greece and Rome the cultivated classes ate with the fingers. The food is specially prepared to aid this manner of disposing of it. The other dishes which followed in succession for twenty or more courses at an Arab banquet, were stuffed turkey and chickens, rich stewed and boiled meats with onions, okra eaten with lemon-juice, and other vegetables. A very fine dish called the *warak-mashee* consisted of minced meat and rice wrapped in vine-leaves delicately seasoned with salt, pepper, onions, garlic, and parsley, the whole being boiled together. Cucumber, *khiyar*, and a kind of gourd called the *kara koosah* are stuffed with spiced mince-meat and boiled, and are very nice to the taste. Small pieces of lamb roasted on skewers, fish dressed with oil, and every variety of vegetables, sweets, and fruits between the dishes were wont to appeal to the most capricious tastes of the guest. The *kunafeh* never fails. This is a dish made of flour, and it looks like vermicelli, but is finer, being fried in butter and sweetened with sugar and honey. Thin pastry

is rolled into leaves as fine as paper and put one on the other, with curd scattered through the folds, and then it is baked. The last dish is rice boiled with butter, *ruzz mufelfel*, and seasoned with salt and pepper. This is followed by a sweet drink, *khushaf*, water sweetened with raisins boiled in it and then cooled; rose-water is added, which perfumes it. Before leaving the table the guests are perfumed with rose-water or the smoke of some aromatic plant. I can give but a meagre description of an Arab dinner. This hospitable treatment being extended at numerous forts made it a great pleasure to get back to an ordinary dinner at home, and a secret dread of the feasting would come over me when the time for visiting came. These feasts are exceptional; ordinarily the people are the most economical in the world, and live frugally; it is only on an occasion like this or some fête day that they show such prodigal hospitality. After dinner you squat on the divan, and the traditional pipes and cigars are served, the ceremonial coffee is introduced, numerous salaams or salutations are exchanged between the guests and the host, and these acceptable accessories are discussed with unrestrained zest.

The conviviality commences in earnest while sipping coffee and smoking. Arabs then lose their gravity and continually joke one another, being very fond of badinage. A funny saying quite captivates them. The merchant and the donkey-boy are easily moved with a jest, and the women in their hours of ease, with coffee and cigarettes, which with the higher classes consume most of the time, amuse themselves at each other's cost. They never get angry, however sharp the jest may be. At all these entertainments if the host thinks it will be pleasing, the Ghawazzee or dancing girls are introduced, many of them being very handsome. These dance without their veils, to the slow music of the *kamingah* or *kanoon*, a dance resembling the fandango of Spain. As the women of the harem are

very fond of the dance, the dancing girls usually make their display where the ladies can see the performance through their veiled windows.

Rosetta and Aboukir were the scene of torpedo experiments under the direction of Colonel William Ward, who was stationed here for a long time. It was a great pleasure to meet him here in his field of operations. These two interesting places would, in my association, lose much of their interest without him. The colonel had been an officer in both the United States and Confederate navies, and was appreciated in them. No officer labored in Egypt in more varied duties, for he was a true American type of adaptability where sense and experience were required. If the Khedive wanted a distant exploration made where ability and scientific training were essential, or if he desired a perfect system of torpedoes, or a distant and unknown harbor and river critically and faithfully reported upon, this gallant sailor and soldier, for he seemed equally adapted to both professions, was certain to be selected. The Khedive knew that no one could be more trusted to furnish him the information he required.

CHAPTER III.

MEHEMET ALI.

The birth and rise of Mehemet Ali—How he became Viceroy of Egypt—His genius and astuteness—the massacre of the Mamelukes—Attempts of the Sultan to get rid of his dangerous vassal—Mehemet's wars and his attempts to benefit Egypt—Neslé-Hannoum and her husband, Ahmet Bey—Ahmet's exploits in Upper Egypt and the Soudan—His remorseless cruelty—Anecdotes of Ahmet—How Neslé-Hannoum killed her husband for the supposed good of Mehemet Ali—Extraordinary character of Neslé—Her licentiousness and exploits—Incidents of cruelty in harem life.

THE Egypt of to-day was founded by Mehemet Ali, a simple fisherman of Greek descent, who was born at the small town of Cavalla, on the coast of Roumelia, about the year 1768. As few Mahometans keep registers of births, he never knew his own age. Illiterate in his youth, he learned to write through the teaching of a slave, after he was forty years of age. He won his first promotion by an act of treachery. He pretended to pray in a mosque by the side of a friend who had done something which forfeited his life to the government. He secured the confidence of this man, and when he had learned his secret by gross deception, handed him over to the authorities. Mehemet was rewarded by a lieutenancy. His ambition satisfied, he then used his cunning and power to save the life of his victim, the betrayal of whom had been his first stepping-stone in promotion.

His courage was daring even to desperation, and when an end was to be gained there was no sacrifice or treachery which he hesitated to use to attain it. Born a soldier of consummate

ability, he intuitively grasped the science of war. Coming to Egypt as a lieutenant and rising rapidly to the rank of Bey (colonel), he was very soon, next to the Viceroy, the most important man in the government. The fact that the Mamelukes were troublesome during this time and in conflict with authority gave the young Greek an opportunity to play a subtle part. Becoming a mediator, he betrayed both parties and advanced his own schemes.

After driving from power no less than three Viceroys and standing in open revolt against the Sultan, he found himself hampered by the force of the Mamelukes whom he had deceived, but who were still a strong power in the land. The Ulumas, the people, and the army presented to him the supreme authority, and the Sultan, driven by policy, though against his will, invested him by a firman with the post of Governor-General. It was only after a great show of reluctance that the cunning Greek accepted the lofty position of authority for which he had been intriguing. Like Cæsar, he needed to be pressed to accept the crown. Thus he consummated the ambition for which he had long been working alike by craft and the commission of dark crimes. English influence with the Porte subsequently induced the latter to offer him the Pachalik of Salonica in exchange for his Egyptian authority, in order to get the wily soldier out of the way of British plans in the East. But Mehemet Ali made a bold stand. Again courting the alliance of the Mamelukes whom he had formerly tricked, and securing the friendship of France, he so worked on the fears of the Sultan, who dreaded the danger of losing his valuable suzerainty, that the Porte again made a virtue of necessity, and confirmed his unruly vassal in the title of Viceroy, on his agreeing to pay a yearly tribute of a million dollars.

England, indignant at this arrangement, sent an expedition to Egypt, which was encountered by Mehemet near Rosetta, and was vanquished by him. He was guilty of

acts of great brutality and cruelty toward his foe, but becoming aware that it was not his interest to appear before the world in the light of a monster, he afterward sent the remaining prisoners in his power as a peace-offering without ransom to appease the wrath of his enemy. It is interesting to follow the history of this man, who by the force of native genius eventually attained power in perpetuity, shaking the throne of the Sultan and wresting from him the highest dignity ever conferred upon a subject—the dominion of a practically independent empire. He was given the domain extending from the Mediterranean Sea to the Equator, a vast empire in itself, and the hereditary succession was established forever, according to Mahometan law, in the eldest of his blood. Like Napoleon, Mehemet Ali was a natural soldier. The fortunes of both were carved out with the sword in countries of which they were subjects but in which they were not born, and both attained the highest power. The one died a prisoner in the hands of "perfidious Albion," the other died a maniac in his palace near Cairo. The successor of Napoleon closed his reign in an ocean of blood; the descendant of Mehemet has just emerged from an inglorious war against his own people, escaping by the aid of English bayonets.

Travellers, on going to Cairo, wind their way in a gradual ascent through the famous street called Mouski, while crowding through a throng of shrieking Arabs and ungainly camels, and crushing against donkeys, people, and carriages, only to emerge into a still more crowded Arab street. Aided by your *syce* (the man who runs before your horse or carriage) you manage, in the greatest confusion of sounds and smells, to commence the steep ascent to the citadel. After many halts the great gate is entered fronting the mosque of alabaster, erected by the Grand Pacha to receive his remains.

A little to the left of this mosque there stands the rem-

Street in Cairo.

nant of a Saracenic building which was a part of the palace where once resided the great warrior, Saladin. This site is some two hundred and fifty feet above the city, on one of the heights of the Mokattim hills. Beyond this, and on the other decline, a short distance away, is an historical well, nearly two hundred feet deep, cut through the limestone rock. It bears the name of the patriarch Joseph, and, according to tradition, was excavated by him. Retracing the road and passing around the mosque to a stone platform, we see the spot from which a Mameluke leaped on horseback to the distance of sixty feet below, as told by the dragoman of to-day. Passing through the mosque a short distance, another great gateway is entered, fronting a long building with many entrances, stairways, salons, and an extensive harem establishment. This building was the palace and residence of Mehemet Ali. All the buildings just described are inclosed by high walls and surrounded with fortifications and barracks which overlook the city and valley of the Nile, the Pyramids, and tombs of the Khalifs, with the great surrounding desert. The whole is called the Citadel. It is here that Mehemet Ali committed one of his greatest crimes, which only an Eastern despot could justify on grounds of policy. The Sultan having great doubts—for he then had ambitious dreams of empire—and wishing to weaken his powerful vassal, sent an order to the Viceroy to make war upon the Wahabees, who were then threatening Mecca. Knowing the power of the Mamelukes, those independent lords in the interior, whose influence was still great, and who, he knew, were plotting against him, Mehemet determined, before leaving, to settle the question with them once and forever. After coquetting with his victims and thoroughly inspiring them with confidence, he invited all their leading men to a grand, elaborately prepared banquet.

After the magnificent feast was ended the haughty guests were dismissed, and they descended into the courtyard to

mount their horses. But this time they were invited to a banquet of death. The inclosure was lined with artillery, which instantly opened fire on the unfortunate men, while a rain of bullets fell upon them from hidden soldiery in the Citadel. Thus occurred the instant butchery of four hundred men. At the same time thousands were hunted down and slain like dogs in the provinces. This was the end of those celebrated freebooters, the Mamelukes. Emin Bey, the chief, who leaped the wall on horseback and landed safely on the débris below, was afterward taken into favor, and became one of Mehemet's stanchest supporters.

The Mamelukes dead, the Viceroy's sons, Ibrahim and Toussoun, marched against the Wahabees, and in person he led an army to the Hedgas. The Sultan, taking advantage of the supposed absence of Mehemet's soldiery, sent Latif Pacha to assume power in Egypt. The envoy was welcomed by Mehemet, the Pacha's representative, with a gracious smile and offers of services. A Turk is never so treacherous as when most gracious. Biding his time until he had Latif Pacha completely in his power, Mehemet put him to death. Stirred by this act of declared hostility on the part of the Porte, the Viceroy set seriously to work to establish a firm government, with the sole object of throwing off the Turkish yoke, and it has been thought that he even aimed at conquering the entire East. His Arabian and Syrian wars which followed caused him, however, to abandon his dreams of an Arabian empire.

In creating a nation he borrowed his policy largely from the example of Napoleon, with whom he had come in close contact in Egypt; and in following the policy of the great Corsican he naturally made many mistakes, chiefly in trying to accomplish too much. There are many evidences of his folly pointed out by those who have lived long in Egypt. In attempting the great work of damming the two rivers of the Nile known as the Barrage, twelve miles below Cairo, that he might irrigate the lower delta, he miscalcu-

lated his means. The scheme was too mighty for so poor a country, if not absolutely impracticable in any case, on account of its cost. After immense sums had been spent upon it the attempt was only partially successful; but some of the great engineers of the world have expressed the opinion that even in its unfinished state the work is one of the greatest conceptions of human genius. The incident is often quoted of Mehemet's reply to a French engineer relative to his manner of cutting the Mammondieh Canal, which connects Alexandria with the Nile, one of the substantial monuments of his reign. The inquisitive Giaour was disposed to joke the Viceroy on the crookedness of the canal. Mehemet asked him if all the rivers were not made so by Allah. And the reply being in the affirmative, he said the example of Allah was good enough for him to follow.

Occupying himself after his wars in establishing his finances, he was oppressive in exacting money with which to meet his extraordinary demands. Desiring independence, he established many manufactories, liberally invited foreigners, among them numbers of military men from France for his army and military schools, and sent many young men to Europe to be educated. Egypt being peculiarly agricultural, much of his time and money were devoted to the development of improved methods of cultivation. He was the first to introduce the cultivation of the Sea Island cotton, and he planted innumerable forest and shade trees throughout Egypt. Successful in his Arabian and Bedouin wars, he determined upon the conquest of Sennaar, in upper Africa, and ordered his favorite son, Ismail, aided by Ahmet Bey, who had married his daughter Neslé, to take military possession of that province. To reach the gold region, where they thought to find rich mines, was one grand object of the expedition. Coming to the village of Chendy, Ismail demanded of Menek-Nem'r, the ruler of the country, large sums of gold under threats of terrible vengeance; and in addition he

required the chief to send him his attractive young daughter, in accordance with the usage of the country. The invaders had also asked for straw for their horses and the same for beds for the soldiers. The whole people, apparently delighted, readily brought enormous quantities of straw and spread it around the building in which Ismail and his party were established. Crowds came singing and dancing, with torches to light the gay throng. Ismail was enjoying the scene instituted, as he supposed, in his honor, when suddenly the father of the girl signalled his people, and in an instant the straw was lighted, the building was in a blaze, and the son of the Viceroy with his whole party was burned to death. None were allowed to escape except the young girl, and even she was spared much against the will of her father; Mahometan as he was, he considered her, though an unwilling victim, dead to him. The avengers continued dancing the dance of death, their women singing the song of joy, until the last cry of agony had died away. Ahmet Bey, the Deftdar, as he was called, hastened from Kordofan, another province, to avenge the death of the young prince. Naturally cruel and remorseless, he put thousands of the people to the sword and applied the torch to their villages, sparing neither sex nor age.

This man Ahmet was a Turk, of good make and manners, but he was said to look at one "with the whites of his eyes," which gave a wicked and suspicious expression to his face. He had been sent by the Sultan to Egypt to watch the course of the Viceroy. In order that he might attach this spy to his interest, Mehemet gave him his daughter, the Princess Zora, called more frequently Neslé-Hannoum, in marriage. He knew that if there was any one on earth who could keep Ahmet Bey in good faith to him, it was this wily and heartless woman, who loved no one on earth except her father. The story is told that, hating the Deftdar, he gave Neslé to him in order that the

latter might enjoy the association of one as cruel and brutal as himself. Though not a perfect beauty according to our Western idea, she had symmetry of form and charm of face, and was called handsome. She could be extremely refined and witty, was fond of admiration, and possessed many winning ways. During the lifetime of her husband she was true to him, according to report. After his death, dreading, maybe, another such an alliance, she declined to marry again, but gratified her appetites in a succession of cruel yet romantic amours, which made her name notorious throughout the East.

An amusing incident is related of the Defdar, which I was told by an old and attached friend of Mehemet Ali, who has given me much information concerning the traits of that wonderful man. Ahmet Bey while in command of these upper provinces required his French engineers to make magnificent maps of Kordofan, Sennaar, and other portions of Africa, accompanied by the most minute accounts of the country, the people, their language, customs, habits, and mode of thinking, the whole constituting the most perfect description we have, even yet, of that region. He sent copies of the maps and descriptions to the Geographical Institute at Paris, who were pleased to get them. The French at that time were anxious to cultivate a good understanding with the new government, and accordingly a member of the society was sent to thank Ahmet for the valuable present, and to inform him that he had been nominated an honorary member. Those who have visited Cairo will recollect a long, low stone building occupying a large space between the two great hotels there. It was this old palace into which the Frenchman was introduced. While seated in a grand salon, dazzled by the extraordinary display of gilt and gold, and luxuriously enjoying his ease upon the rich silk divans, his Oriental contemplation was suddenly interrupted. Hearing an extraordinary scratching at the great door, he supposed it to be the Eastern signal

of some one desiring to enter. A moment later, however, a great pressure forced the door partly open, and to the Frenchman's amazement there appeared the head of a large lion with glaring and savage eyes, its shaggy mane partly covering them and adding still more to their extraordinary glitter. Entering with soft tread upon the Persian carpet and showing his enormous white teeth, the great beast majestically walked toward the member of the Institute, who, giving a terrific shriek, rushed to the second-story window, intending to leap headlong into the street below. But he was in a harem prison, barred with iron. As quick as thought he climbed up the massive damask curtain and crouched on the top of the cornice, squeezed into the smallest possible space. The noise alarmed the household, who running pell-mell to learn the nature of the difficulty, saw the distinguished Frenchman in the undignified predicament described, giving loud expression to his dolorous fear, while the king of beasts, seemingly amazed, regarded him curiously as if desiring to know what strange animal it was that had crossed his path. Those who came seeing the lion turned back in apparent amusement, adding still more to the fright of our hero. At that moment Ahmet Bey appeared. He, too, showed his amused appreciation of the scene, but helping his visitor to descend, he assured him that the lion was perfectly gentle. "But," said the trembling Frenchman, "we are not accustomed in Paris to live in intimate association with such ferocious beasts." Completing his errand as soon as possible, he left the palace never to enter it again.

The story was current that Mehemet in his old age complained of his health, and that his daughter Zora gave him a potion in the hope of curing him. It unfortunately affected his brain and ended in madness, from which he never recovered. But I was informed that this was a mistake, the true story being as follows: Mehemet had been showing signs of approaching insanity, and this daughter,

who loved him dearly, observed that one of his idiosyncrasies was that he trembled with fright at the sight of Ahmet Bey, her husband. The grim old warrior having pathetically told her of his distress, she caressingly said to him that she would provide a medicine that would relieve his sufferings. The next day she prepared a cup of the finest Mocha coffee and perfumed it with cinnamon, of which the Turk is very fond. Holding it to the lips of her husband with her beautifully jewelled little hand (cruel to all others, he had always been kind to her), she with her sweetest smile asked him to drink it. Its aroma delighted him, and he swallowed it at a single draught; in a quarter of an hour the remedy for her father had its effect; the cause, as she supposed, of his ailment was forever silenced, and the beautiful Princess Neslé-Hannoum was a widow.

There are many acts of cruelty related of Ahmet, who to this day is remembered in Egypt as a demon, and who was cruel apparently for no better reason than a fiendish delight in human suffering. I forbear to mention such stories for fear of exaggeration. But there are several anecdotes which show that at times he possessed a rough sense of justice. A sheik in one of the villages of Kordofan where he commanded, whose duty it was to provide for the feeding of the government animals, did not pay the poor keeper for the grain, but pocketed the money himself, believing that no one would dare complain of him. The facts came to the ears of the Defdar, however. Ahmet at once required the official to pay over the money he had stolen, and then ordered that all his teeth should be extracted, cruelly telling him during the infliction that as he had devoured the substance of the poor, he should be deprived of the power of masticating his own. On another occasion a merchant complained of the arbitrary act of a military subordinate, which was so apparent and flagitious that an immediate execution was ordered. By great exertion the merchant saved the offender on the latter returning the

money; but he was forced to get upon his knees, take off the shoes of the merchant, and kiss the bottom of the infidel dog's feet—the most fearful of humiliations to a Turk.

Here it may be proper to say something further concerning Neslé-Hannoum, a woman whose name is notorious in Egypt. It is impossible to pass by the history of this remarkable woman without mentioning some of her exploits, and I shall do so in as delicate a manner as possible. It has already been said that her husband had proved himself cruel and relentless to those within his power. It is a singular fact that though Ahmet inspired fear in all others, even including the great Mehemet Ali, who had made the East tremble, yet he was in abject fear of this woman. Of kindred spirits, they were actuated by similar impulses, and were conscious of their similarity. They divined that they were two beings distinct from the rest of humanity; that they were influenced by like vicious and desperate instincts, and by a strange freak of nature this mutual recognition of character bred in them a great respect and admiration for each other, and they never failed to show the greatest love and tenderness in their intercourse. Though after Ahmet's death the widow, in gratifying her desires, entered upon a career of crime which scarcely finds a parallel in history, she had always been (save in the single instance cited, when she acted under the powerful influence of filial affection) true and devoted to this man, whom she poisoned. Fearing the anger of her family, and thinking to save her name from becoming a curse among her people, she never hesitated to provide the means of destroying the object of her caprice when her safety required it. She had never read history, and of course knew nothing of those extraordinary women whose careers her own resembled; she was therefore her own great original in vice and crime.

Inclosed in a harem and knowing nothing of the world, accustomed to silence those who possessed too much knowledge of her secrets, she judged that prudence made it

necessary to do the same toward those who did not belong to her charmed circle, but who may have been admitted into it. Every kind of deception was practised in the introduction of her victims into her harem. It was thought that, led blindfolded, they could never know their new acquaintance; and as the Nile alone could reveal the secret, no one would ever be the wiser. Two or three of her victims having disappeared, rumor began to be busy, and Neslé became famous. The neighbors saw strangers enter and never return again. Suspicious-looking objects were seen cast by moonlight into the Nile, and noises like a death-struggle were heard within her inclosure. These ominous signs were cautiously whispered about by the Arabs, for she, being a princess and the daughter of Mehemet Ali, whose name they feared, they dreaded vengeance from his anger. A bold and adventurous foreigner, against the advice of his friends, determined to enter the portal of death, having satisfied himself of the truth of the rumors. The route was circuitous; bandaged and led through broad gardens, he ascended and descended stairs and was finally halted; the bandage was removed, and he found himself in a brilliantly-lighted Oriental salon, where the princess in her rich costume nestled on her silk divan, playing with a necklace of rose-coral and diamonds, while a maid kneeling at her feet was engaged in fanning her.

Dances were executed by the young slaves; delightful dinners and voluptuous music were constantly introduced for his entertainment; every resource of Oriental luxury was taxed to add to his pleasure; but there is a term to all earthly happiness. The gallant gentleman was finally told that the head of the house was about to return, and it being against the law for a stranger to enter the abode of bliss, it was necessary for him to take his departure or risk his life and the lives of those who were compelled to remain. "But," he replied, "fair lady, your husband

never can return here, for the simple reason that you are the Princess Neslé-Hannoum, and a widow." Upon her denying this statement, he said that she was not only known to him, but that he was acquainted with the fortune that awaited him, were it not for the fact that precautions had been taken to guard against his being thrown into the Nile. Alarmed, the princess smilingly protested that no one had ever been killed by her orders, that he was the first who had ever penetrated into her harem, and dismissed him with the injunction to keep his introduction a secret. A similar instance occurred afterward when two or three of her eunuchs were killed by the daring lover whom she had doomed to death. This created a profound sensation in Cairo, and caused the banishment of the princess by her nephew, Abbas Pacha, to Constantinople. On his death she returned, and again created an excitement by her voluptuous crimes, but was put under surveillance and made to behave herself by her brother Said, who had the windows of her harem walled up. Though she long ago followed her numerous victims, yet these walled-up windows are pointed out to this day as mementoes of her criminal life. To show the degradation to which the system of plurality of wives inevitably leads, it is well to mention another oft-told tale of crime and cruelty practised in the secrecy of the harem. A Mussulman killed his wife for infidelity. The father of the woman was so well satisfied of her guilt, and so moved by the feeling which sustains one of the Faithful under such circumstances, that he commiserated the unfortunate man, and in his anxiety to soothe his lacerated feelings offered him in marriage another daughter, much younger and of ravishing beauty, in lieu of the murdered one. It is most remarkable that these Mussulmans not only look upon a murder like this as entirely natural and proper, but think it only right that a sister of the slain wife should be given in her stead. A want of confidence in women is thoroughly instilled into their corrupt and

brutal minds, but in such a case they argue that the new wife will avoid her sister's crime for fear of bringing upon herself her sister's punishment. The government never interferes, it matters not how cruel the events which pass within the harem walls, and the police are blind. There was an old Pacha, over eighty, who had a young harem, and two of the ladies gave birth to offspring. Believing that age precluded him from being the father of these interesting creatures, his vengeance sacrificed one of the mothers, and nothing was done. The other, after being terribly beaten, it is said escaped to Europe.

CHAPTER IV.

ABBAS AND SAÏD PACHAS.

The accession of Abbas, grandson of Mehemet—His odious and detestable character—Prominent traits of a ruler who was heartless, avaricious, and worthless—His death, supposed to have been instigated by his aunt, Neslé Hannoum—Succeeded by Saïd Pacha, his uncle, Mehemet's son—Incidents of his reign and traits of his character—Saïd a strange mixture of good and evil—His eccentricities of purpose and action—Lesseps and the Suez Canal—Death of Saïd after a short reign.

IBRAHIM PACHA, who held power for some time during the insanity of Mehemet, succeeded him at his death, but reigned in his own right only seventy-five days. He was just, though severe, and died universally regretted. A beautiful equestrian statue, erected in Cairo in his honor by his son Ismail, was wantonly destroyed by fanatics in the recent unhappy war.

Abbas Pacha, the grandson of Mehemet Ali and son of Toussoun, who served in the campaign against the Wahabees of Arabia, was the next in age, and became Viceroy. This man was a singular character in his way, and in no wise followed the methods of his predecessors. He seemed to study how best he could personify a fiend. His undoubted ability seemed instinctively directed to every conceivable wickedness. Socially and as Viceroy, in every affair of life his career was marked by cruelty and vindictiveness. A striking peculiarity of his character was a deep-seated hatred of his nearest relatives. His own mother and his own son did not escape his cowardly and heartless suspicions, and he enjoyed with keen relish the cruel and unjust espionage to which he constantly sub-

jected them. The wanton annoyances with which he persecuted his wealthy subjects were of such a nature that their only safety was in concealing their money and their persons. The squeezing process, so exquisitely applied, was one of the traits of his great financial ability. No Viceroy was ever known to keep so full a treasury. A fanatical Mussulman, in filling his coffers with the glittering prize he never failed to thank Allah that he had placed under his hand so much wealth to meet the necessities of the state. While exiling his own family and murdering his people, this peculiar man never neglected to offer his prayers devoutly to Allah on Friday. Though reverent in his Mahometan duties, in the same breath his caprice doomed, on the slightest suspicion, the most honored of his subjects to the Fazougle, his prison in Central Africa, a place said to have been selected because of its deadly climate. A writer of note mentions the fact of there being an original order on file at Khartoum, in the Soudan, which directs his minions "to get a sickly place, and to put but one door and window in the prison to be erected, and to feed the prisoners on a quarter of a ration." When the fatal malaria and burning heat of that climate are considered, no more refined and horrible punishment can be imagined to inflict upon poor human nature—not hardened criminals in this case, but the best men in the land, whose only fault was the possession of wealth, in clutching which he was able to show his wonderful financial ability. Numbers of rich and poor were confined together in the same party, with a wooden yoke around their necks and their hands manacled, and were marched often great distances, their ankles chained in heavy fetters, to die thousands of miles from any possible hope of comfort or aid. It is said that his superstition went so far that he believed in magic "when practised in the name of Allah," but visited his vengeance on those who attempted it in the name of the unbelieving Jin. Having numerous magicians constantly about him, they

often guided him with their "secret science" in the most serious affairs of state. He dismissed the able foreigners whom Mehemet Ali had collected around him for the advancement of science and the arts and the introduction of a better civilization. So great a dread had he of foreigners that he even fled, when he dared, the approach of diplomatic agents. Abbas, when a prince, once left the haunts of civilized men and placed himself on a cliff near Mount Sinai, in the most inhospitable desert. Disliking woman, there was no one to share his isolation except a few favorite dogs, and the people of Egypt thought him possessed of the evil eye. They were delighted, even at that early day, to get him out of their sight.

The contrast between this man and the "grim old warrior," socially and in government, was marked. Mehemet Ali was accustomed, after the cares of state, to hasten to his garden (for, like all Orientals, he was fond of shady trees and fragrant flowers), and there for many hours each day he indulged in the conversation of distinguished foreigners. This relaxation was to him a source both of pleasure and of profit, and he applied much that he learned in this agreeable manner to the improvement of his country's condition. Enjoying refined associations, though himself steeped in blood spilled to gratify his ambition, this singular man in his hours of ease was exceedingly amiable and complaisant to the young and fair creatures with whom even in his old age he was accustomed to surround himself. There was something romantic in this scarred old soldier passing his leisure in the society of innocent young Greek and Circassian women, with his frequent (Inshallah) "please God" for the manifold blessings which were conferred upon him. Forgetting in the smiles of beauty the great wrongs he had done in his career of crime, he soothed his conscience, if he had such a thing, with the idea that he was a true son of the Faithful, and that all his experiences were but the carrying out of great and good

designs under the special countenance and protection of Allah.

The name of Abbas is connected with two fine works—the railroad from Alexandria to Cairo and Suez, and the Barrage—of which we have already written as commenced by Mehemet Ali. He incurred the deep hatred of his aunt, the Egyptian Messalina. Neslé, and it is believed that she planned his assassination, a doom which he always feared and took every precaution to avert. It finally befell him at the hands of two eunuchs, who were specially appointed to watch over his repose, and who had been sent by Neslé-Hannoum from Constantinople to wreak the revenge which she cherished.

Said Pacha, one of the youngest sons of Mehemet, was the next in succession. He came to the throne only to find that Abbas had emptied the treasury into his own private coffer or had lavished the money upon his own family. The country was in disorder, and those attached to the government were crying for bread, fulfilling to the letter the adage so common in the East, "After me the deluge." Abbas, like the rest, had spent vast sums in bribing the cormorants at Constantinople, who were only too anxious to take the money, to give the crown to his son. They swore by the Prophet that so reasonable a request should be granted, knowing perfectly well that the chances were that they could never comply with their promise. But a single friend recollected Abbas' dying injunction; Elfy Bey, in his own interest and that of his master, did his best to carry out the scheme, but signally failed. A cup of perfumed coffee smoothed his passage into the other world.

The drowning of Ahmet Pacha, the next after Saïd in right to the throne, gave rise to suspicions in which Saïd and Ismail were both inculpated. Said was suspected because he had invited all the leading men of his family to a fête at Cairo, and the car containing them plunged into the Nile, an accident in which many lives were lost, that of the

heir-apparent among the number. But it was said, on the other hand, that Said liked the victim, and would not have committed so great a crime as the drowning of his whole family simply to make his young son Toussoun his successor. It so happened that Ismail, the enemy of Said and next in birthright to Ahmet, born of a different mother and only a few months younger, feigned sickness, and was not on the railroad at the time. It was known he was rich, ambitious, and full of intrigue, and therefore there were many who thought that as he was the only one directly interested he had arranged the whole scheme to pave his way to the succession. There is no evidence to connect either with the catastrophe, and if there is a secret the probabilities are that, like many others of its kind in the East, it will always remain one. An accident like this, in which there are numbers interested, never fails to arouse suspicions, often well grounded. The fault is with the system of polygamy as it exists in the Eastern countries. There being many sons by different mothers in the same harem, the jealousies of the mothers, which they study to instil into the minds of their sons, increase with years, until all ties of relationship are forgotten in ambition, and finally the matter ends in remorseless crime.

Said Pacha in his early day was tall and symmetrical, with blue eyes, light hair, and fair complexion, but toward the close of his reign, when the writer made his acquaintance, he had grown stout, with that dazed look so common in the prematurely old man of the East. Complaisant, convivial, and generous with his friends, his good humor was sometimes interrupted by uncontrollable rage. In these moods he often committed acts of cruelty, which were followed by the deepest remorse. In his penitence he went beyond reason in his efforts to remedy the wrong done. The policy of Abbas was reversed; foreigners were invited, for their learning and wealth; the army was reorganized; influential men in exile were recalled, and thousands un-

justly incarcerated were set free. Saïd also instituted great works for the good of the country. His last great act was the grant of the concession to De Lesseps, which resulted in the cutting of the Suez Canal—a concession which, though of incalculable service to the world, was of doubtful value to Egypt. In letting the astute Frenchman lead him into his meshes the Viceroy violated a well-established tradition of his family. Saïd did not live to see this great work consummated. Under the new régime commerce and agriculture prospered, and as a result his treasury was replenished. Still, extraordinary extravagances continued, and the eternal tax was levied with renewed vigor. Luckily for Egypt, the American war came on, Egyptian cotton-planting increased, and as a consequence the government grew rich. Tolerant in religion, he visited instant punishment upon those of his people who through fanaticism interfered with the Christian. On one occasion, violence being threatened by enthusiasts, the four leading Mahometans were summoned to Saïd's presence and told that they should be held responsible for any religious disturbance; that if a hair on the head of a single Christian was touched, their heads should fall and grace the four gates of the city. This salutary harangue had the desired effect.

The unfortunate people of Egypt welcomed Saïd's accession to the throne with delight, deeming any change from the rule of Abbas a gain to them; but they soon had reason to lament the heavy weight of taxation laid upon them by their new ruler. Saïd's policy was capricious and oppressive, and was marked by changes so sudden and so radical as to create something like a convulsion in the state. When neglect and extravagance had brought the government to the brink of financial chaos, Saïd startled the country by a decree dismissing all important officers of state and announcing his purpose to take all administrative matters into his own hands. A brief experience of the results of this policy cured the Viceroy of his delusion, and the old system

was re-established. This disastrous experiment cost Saïd the respect of the country, and he was thenceforth regarded as an incapable and capricious statesman—a "crank" invested with despotic power.

One of his mad schemes was the building of a great city at the forks of the Nile twelve miles below Cairo, at what is known as the Barrage. Everybody in Egypt, foreigners and natives, were invited to witness the planting of the corner-stone. No display had ever equalled the series of entertainments given on the occasion, and the affair cost the state a fabulous sum. There were more than a hundred thousand people who banqueted day and night at the government's expense. The Egyptians who were destined to pay the bill looked on as long as the fête lasted, wondered what it all meant, and dismissed it quickly from their minds. It is not their habit to think long or deeply. They dream and smoke, and leave everything to Allah. The foreigners enjoyed the varied costumes of Saïd's Nubians and soldiers in coats-of-mail, the Bedouins in their best regalia riding their finest horses, and the great display of French fireworks. They ate Saïd's fine dinners and drank his best wine, and cared little whether he built his city or not. The city thus extravagantly ushered into being consists of the single stone originally planted in great solemnity with Moslem prayers. There was a gallant show and a great expenditure, and that was all.

It was said in Egypt that Saïd was not blameless in the treatment of his queen, the Sitta Hannoum or "great lady." Though she may not have fulfilled the order of nature which an Oriental thinks indispensable, giving birth to children, yet she was beautiful, charming, instructed, and good. She had been a young Circassian slave adopted by Saïd's mother and educated in her harem; the companion of his youth and intended for his bride, there was everything in her winning ways to attract this wayward son of the Prophet, and she was always mistress of her home, for

he never openly presented her with a rival. She bore her neglect with angelic resignation, and, still a widow, she has never been heard to utter a complaint. She tenderly loved Said's son Toussoun, born of one of her slaves, who was subsequently made next to herself in importance. Toussoun, the son, died during my residence in Egypt. I shall speak of him hereafter. Ill for a long time, Said waited his summons like a true fatalist, and as is usual with Eastern people, all his sycophantic courtiers abandoned the setting for the rising sun with the exception of a Frenchman, who remained true to the last. Said had prepared a mausoleum at the Barrage, always a favorite spot in his memory, and desired as a last request to be entombed there; but Ismail, his successor, refused to obey the injunction, and ordered his body to be placed in the tomb at Alexandria, where it still remains.

CHAPTER V.

TANTA.

A peculiar Oriental city—The scene of one of the greatest fêtes and fairs of the Orient—Scenes at Tanta—The Saint Ahmed el Bedowee—His function as a patron and intercessor—The mosque raised to his memory—Phases of the great fair—A gathering from all parts of the Mahometan world—The Tanta fête a survival of the licentious orgies of Isis at the ancient city near this site—Dervishes and dancing girls—The games of the people.

NOT long after embarking on his dahabeeyah, the most luxurious of river boats, though primitive in its model, the traveller beholds, as he ascends the Nile, the homes of the fellaheen. These mud villages, made up of hovels consisting of a single room lighted by the doorway, are noisome and filthy abodes. In the home of perennial spring the fellaheen—men, women, and children—are clothed in a simple blue cotton chemise and white cotton drawers, which make up the whole apparel for both sexes. The mud hut in which the fellah dwells contains no furniture but a mat and a few clay vessels for cooking purposes. The disgust and pity of the tourist are increased on entering one of these squalid abodes. Donkeys, sheep, and chickens share the narrow quarters with the human animals, while the best part of every hovel—the sugar-loaf shaped upper part—is given over entirely to pigeons, by the breeding of which the peasants earn a good share of their revenue.

And yet, overcrowded as they are, amid wretched and unsanitary conditions, the Nile peasants seem contented enough. Indeed, they are not disposed to accept a better condition even when it is offered them. Said Pacha sought

to benefit them by building model villages with well-made streets and abundant house-room for each family, but after a brief experience of better living the fellaheen returned to their huts, and could never again be persuaded to accept the more comfortable homes offered them.

As one scans the Delta the picture is relieved by the sharply-defined minarets of the stone mosques which are found in every village. The roads are bordered by the beautiful acacia and popinack trees, with their wealth of highly perfumed blossoms. In other climates during the winter season hoary frost hides the prospect, but here the waving green plain astonishes the stranger, who is enraptured with such unaccustomed beauties.

Crossing the Rosetta branch of the Nile, midway between it and the Damietta branch, we find Tanta, located in the centre of the fertile valley of the Delta, a perfectly Oriental and very important city. The best time at which to visit this city is during the summer fair, which occurs yearly in the month of July. For weeks before that time there is commotion throughout Egypt. Social and commercial interests are aroused, and all the various Mahometan sects are interested in the approaching event. Great crowds of dervishes, with their green and parti-colored flags, swarm in irregular masses through the country, on their way to say their prayers at Tanta and to do some honest begging during the great fair. Men, women, and children, mounted on camels, donkeys, and horses, throng the roads, while thousands on foot are seen for days and nights wending their way to the seat of pleasure and religion. Not only Egypt, but all Africa, Eastern Europe, and Asia send religious votaries and merchants with silks, satins, embroideries, and every kind of merchandise to tempt the Eastern buyer.

Amid the throngs who come with merchandise come also those who bring daintier wares in human form—beautiful *houris*, virgins sent forth by their Circassian or Georgian

mothers to find an asylum in the land of the Nile. These maidens have been carefully nurtured to be made marketable, and are happy if they succeed in becoming the property —wife or slave, as the case may be—of some rich Bey or Pacha. It is still the custom—though now slightly veiled —to fix a price upon these young women, the sum varying with the beauty of the merchandise. The girl whose marriage in this market is pecuniarily successful is happy in the thought that she has done well for herself and her parents, and her success induces her young kinswomen to follow her from their bleak homes in the Caucasus to the sunnier climate of Egypt. Her sisters look forward to marrying in the same way, while her brothers are, by her favor, educated in the military schools for employment in the army or the civil service. She thus provides for the future of her kinsmen by her marriage, often raising the sons of an obscure family to positions of profit and honor.

Tanta has of late years become a considerable mart for European commerce. The remarkable growth of cotton and sugar culture in the rich valleys around the city has greatly increased the value of the land and the attractiveness of the region. The town is thoroughly Oriental, and except a few European merchants the inhabitants are all Arabs. There are found here on every hand the mud-houses and the narrow, filthy streets filled with throngs of people, and, of course, unclean animals, ready, unlike the Arabs, to dispute the stranger's path. There are, however, some stone houses of little architectural beauty, relieved now and then by an attempt at the Moresque. The city's grand object of attraction is the tomb of its saint, which is found in one of the finest mosques in Egypt. The architect from whose hand this mosque came displayed the finest Saracenic taste in chiselling its columns and in pencilling its Oriental tracery. Its architectural ornamentation exhibits great skill, after the best models of the ancient style. No part of it is more attractive than the huge glit-

tering Byzantine dome, its brazen mantle, always reflecting the eternal sun of Egypt. The inner decorations are interesting and beautiful in their simplicity. The catafalque of the holy Saint Said Ahmed el Bedowee is covered with rich red velvet, adorned with embroidery and inclosed within a handsome bronze railing. The light and airy minarets beside the dome of the mosque pierce high up into the heavens, and around them above the roof are railed piazzas, from which the shrill cries of the muezzins, as they chant the *adan* or call to prayer, are in quaint harmony with the additional proclamation that "there is no Deity but God; I testify Mahomet is his Prophet." Climbing to this eminence, the picturesque scene is bewildering; the city of 60,000 inhabitants is beneath you, and on the level plain of the Delta for miles around, extending beyond the range of vision, are spread the tents of half a million people, with thousands of horses, donkeys, cattle, sheep, goats, camels, and buffaloes, a living and variegated panorama. Descending to earth again, the scene which meets you is even more astonishing. As usual, the traditional Arab, in his blue chemise, without shoes, and with camel's-hair tarboosh, meets you at every turn. His wife may be met elsewhere, perhaps, but never in his company in public. Her dress is like his own, but she is always veiled. If a wealthy sister, she wears yellow shoes, a rich colored silk dress, and a black silk *habarah*, which covers her person. She is often seen with stockings down upon her heels, unless her broad satin trousers hide them from observation, as she awkwardly ambles along. The Syrian, Turk, Ethiopian, Algerian, Tunisian, European, Greek, Persian, American, and Jew, with many other strange people, pass in review, the head-dress being the distinguishing mark of faith and nationality. Men of all races make up this varied and extraordinary scene. Tired of wandering through this sea of humanity, and suffocated with the myriads of smells, one gladly leaves these material things to seek an asylum

near the shrine of the renowned saint, who brings so many thousands of other saints and sinners to do honor to his tomb, many of whom seek the aid of his miraculous power. Said was born at Fez, and on his return from Mecca remained at Tanta, where he died; his fête has continued for six hundred years since his death, to serve the purposes of trade as well as those of worship. It attracts all the religious who are able to come, as no other saint in the Egyptian calendar is held to be so sacred. Many think he is the successor to the god Sebennetus, the Egyptian Hercules, whose attributes were given him by popular tradition. His aid is invoked when sudden calamity threatens, and the Egyptians believe that storms or accidents are avoided by calling out to him, "*Ya Saïd, ya Bedowee;*" and the song of "*Gab el Yoosra*" ("He brought back the captives") records the power of this wonderful saint. The Arab has peculiarly appropriated his aid, as in the second call to prayer, chanted one hour before day, when his power is invoked under the name of "Aboo Tarag," Sheik of the Arabs. After a long residence in Egypt and intimate association with all classes of the people, from the dwellers in palaces to those who inhabit mud huts or wander over the desert, my conviction is strong that—whether Copt, Christian, or Mahometan—the people of Egypt largely derive their religious beliefs and their customs from the superstitions of the ancient Egyptians. The Koran with its scimitar has neither desired nor had the power to uproot them. I am acquainted with numerous rites common among the ancient Egyptians which are of daily use among these haters of polytheism.

In their wisdom they say it is the teaching of their law to accept traditions coming down to them through the ages, when not inconsistent with Mahometanism, and that this binds them by invisible threads to their faith. This is particularly the case among the Bedouins of the desert. Alone in these mighty wastes, they conjure up innumerable

superstitions and mingle them with those old patriarchal customs, which they still retain in nearly the exact forms of which we read in the Old Testament. Among all classes of Mahometans it is the fixed belief that Said has the miraculous power of curing sterility in woman. It is the inviolable right of every barren woman to vow a visit to this saint, and her husband never opposes her sacred purpose. On the contrary, he is delighted with the hope and belief that her prayers at the tomb will have the effect of giving them offspring. Without children, in the eye of the Faithful the Mahometan woman is dishonored, and of course she never fails to worship at this shrine if it be possible for her do so. It is considered a violation of all propriety for a husband to be seen with his wife, and under no circumstances does he journey with her. She rarely or never leaves home at any other time, and in coming hither, if she belongs to the better class, she is accompanied by the faithful guardian whose duty it is to watch over her honor. So, too, the wife of the fellah, barefooted and dressed in blue, but without a guardian, visits the shrine with a similar hope to secure the saint's efficient mediation. Tanta during the fair is a scene of joyous mirth, and the women—usually caged birds, but now let loose—enter gayly into the festivities. In thorough disguise, they are lost to sight in the vast multitude. At the end of eight days, the time allotted for prayer and for the intercession of the saint, they return home in the full belief that their devotions have been blessed.

I am sorry to write that the picturesque scene is too often marred by the licentiousness so common among Orientals, and Tanta yearly witnesses orgies only comparable with those of the ancient city of Busiris, which was situated a few miles distant in this valley. It was there the fête of Isis was celebrated by all Egypt, and truth makes it necessary to say that the modern city, in following the traditions of centuries, rivals her ancient sister in those

scenes which made the modest Father of History blush when writing the amazing story of the worship of that famous goddess.

Making one's way through the vast mob, with its fleas, flies, and horrible odors, it is a pleasant relief to meet a perfumed houri veiled in her black silk habara. She is unknown, of course, for not even her husband could recognize this waddling bundle of goods. The Pacha is easily recognized as an officer of the government by his European costume, modified by the red tarboosh, the broad black trousers, and a highly colored silken vest. A rich Israelite follows—a gem merchant—in costly robes of striped silk secured at the waist by a rich Cashmere shawl; he, too, wears the tarboosh and red slippers. The European in the tall hat is doubtless an English tourist, for, unlike men of greater adaptability, the Englishman never changes his dress with his climate. The hat is the only thing visible above the heads of the bystanders, and there are thousands of persons in this throng who have never seen head-gear of that description before. It is to them the most singular if not the most picturesque of coverings, and while its wearer remains within view they never cease to murmur "Inglesi." The proud and untamable Bedouin puts in his appearance with his white woollen burnous—a sort of blanket—covering his head. Binding the burnous with a cord, he permits it to envelop his person, and is then the only really independent man in the vast throng.

Going back to the vicinity of the mosque, your path is blocked by the crowds of howling saints who make up the numerous sects of dervishes. Among them are numbers of the dancing sect, whose votaries swing themselves around in whirling circles for hours to the monotonous music of the lute. They make night hideous with their screeching prayers, simply singing the name of Allah in concert for hours until their violent devotions end in convulsions.

The Saades sect of serpent-charmers, who profess the

dark power of controlling vipers, are also represented. They make a precarious living by travelling over Egypt displaying their magical gifts and freeing the habitations of the people from reptiles. When any religious fête is to take place they are certain to be present. These modern Psylli, who pretend to make serpents their playthings and to charm them with their call, profess also to cure their bite. They are greatly venerated by the Mahometans. The story of the origin of this numerous sect, who have their own holy sheik, is that an ingenious Syrian was sent by his master to gather some sticks, but, after cutting them, found that he had brought no cord with which to bind them together. Having seen a nest of snakes near by, he twined the reptiles around his fagots and thus bore them to the house. When the bundle was thrown down before the master the serpents crawled off with the sticks, and the astonished man at once declared his servant to be a saint gifted with miraculous powers, and advised him to enter without delay upon his holy office. This the Syrian did, soon gaining many disciples at Damascus. His tomb there is filled with venomous creatures, among which his disciples say they can lie without danger. I have seen these people during the ceremony of the *doseh* (riding over the human road) at Cairo, seize a live cobra, the most deadly of snakes, two inches from its head, still with the poisonous fang unextracted, they say, though this I do not credit. They bite the reptile's head off, chew it, and, I am told, in some instances swallow it; but I have always noticed when near them that some friend stands immediately behind the "performer," and, unobserved, runs his finger in his mouth and takes out the hideous morsel. During the time that the snake operator is performing, his agitation and contortions are hideous, requiring several persons to hold him; but my observation is that all this is affected. These people cure the bite of a snake by scarifying the flesh and sucking the poison out, first putting lemon juice

in their mouths. There is a pustule that often breaks out upon long residents in the East, which, it is said, is caused by the breath of the serpent, but which really comes from sleeping in the open air. The snake-charmers make a liniment of cerese and oil of sesame with which they cure the malady.

It is necessary to advert to the Almée, one of the accessories of a Mahometan religious festival, without which dance the Beys and Pachas would return to their homes chagrined, and a stranger who happens to sojourn in Egypt in the summer, and who is certain to visit the fair, would think it had lost its chief attraction. We find the Pacha squatted with numerous acquaintances around him, anxiously awaiting the appearance of the fair Circassians. Dignified he sits, apparently in deep thought, smoking his chibouque, but really thinking, as usual, about nothing. The dancers are generally three or four young girls, beautifully dressed in Oriental costumes, with light, gauzy pantaloons. Soon with tiny feet, and their slight figures prettily cambered, they glide into the dance, and all are pleased with their poetry of motion in harmony with the slow cadence of voices and the soft strains of the kanoon and kamingah. It would be much more pleasing if with their provocative blue eyes, fringed with long velvety lashes, one had not to encounter the smile of bold voluptuousness which plays over their features during this peculiar dance. It must be seen to be appreciated ; it can never be described.

I have often had occasion to speak of the freedom of worship tolerated in Egypt under Ismail Pacha. In most cities and villages the cross is seen side by side with the crescent. No man asks whether you go to the Christian church or the Mahometan mosque. There is one thing the Mahometan will not concede, however, and that is the right to quit the fold of the Faithful. Death is the penalty. I heard of but one case in which the apostate escaped, and he had to fly to save himself from being killed

by his own family. Mahometans say they do not care to proselytize; that there are as many Mahometans now as they want to meet in heaven; but neither will they suffer apostasy to go unpunished. Notwithstanding the tolerance mentioned, the Mahometan, with few exceptions, hates all Christians; but the feeling is kept in check by the government, and has to find expression otherwise than in violence. At one time—I do not know that it is so now—the throngs at Tanta gave expression to their contempt for Christians in a masquerade, in which the Crusaders were caricatured for the amusement of the ignorant. The custom was handed down from a more intolerant age. There are at Tanta a number of suits of armor, said to have been taken in battle during a more martial era in the history of this race. I believe, however, they are the same that Said Pacha had manufactured for his Nubian guard. It will be recollected that St. Louis was defeated at Mansourah on his way to Cairo by the Caliph El-Saleh-Ayoub in 1249. A number of Arabs dress themselves in these costumes, some representing the sons of the Prophet and others the Christian Crusaders. The latter, as a matter of course, are vanquished, and the sport consists in chasing them ignominiously from the battle-field. A more amusing scene is the dressing up of one of their number as a venerable individual, whom they make up as a Pacha, Bey, or some other dignitary hated by the people. The multitude follow him, resorting to every device to show their contempt. A good runner is selected for the part, who distances his pursuers and so ends the sport.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FELLAH AND HIS MASTER.

The ancestry of the Egyptian peasant—His condition, past and present—Results of ages of slavery and wretchedness—Misrepresentations of his character—The kourbash and enforced labor—Efforts made to improve his condition during the reign of the present dynasty—The average Egyptian—The effect on him of his religion—Ismail's attempt to sweep away intolerance — Impossibility of reform in Mahometan countries except through a material change in their present religion.

THE most interesting person in Egypt, and one with whom acquaintance is soon formed, is the fellah. The descendant, not improbably, of those who built the Pyramids, we see him to-day a toiler in the mud, wearing nothing but a rag around his loins. Or perhaps he may be in some cases of the blood of those victorious warriors who followed the green banner of the Prophet into the heart of Asia, Africa, and Europe. In either case his descent is illustrious. But for many centuries the plight of the Egyptian fellah has been a wretched one. He has served as a beast of burden under foreign taskmasters during centuries of misrule. The inference would be that all vitality has been beaten out of him; that though he wears the likeness of a man, harsh treatment has transformed him into a beast that cares for nothing except to crawl into its house when the day's work is done. Recent events, however, have shown very clearly that the fellah is not altogether the spiritless animal described by casual tourists, who take their opinions at second-hand from the dragoman employed to guide them in their hurried rush through the country. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* for August, 1881, who pretends to know the fellah, does

not give his true character when he tells us that "he is so accustomed to the lash that he rather prefers it," giving an illustration which he avers came under his own observation while staying with an official who was repairing canals. His statement is that a man who had persistently shirked his work, seemingly overcome by conscience, voluntarily came to the official one day and said that he was prepared to go to work, but that he could not do so without being compelled. He had never in his life worked on a canal until beaten, and there was apparently something repugnant to his feelings in doing so, even for pay, without this salutary stimulant; he therefore asked for a hundred blows of the kourbash upon the soles of his feet. The punishment was administered, though contrary to law; the man's conscience was relieved, and he went to work in a happy frame of mind. Again, it is stated that under the Bondholders' rule the old device of the Inquisition, of beating confessions out of the people charged with crime, has been found necessary, and is now in use. If this writer's statements are true, is it to be wondered at that riots accompanied by a cry against Christian rule so constantly occur? The writer of the above-mentioned article, in giving the incident in illustration of the value of the kourbash, which recently came under his observation, says: "It will be seen that it has too strong a hold upon the people to be readily abandoned, and, indeed, although it is nominally prohibited by law, its use is largely resorted to *sub rosa*—by the native officials, especially in the detection of crime."

The Egyptian fellah, relieved from excessive apprehension, no doubt feels a natural exultation. Like many more favored races, he prefers enjoying his ease when not compelled to work, and congratulates himself that the time is past when he can be forced to it. It is not at all surprising that he shirks when called upon to labor on the canals and other public works without pay. It is of course right that at certain periods he should give his labor for the public

good, as the country is purely agricultural, and, besides needing constant irrigation, is subject to inundations. The repairing of canals under such conditions is necessary for the general weal, and the right to impress labor has at one time or another been enforced among all nations. But in Egypt the right to compel the toil of the peasant class rested on no such necessity, but depended solely upon the caprice of tyrannical officials, high and low. Hard as it is upon the fellaheen, the system of government established by Mehemet Ali on the ruins of Turkish rule is a great improvement upon the wretched tyranny under which Egypt had groaned for two centuries before. The Turkish rule was a sort of feudal system under the Mamelukes, with a Turkish Pacha in nominal control. Complete anarchy reigned. The men of the governing class were aliens, having neither social ties nor personal interest in the country. The Turkish Pacha was an intriguer, who usually paid a large sum for his appointment, and who used his authority only to enrich himself. So long as his own revenues were received he cared little what the officials under him did to the fellaheen. This system of grinding misrule received its first great check from Napoleon at the Pyramids and from Kléber on the plains of Heliopolis; the finishing stroke was given it by Mehemet Ali, the fisherman of Cavalla.

To understand properly the condition of things at the present time it is necessary to follow still further Mehemet Ali and his peculiar tactics in establishing his system of government. There was little that he would not sacrifice to his ambition, though it must be borne in mind that in all he did he moved like a man of sense toward a certain independence, which was really for the ultimate good of the people. Before claiming supreme power at the hands of the Sultan, it was necessary to break down all the petty governments around him and to consolidate them in his single hand. This Mehemet Ali did, at any and every cost. The last blow in silencing all conflicting interests

was the crushing of the Mamelukes. Perfect and complete despotism followed. This accomplished, Mehemet's first step was to replace all officials of every rank by his immediate friends, holding tightly the reins of power, and thus it was that the fellah was ruled by one despot instead of many. The fellah was materially benefited in this change, for when acts of oppression came to the ears of Mehemet the remedy was swift and severe.

Seizing upon the whole country, the most of it a waste, he divided it out among his relations and high officers, and finally among the soldiers and fellaheen. Rich lands were given, with poor lands attached, which the holders were required to cultivate, so that the greater part of Egypt where the waters of the Nile could reach the land was brought under cultivation. It was so arranged that the taxes should fall more heavily upon the rich than upon the poor lands, and his decrees were so directed that the whole people, rich and poor, should become owners of the soil. Another consideration with him was the cutting, improving, and regular repairing of canals. It was his custom to superintend personally, and to compel his sons and the rich landholders to help and encourage the people to labor in this work of necessity. This gave rise afterward to what was called the corvée system of forced labor, which under the old soldier worked for the good of the people, though subsequently it gave rise to many abuses, as it could be perverted for the benefit of high personages. Vigilant in all departments, he wrought many improvements and changes, some of which remain to this day. He left to his successor the germ of a powerful and well-organized government, but of course could not legislate or decree against misrule and decay, when his great power should fall to the keeping of corrupt and weak descendants. Abbas, as already stated, reversed his whole system, introducing a new order of things and eschewing European influence both in commerce and government. It should be said in justice

to him, however, that he took a deep interest in the welfare of the fellaheen, though he persecuted the rich; but as he crushed out all other great interests, his people suffered. It can be truly said of Saïd that he was like a bright meteor. His sense of utility manifested itself in paroxysms. At last his people groaned under a deeper bondage than that which had oppressed them under the cruel Abbas. When Ismail seized the reins of the state he found Egypt £8,000,000 in debt, with a strong European control in all the departments. The interior economy of the state was administered only for the rich, and despite all the good intentions which had animated Said, everything was in the hands of officials who ruled solely for their own aggrandizement. Never in the history of any nation were there greater exactions; the very last piastre was wrung from the poor wretches who tilled the soil. Such was the inheritance of Ismail Pacha. The Khedive, who commenced his reign in 1863, evinced every desire to build up his country and elevate the fellaheen who composed the great mass of the people. The just and upright motives which prompted him were patent to all intelligent observers of facts which were of daily occurrence. The conclusion early in his reign was that his ambition pointed in the direction of independent empire. Whether or not this was the case, it was clear that he was deeply interested in the amelioration and education of his people. There was nothing which so brutalized the fellah as the indiscriminate use of the lash. Ismail set his foot on this outrage, and never failed to mete out severe punishment to officials who exercised undue cruelty, when the facts were made known to him. He listened patiently to the murmurs of his subjects, and was always well pleased to remedy their grievances. The writer personally knew him to do many acts of the highest humanity, in righting the wrongs of his people at the expense of officials high in rank and importance. If there were no other public act to show the bent of his mind, his

course in abolishing slavery would be sufficient. It matters little what may have been his reasons, the fact stands; his act was of his own will, and he was in no way responsible to others. So far, then, he is entitled to the good opinion of the world. The abolition of slavery was part of the great policy he had marked out for himself. He instituted schools for the education of vast numbers of people, and did what no other Oriental had ever done—namely, established schools under the patronage of one of his queens for the education of the female children, believing that if you educate the women of a country you elevate the men. He introduced new systems of agriculture and the most approved modern improvements—cotton-gins, sugar-mills, refineries, and steam pumps for raising water and for irrigation. Vast forest plantings, railroad and telegraph building, and the cutting of many canals, not only to irrigate but to reclaim deserts, stand, with many other acts of beneficent policy, as monuments of his goodness and wisdom. Besides perfecting the harbor of Alexandria, he constructed a magnificent quay, which stretches a mile into the Red Sea at Suez, for the commerce of India; dry docks equal to any in the world at Suez and Alexandria, and several iron bridges, notably the grand bridge across the Nile at Cairo. The construction of the Opera-House at Cairo is a monument to his taste in the fine arts. But for him and his liberal policy, notwithstanding the vast concessions of Saïd, the Suez Canal would never have been built. Tolerant of all creeds, he gave liberally of land to any denomination of Christians, and, Mussulman as he was, he was always willing to aid in erecting beautiful Christian churches. There was nothing that this liberal and noble-spirited ruler did not do to aid the progress of his country; and though many persons, ignorant of the truth, still claim that the fellah is the same hewer of wood and drawer of water, the same abject slave that he was previous to Ismail's reign, he is really much better off than before, bad

as his lot still is. It must be remembered that it took Europe many centuries to rise from a semi-barbaric condition, so far as the masses of the people were concerned. It was not to be expected that Ismail should have had the best government in the world. Visitors who lounged at their hotels in Alexandria and Cairo were shocked when they journeyed on the Nile to find that the people were not so enlightened as the shopkeepers about Cairo, forgetting that only a few years ago they were all but savages. Straightway a tale of woe was unfolded, and newspaper articles, letters, and books were written for the humane to shudder over. Those whose experience of the country covers a decade or two can see great changes for the better; and when we remember that Ismail forced civilization upon Egypt quite as far as it was possible to do so without creating a destructive revolution, it cannot be denied or doubted that he was a great reformer and benefactor. On the other hand, it is due to truth to admit the folly and wrong of Ismail's lavish outlay upon palaces and dinners, his waste of great sums on his harems and their gardens, his huge expenditure for iron-clads in the foolish hope of building up a navy, and his boundless extravagance in entertaining the world at the opening of the Suez Canal. The leeches who wantonly sucked the blood of the fellaheen, however, were the Sultan and the idlers about him. It is necessary to mention another great item of expenditure. This was the paying of hotel bills and the cost of steamboat excursions up the Nile for innumerable princes and other dignitaries. In visiting censure upon the head of Ismail for this last form of extravagance, however, it is necessary to remember the circumstances in which he was placed. His Oriental training had taught him that the offering of such hospitality was obligatory upon him, and when he offered it the visiting kings, princes, and dignitaries eagerly accepted it. Ismail believed, too, that in extending his splendid hospitality to foreign potentates and

their representatives he was making his country attractive and winning powerful friends for himself on a throne which he knew was coveted. His hope that these his guests, who so gladly and greedily fared sumptuously at his expense, would give a thought to his welfare after the feasting was done, was founded in a now obvious, though pardonable, delusion. He was repeatedly assured that the increase in productions and the rise in the value of lands would more than balance all indebtedness. The investment of his enormous private fortune in landed estates, together with the extensive purchase of machinery and implements of agriculture, plainly show the confidence he had in the schemes into which he was persuaded. Disaster to the finances of the country and the ruin of his own fortune were the result. Neither the state treasury nor the Khedive personally was able to meet even the interest on the immense loans contracted by them, and creditors at once became clamorous.

The Egyptian learns rapidly, languages especially, but never goes deeply into anything. He displays some aptitude for mathematics, but rarely sufficient to enable him to apply his knowledge to practical affairs. This is obviously true of the Arab officers, even when educated in the Egyptian military schools or in Europe. The reader is probably aware that the Mahometan religion is largely responsible for this lack of intellectual stamina. The Koran is the Moslem's measure for all allowable science, literature, and art, and whatever oversteps its sacred metes and bounds is impious. The greater the religious sincerity the more stunted is the intellectual growth of the Mussulman. The precepts of the Koran form his character and shape his destiny. It penetrates every detail of his daily life, and rules even his most intimate domestic relations. It makes the yoke of the most crushing despotism the will of God. Even trades and professions are under its control. It is primarily responsible for the degradation of woman to the position of a toy and a slave. Everywhere in Egypt and

the Turkish possessions the harem is filled with women, the property of one man who controls it. Ismail abolished slavery and strove strenuously to enforce the law, but he was impotent to vanquish a habit so deeply rooted in tradition and the faith. Reforms may be attempted, and partial and temporary success attend the effort; but there never can be any lasting advance in education, morals, or government without a radical change in the religion of the East. Slavery in the household is the same to-day that it has been for centuries. Though outside of the harem Ismail succeeded in abolishing it, he did not dare push the reform to its fullest extent. It was said he proposed to open the harem doors. I believe it; but he was confronted by the stern protest of the leading men of his religion. Though a Mahometan despot, it is but justice to say that he struck at numerous time-honored customs, and endeavored to elevate his people in spite of themselves. But the task was beyond his strength. The Egyptian race will continue to languish under the iron heel of the so-called Islam, much of it really in contradiction to the Koran, until some Arab Luther shall arise to strike off their fetters. They have the old Israelitish idea that they are the "chosen of God," and intrench themselves in their besotted ignorance against every form of progress as something contrary to Allah's command. Their daily prayer is, "O God, assist the forces of the Moslems and the armies of the Unitarians. O God, frustrate the infidels and the polytheists, thine enemies, the enemies of thy religion. O God, invest their banners and ruin their habitations, and give them and their wealth as booty to the Moslems!" In their daily lesson to their children they teach them to say, "O God, destroy the infidel and the polytheist, thine enemies, the enemies of thy religion. O God, make their children orphans, and defile their abodes, and cause their feet to slip, and give them and their families and their household and their women, their children and their relations by marriage, and

their brothers and their friends, and their possessions and their wealth, and their race and their lands, as booty to the Moslems, O Lord of the beings of the whole world."

It is no wonder that these people are ignorant and superstitious, and are carried away by the pride of religion, when the same barbarous lesson is taught that led their ancestors to rapine and plunder, and is the doctrine implanted in the mind of the present generation. Under the strong government of Ismail, Christians were treated with apparent cordiality, and there were many evidences of toleration among numbers of the people. They often said: "Of what use to convert a thousand infidels? Would it increase the number of the Faithful? By no means: the number of the Faithful is decreed by God, and no act of man can increase or diminish it." As a rule, however, in his heart the Moslem contemns a Christian, and, strong in his belief, is proof against proselyting. It matters not whether he observes or neglects his own religion, he is equally fanatical in despising all others. The more elevated his position, the bitterer is his contempt for all others. I have never met with a single Mussulman who has left his faith or who ever proclaimed himself an unbeliever. While many make no outward show, thousands are very strict in the observance of their religion's rules. They never squander their devotions in private, but pray most demonstratively in public, "to be seen of men" and esteemed as true believers. This public parade is considered highly praiseworthy. Many of their religious leaders value that and nothing else. Their profession relieves them from many burdens, and they work themselves into feigned ecstasies, professing to rely solely upon Allah for the future. To judge the whole people by this class, one would infer that they were all governed by unmitigated fatalism. But my acquaintance with the Eastern people in their every-day life justifies me in saying that if it ever was a controlling principle, they have greatly changed. I never knew one pray-

ing, or otherwise engaged, who did not keep a sharp look-out for danger; or who, if interrupted in his prayer or in his meditations on nothing, did not curse the person interrupting him and all his relations for generations, and then take good care to get out of the way as fast as possible. I have never known a single instance where they suffered bodily harm rather than forego their prayer.

I knew an officer in the Egyptian army who, I believe, for nearly eight years never failed to fulfil all the obligations of his religion, which was an immense ordeal, besides attending strictly to all his duties as a man and an officer. He made the necessary ablutions five times a day. When not employed, he was mumbling a prayer or a chapter of the Koran. If there ever was a true Mahometan, he was one. Nevertheless, I have seen him get out of danger in the midst of the most earnest prayer, and have heard him congratulate himself heartily upon his luck in doing it, giving Allah, of course, credit for saving him. He has often interrupted his prayer to give me information he knew I wanted, and has then fallen to praying again. Mahometans have an idea that going to Mecca and Medina has a good deal to do with saving their souls. Though a Christian, I obtained for my Arab friend authority to go to the tomb of the Prophet and come back a Hadji. It seemed to me that the pilgrimage weakened his ejaculatory vigor. He thought his seat in Paradise safe, so it was no longer necessary to demonstrate before infidels and unbelievers. It is true I have seen large bodies of soldiers suffer massacre when strong enough to defend themselves and punish their enemies, but this I attribute to the cowardice of their officers, who fled at the approach of danger and left their men, accustomed to follow them blindly, to the mercy of the foe. When dealing with the Abyssinian war, however, I shall have to recount instances where, with death staring them in the face, their fatalism was unmistakable.

It is impossible to portray the condition of Mahometan countries better than in the few simple words of one of the ablest and most observing of our American travellers in the East. "Wherever that religion exists, there follow inevitable despotism and slavery, by which it crushes man, as by its polygamy and organized licentiousness it degrades and crushes woman. Polygamy, despotism, and slavery form the trinity of woes which Mahometanism has caused to weigh for ages like a nightmare upon the whole Eastern world." *

So immense a fabric, founded upon superstition and cemented by ages, cannot, as the writer says, pass away in a day. I have already stated my conviction that the iron crust is broken and the "fervid heat" is burning into the heart of Islam. "The combined influence of civilization and Christianity" is slowly but surely sapping the foundations of Mahometanism, and the star which shone so brightly 1800 years ago is, I think, destined to shed its light once again in the East where it rose.

* Rev. Dr. Field.

CHAPTER VII.

ISMAIL PACHA.

Ismail, the successor of Saïd Pacha—Great rejoicings on his accession—Wealth and energy of this prince—How the Suez Canal came to be built—Why Pharaoh Necho in ancient Egypt and Mehemet Ali in modern Egypt refused to permit such a canal to be cut—Effects of the Suez Canal complications on Egypt—Ismail's course toward the bondholders—De Lesseps an able and shrewd schemer—Ismail's policy in the government of Egypt—Description of the man—His attempts at reform.

SAÏD PACHA assumed the viceroyalty of Egypt amid the rejoicings of his people. They had been crushed under the cruel and imbecile Abbas Pacha, his nephew. Saïd was in the vigor of manhood and full of confidence. He projected many grand schemes, but few of which were consummated during his reign of ten years. He died friendless and insolvent. Though vastly superior to his predecessor in personal qualities, still his government was a failure and bankrupted the country. Sanguine of something better, the Egyptian people welcomed Ismail Pacha to the vice-regal throne with rejoicings greater than had welcomed any previous ruler.

They knew that he had been schooled under the best instructors of the day, that he was a planter and merchant prince, and one of the most accomplished Egyptians who had ever been called to rule over them. They were aware that while those nearest the throne were toying away their time in the salons of Paris, or hunting the gazelle upon the deserts of Africa, he was a tiller of the soil, who, avoiding the fascinations and extravagances of the court of Saïd, had devoted himself to cultivating cotton and cane.

Ismail Pacha, late Khedive of Egypt.

Spending his surplus money while a prince in beautifying Egypt with costly buildings and palaces, for which he had always a weakness, he gave early promise of beneficence and progress. The people, seeing for the first time a man of sense and a successful working prince at the head of their government, seemed to have great reason for cordially welcoming the new ruler.

Ismail ascended the throne during the time of the Civil War in America, and early perceiving from the vast proportions of the struggle that cotton-growing, in which he was so successful, would receive a severe check in the United States, turned his energies and great capital to its more extensive culture. From this and the cultivation of cane he added enormously to his already colossal fortune. Said having already pledged Egypt to the cutting of the Suez Canal, it remained for Ismail to redeem the pledge. A brief historical sketch of this great work is in place here. Necho, that wise old Pharaoh who lived 600 years before the Christian era, connected the Bitter Lakes and Lake Timsah on the Isthmus of Suez, midway between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, by a canal with the Nile. Similar canals existed from a very early period contiguous to it and running through what is now called the Land of Goshen. By some convulsion of nature, or possibly the neglect of the government, these works entirely disappeared, the lakes dried up, the Land of Goshen became an arid waste, and much of it remains so to this day. During his reign Ismail constructed a broad, deep canal connecting the Suez Canal in a direct line from Ismailia with the Nile, and these barren wastes are beginning to bloom with vegetation, while trade and travel begin again to make the land of the Israelites look as it did in the olden time. The Pharaoh of the day of which we speak was urged to connect the two seas, but his country having been marvellously blessed for uncounted centuries with a dense and thriving population, he concluded that they could only lose by too daring

attempts at progress. It was held with some reason that other nations would be inevitably precipitated upon the country in their anxiety for the commerce of the East, and that Egypt would be swallowed up in the whirlpool of ambitious competition. Policy at that time prevented the connection of the two seas. Two thousand years afterward history repeated itself. Mehemet Ali, the founder of the present dynasty, an untutored fisherman, but a man of extraordinary sense, was harried by speculators and consuls-general for the concession of men and money to connect the seas. Unaware that a remote predecessor had decided against it, the new Pharaoh gave nearly the same reasons for steadily rejecting their overtures, incredulous of the great benefit to Egypt so generously promised. Many years elapsed, and Said, his son, became Viceroy. When a prince he had been the friend of De Lesseps, and he now lent his ear to the able and wily Frenchman. Lesseps succeeded in despite of England, for England steadily opposed the project with all her influence. Time rolled on, money failed, and the great work was lingering when Ismail Pacha became Khedive. Though he knew it would be fatal to the immediate interests of his country by taking the great Indian travel directly through the canal and making Egypt simply a toll-gate for that and its commerce, yet he believed that in the distant future it would not only add lustre to his name, but confer great benefits upon Egypt. The concession had been granted, and sooner or later the great work must be completed; therefore it was worse than folly to stop its progress, and through him, his money, and his people, the Suez Canal was opened to the nations of the world. The downfall of his great friend and supporter, Napoleon III., and the ill-fortune of France in her war with Germany, left him to the crafty policy of England. The money-lenders of France, whose original enormous loans to Egypt had to be buoyed up to prevent a total collapse, saw bankruptcy staring them in the face, and prudently called

upon England, whose people were equally interested in the bonds, to help them out of the difficulty. Waddington, having succeeded in his schemes for temporary security, was no doubt pleased to let England take the lion's share of influence and spoils without protest. Poor Egypt was the victim of wanton cupidity, and the Khedive was forced to a compromise, which included his own abdication. Bismarck's "kick at the dead lion" in this affair is, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary diplomatic freaks of the far-seeing Chancellor.

The results but too plainly justify the wonderful prevision of the "grim old soldier," Mehemet Ali, when pointing out to his successors their true policy. It would have been well had they been guided by him in this and in other vital matters, or at least have exacted some guarantee of the great powers for their security. That the work was inevitable there is no doubt. Ismail understood this, and, thinking that he had gone far enough in engrafting modern ideas on his policy to insure him against outrage, entered heartily into the scheme for the completion of the canal. Subsequent events handed him over, bound hand and foot, to the designing Western powers. The policy denounced by Mehemet Ali led to his ruin. It may suit the bondholders to say that Ismail clung to the principles of the founder of his dynasty, which worked well so long as there was a stern despot to apply them; that subsequently all had changed, and that Ismail had neither the ability nor the strength of character to carry out a policy suited to the requirements of the times. The fact is, that Egypt ran the risk that is always incurred by a weak power over whose inheritance two stronger powers are ready to come to blows. Ismail attempted the impossible task of modernizing everything in Egypt in thirteen years. In this endeavor the state revenues and his own private fortune became involved beyond hope. The Rothschilds now enjoy millions, the wreck of his estates, and Englishmen boast of the splendid invest-

ment Disraeli made in buying the Suez Canal bonds for which Egypt had given her security.

Ismail may well regret that his good sense was blinded by his ambition, and that he too, like Said Pacha, listened to the fatal eloquence of De Lesseps. The latter was only too willing, as President of the 1878 Commission, to turn upon his victim after fattening on the spoils wrung from Ismail's credulity. Situated as Egypt is, in the north-east angle of Africa, which may be said to divide Europe and Asia like a wedge, nothing can happen in either without being felt in Egypt. Though ever prominent as the highway to the East, this great route has become more so now that the whole of Europe's commerce with the Indies is carried on through the canal. The Arab prefers despotism at the hands of one of his own faith to a liberal government at the hands of the foreigner. Ismail understood this hatred of European interference, and invited Americans to assist him in organizing his army. Politically they represented nothing, and were acceptable to his people. He also appointed Arabs to high official position, and desired that the people should be heard through the Notables. This was a novelty. They had never before questioned their rulers, and nobody was anxious to "bell the cat." Before voting, they inquired which way the government leaned, and then they all went in a body that way. Their recent outbreak did not arise from a wish to repudiate their enormous debt. They were willing that their laborious people and rich lands should pay it. But young and progressive Egypt had been elevated in the last decade and made to feel that, however just and honest their present Khedive might be, still his government under the new arrangements made with the bondholders was entirely in the hands of those appointed to suit the interests of their European creditors. The instincts which Ismail had stimulated by his policy of respect for his people were offended by the submission of Tewfik to European dictation.

Ismail Pacha was Khedive of Egypt during my service. He was the first to hold that dignity. The sum which purchased this rank and title from the Sultan was very large. He is past the meridian of life, under medium height, but compactly built. He has dark brown hair and mustache, a swarthy skin and keen black eyes, whose penetrating glances shoot from under half-closed lids. Habitual ease of manner and slowness of speech give him the air of great self-possession. He impresses every one as a man of strong convictions and extensive observation.

The following reflections on Ismail in his political and social relations were written when he was one of the most notable men of his day, and the writer was fresh from contact with him in the relations of a general of high rank to his commander-in-chief :

When in repose and his eye is partly shut, no man has a more sphinx-like expression ; but the strongly-marked face conceals behind it constant thought and indicates that the cares of state weigh heavily upon him. In his hours of ease his conversation is very agreeable. Speaking French slowly and deliberately, with a finely modulated voice and a countenance lit up with the characteristic smile of his family, he gives one the impression that he would make a good boon companion. Though in detailing the events of his reign I shall have to speak of an occurrence which will lead many to think him cruel, yet, having in my long acquaintance witnessed so much that was humane in his character and life, my opinion is that he was far from being an unamiable man or sovereign. His large family and the great numbers of people who have served under him bear willing testimony to his kindly heart. After his accession, when all the terrible punishments and confiscations of his predecessors had ceased, numerous instances of arbitrary and unjust outrage of which I was informed came to his knowledge, and his interference was immediate. The use of the kourbash without the authority of law was severely

punished. He made earnest endeavors to abolish slavery in his dominions, and notwithstanding statements to the contrary, he was anxious to do this in the harems themselves, where every woman is a slave. One of his means to that end was the education of women. If there was nothing else to be placed to his credit, he has erected for himself, in the education of women and in the abolition of slavery, a monument which will endure after all the errors of his administration have faded out of history.

The forcing of a parliament upon an unwilling people who lived in a dreamy philosophy and preferred the iron hand of one man, is another evidence of the enlightened humanity of Ismail. He was one of those who believed that no real advance can be made in the Arab race until the outcrop of Islam's wrongs is corrected, none of them being greater than the violation of nature in depriving woman of her legitimate sphere of action and influence.

In its interior economy the harem of the Khedive and his numerous family, and the harems of those among the higher dignitaries whose association they claim, have in their approximation to Western custom undergone vast changes. The substitution of European dress for the Oriental may not be a gain in picturesqueness, but it is a long stride in the direction of adopting modern customs. The sitting on chairs and on the divan, which their new costume compels, is a great innovation upon the time-honored squat, though it is said, when the change took place, the ladies found it difficult to dispose of their tiny feet, it being convenient to place one on the chair and leave the other dangling. When crinoline was in fashion, this graceful position retained some of the quaint picturesqueness of their discarded habits.

Ladies of rank now sit at a modern table with knives and forks and eat like Europeans, instead of dipping the fingers into their dishes, as was the case a few years ago. Instead of lying on divans and sleeping on the floor, putting every-

thing into great leather bags and hiding these in closets, or stringing their fine dresses on cords hung across their chambers, modern inventions have been introduced; even trunks and bureaus are now in common use. The ladies now ride out in carriages openly and with the thinnest possible veils. They are accompanied as formerly by their sable guardians, but the latter are now more for show than for use. While it is etiquette not to look at these ladies of the harem, they look at the stranger as though they courted the furtive glance of admiration. When it is said that a high princess walked unveiled at the springs near Cairo, we may easily believe that the Egyptian women are beginning to feel their freedom. It is not to be understood, however, that the women have generally favored this change from Oriental to European customs. Indeed, its most violent opponents have been found among them, and so far from envying they have always pitied their Western sisters.

But the elevation of woman by education has given many Egyptian ladies a proper idea of their dignity, and customs and superstitions which conflict with it are contemned by this new generation. Though the class is not numerous, still their influence is felt, and the close observer can see that the worst features of Mahometanism are being seriously shaken. This fact was fully appreciated by Ismail, and it was his endeavor in the refinement of women to elevate the family, educate the sons by enlightened mothers, and prepare Egypt for a better future by a means which thus went to the very root of things.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAIRO.

Changes made in the city during the last twenty years—Its present beautiful and European aspect—Praise due to Ismail Pacha—Sketch of Cairo Opera and theatre—Christian schools and missions Change in the habits of Mahometan ladies—Visit to the Pyramid of Cheops—The climb to its top Theory touching the purpose of its builders—Views of different archæologists The Sphinx and the Pyramid of Chephren—The Pyramids of Sakkara and the tunnel of the Sacred Bulls Mariette Bey's wonderful discovery of an unopened tomb—The statue of the high priest "Ti"—Paintings delineating domestic and every-day scenes of country life—The ancient city of On or Heliopolis—Tombs of the early Caliphs Ceremony of starting on the Mecca pilgrimage—Utter destruction of Heliopolis.

I ARRIVED at Cairo on my second visit in January, 1870, after an absence of some years, in that most delightful of all seasons, unlike the winter of any other climate, when everything is green and beautiful, the air soft and balmy. The train was filled with representatives of the two great travelling nations of the world, America and England. The plains were golden with rich harvests and dotted with elegant villas, embowered in roses, the grounds of which were adorned with luxuriant and well-cultivated lebbek and acacia trees. On one side, in full view, stood the Mokuttum hills, the citadel on their slope, with the tall minarets of the mosque of Mehemet Ali peering far above and overlooking in their height the 400 mosques in the heart of the curious old city beneath. It was upon entering the Arab city that we were pleased to find untouched the narrow and crooked streets teeming with people, and its little shops, with their picturesquely dressed crowds of customers, as in

the olden time. But, leaving these familiar scenes, one is impressed by the stately beauty of the new city immediately alongside of it with its comfortable hotels and commodious mansions, its broad avenues tastefully planted with costly shade trees, and skirted by modern cottages surrounded by rich parterres of flowers, shrubs, and trees. These interesting objects are evidences that in a few years the strong hand of Ismail had called into existence, as if by magic, a new city. The spectacle of two distinct cities in one, each filled with a different people, unlike in race, customs, and religion, is very impressive. Nothing is more suggestive than the lofty minarets crowned by the crescent, the emblem of the Mahometan faith, and near by the steeple of the Christian church surmounted by the cross. This evidence of toleration inclines one to the belief that civilization has at last brought these fanatical people under its powerful influence. The cry of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer from the top of the minaret is scarcely hushed before the merry chime rings out from the church towers of the Christians. The wonderful changes which had been wrought in this ancient city since my first visit suggested the idea of just such work as is credited to Haroun-el-Raschid in the Arabian Nights. In scanning these vast improvements the traveller asks, How can they charge the author of them with extravagance? Was there, then, nothing to show for the vast sums expended? Why, the new Cairo teems with splendid answers to this accusation. If the man of truth and sense will survey Egypt and mark its advancement spread broadcast to its remotest boundaries, he will find more solid improvement wrought with the revenues of the country and with the wealth of Ismail's own private purse than can be shown for twice the amount in any other country in the world. Out of a mud-heap he has created a splendid European city, and filled it with the advantages and attractions of civilization. This gigantic work was completed in a few years, while it

took centuries to build many European cities of equal size.

From the veranda of the New Hotel at Cairo, the *coup d'œil* is entirely changed from what it was a few years ago. Where the hotel now stands and far beyond it had been an uncultivated garden. In the place of the ragged old sycamores which stood some distance in front and which surrounded a public ground, a receptacle for filth and a haunt for dogs, with here and there a little drinking-booth for the low foreigner and dirty Arab, now stands one of the most enchanting gardens in the East, with a broad avenue between it and the hotel. This garden is laid out with beautiful pebble walks, adorned with fountains, and decked with rare exotics, flowers, and trees. There is a silvery lake in its centre with graceful swans to add to its interest, boats for the amusement of the passing stranger, and many other attractions which render it a diminutive Bois de Boulogne to the Egyptian capital. In one of the arches stands a grotto of large proportions with subterraneous passages and chambers. A little to the right of the garden, separated from it by a broad avenue, is a handsome opera-house, where for many years there were employed some of the best artists and most accomplished orchestras in the world. Ismail, educated in Paris, had, among other tastes, a fondness for European opera and early introduced it into his capital. It was so arranged that the ladies of his harem and those of the wealthy pachas might sit in their boxes, hidden by lace curtains, and enjoy the opera unseen. Beyond this there was a circus for the rougher sex and a theatre for the foreigner. It is said that the Khedive was no little chagrined that the fair ladies of Egypt, educated to the slow, monotonous Asiatic music, could not appreciate the strains of Rossini, Verdi, and Gounod. This accounted for the numerous carriages winding their way to the circus, where the ladies could better appreciate *l'opéra de l'hippodrome.*

This did not, however, apply to the young daughters of

Children of Ismail, late Khedive of Egypt.

the Khedive and those of many of the high functionaries, for under the auspices of Ismail and one of his queens, a bevy of beautiful and accomplished young houris had come upon the scene of harem society during the last twenty years who had been taught the requirements of scientific music. While the more matured princesses were caged behind lace, his sweet and pretty daughter of thirteen, Zaneeb, for several years took her seat in a box with her young brother unveiled, and enjoyed her cultivated taste for music with as much zest as any other young girl. It was afterward when another year was added to her young life that, much against her will, the traditional veil was forced upon her, and she, too, sat at the opera behind lace curtains, and with others of her sex was compelled to undergo the seclusion of the harem. This was the beautiful young woman whose melancholy death and funeral at the palace by the sea I have already adverted to.

On the other side of the Esbikeeyah Garden there is a large, well-arranged, and extensive structure, erected by the American Presbyterian Mission, which has within its walls a handsome church and an extensive school-house for girls and boys, and I cannot do better than advert to the work that has been done under the administration of Dr. Lansing, one of the ablest and most philanthropic foreign residents of Egypt, who is the patron of this institution. There has grown up not only this fine institution, but more than twenty others under his auspices in the villages, towns, and cities. Always amiable in social life, the doctor has labored under many difficulties in this field, assisted by a number of devoted and good men and women. The Mahometans and the Copt Christians in large numbers go to his schools, but the instances are rare where a child of the Prophet is ever converted.

Great numbers of the Copts are, however, brought within their fold. There was scarcely a clerk in any department, civil or military, in Egypt during the last twenty-five years

who was not educated in these schools, and I have often been impressed with the great service the rich who give to missionaries in other lands might effect in this Mahometan and Copt country by liberally supporting the doctor. I feel assured that if they once visited his church in Cairo on Sunday morning and heard him discourse in the Arab language to his large audience of turbaned Orientals, their hearts would expand and the doctor would be saluted with "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." I will not further dilate upon the massive structures with their arcades nor the broad streets which with their shady trees add so much beauty and comfort to the city. One acquainted with it can tell where miserable habitations have given way to the abode of civilized man, and wretchedness has been replaced by the palatial residences and business houses of wealthy Arabs and Levantines. Escaping the eternal sun as he walks under arcades and the shady trees which line the broad streets, he is interested with the noisy throngs of active and intelligent people in pursuit of their various callings.

The traditional ass and riding camel are now reserved for the stranger, and the American and Englishman hear the cry of the donkey-boy when he salutes them: "Here is Yankee Doodle" or "John Bull," as his shrewd perception of nationality bids him call his beast. The dainty wife and daughter of Bey and Pacha, instead of wrapping themselves up like packages and straddling an ass, are now seen in their lace caps, tulle veils, and ample dresses of lavender or saffron silk, in their handsome European carriages, followed by their dark guardians on horseback in rich trappings. To add a touch of romance to the scene, they do not hesitate, when unobserved by their sable nondescripts, to coquette with the handsome foreigners as they pass beneath the old sycamores in the favorite drive on Friday to the Shubra Palace. Like their Western sisters, they like to have their beautiful dresses and jewels admired, when only a few years since it was etiquette for all males to turn

their backs on their approach. Neglecting the duty of concealing their faces, they are certain to be reminded of it by the *thing* of authority who was in close attendance. I well remember, on my first visit, the picturesque groups of turbaned Turks, Arabs, and Copts in their rich and parti-colored dresses mounted on camels and asses, and in the distance, riding richly caparisoned donkeys, but wandering like ghosts through the dark streets, were to be seen the wives and daughters of these dignified Orientals muffled in their *habarahs* as though they feared observation. Their blue eyes looked out from under their covering in timid and startled amazement at a new manner of man as if they had never before seen a European. They have changed all that, and the traditional ass with his rich trappings for the *élite* is scarcely more than a reminiscence now.

It was my first experience among these transformed Eastern people, and the impression was vivid. Returning to see European dress and vehicles in common use, it seemed at first as though Oriental Cairo touched by the hand of Ismail had lost some of its time-honored splendor. In truth, Cairo showed in former days the glittering ostentation of the favored few, which sadly contrasted with the most squalid and repulsive poverty of the many. There was that sort of wretchedness which made Egypt a pest-house, but the improvement of the people and the forced observance of sanitary precautions in the fourteen years of the reign of Ismail had effaced many sad and sorrowful pictures. In all that time Egypt had never been visited by an epidemic; formerly the curse was periodical. No man of feeling who knew the past failed to be gladdened by the change; every such man kindly extended his sympathy to that ruler who had fearlessly wiped out old customs and landmarks in the interest of humanity; whose reign commenced with heaps of mud houses, and closed with so many finely constructed buildings and other material improvements; who transformed Egypt into a civilized country,

where the stranger was welcomed, and through which he could journey with as much comfort and safety as in any other part of the world.

One of the pleasures of a visit to Cairo was in seeing the vast monumental ruins in its immediate vicinity. Among the many gentlemen whom it gave me pleasure to meet were Governor Hoffman of New York and General Ingalls, U. S. A.; being old acquaintances, I accompanied them to the ruins around the city. Our first venture was across the beautiful iron bridge recently constructed over the Nile, which replaced the unsafe pontoon formerly used. We entered upon a vast plain, now being improved at great expense as an extensive park with plants and fountains, as a breathing-place for health and amusement, so necessary to the dense population of Cairo. It was here that Ismail also proposed to construct a museum, in which, under the wise administration of Mariette Bey, it was designed to place the fine collection of Egyptian antiquities now in the Boulac Museum at Cairo, where it would no doubt in time exceed in richness and interest any other in the world. Driving over the avenue leading to the Grand Pyramid of Geezah, shaded by the lebbek-tree planted for the comfort of the traveller, we passed on the one side between the magnificent palace of Geezah, of recent construction, with its miles of cultivated gardens, and on the other side those of the Khedive's sons, two airy-looking structures surrounded with verdure and rare flowers. Leaving this pretty picture in the rear, we again emerged upon the open avenue with its broad fields of waving grain, and in the distance directly in front was the famous Pyramid of Cheops, and beyond it the gracefully lined Libyan hills. When we arrived at our destination the two visitors, with the aid of the Arabs, painfully made the laborious ascent, and were rewarded by one of the grandest and most interesting views in the world. It is impossible to describe one's emotions while standing on the top of this great Pyramid, 500 feet high,

and isolated in the midst of the Desert of Sahara, much of the view over the sea of sand bounded by the horizon. Then to the east beyond the Nile, the city of Cairo, with its 400 minarets glittering in the eternal sun, is nestled in great beauty at the base of the Mokattum hills, on the inner slope of which stands the Citadel, in its centre the grand alabaster mosque towering above it and overlooking the city. Nearer is the Nile, like a silver ribbon coursing through the fertile fields, dotted with the palm, acacia, and lebbek trees. The sun's rays shining through the dust over the city makes it look like a canopy of powdered gold floating in the air. The panorama which unveils itself around the spectator is wonderfully varied and picturesque, and though the ascent may be difficult, it repays the toiler for the labor expended in climbing. This great Pyramid was originally 500 feet high, and its base covered 13 acres. Its material amounts to 89,000,000 cubic feet, or 6,848,000 tons of stone, and to complete the construction it took 100,000 laborers 30 years. I entered on one occasion the highly polished tube, 320 feet in length, leading through its centre from the opening in the north to its base. Thence I painfully mounted through the forced passage, over the sunken well, and found myself at last in the handsomely finished apartments called the Queen's and King's chambers. In the latter is the famous granite coffer, placed on the western side of the room. Great air-shafts pierce the massive walls—one pointing to the north, the other to the south. Standing in the centre of this huge pile of stone, one understands why it is that the learned in all ages have variously speculated upon the origin and purpose of this seventh wonder of the world, and have advanced conflicting theories in explanation of its existence.

The coffer in the King's Chamber is made to play a prominent part in all these speculations. Having had a personal acquaintance with many of the great Egyptologists, I propose to give some of their opinions. Herodotus having

said that Cheops built this Pyramid, and that he was buried beneath it, though the coffer was found in its centre and after diligent search no other object that looked like a sarcophagus has been discovered, many have settled into the opinion that in this coffer the mummy of Cheops was placed, and as the chamber in which it is a fixture looked like a tomb, it was the best evidence to prove their theory, and they named it the King's Chamber. The coffer, too, was on the side of the setting sun, in the direction of Amenti, the region whither the ancients thought the soul went after death, and it was after this manner that they buried their dead. This opinion is supported by the fact that much older pyramids were used as tombs, and there are many other facts besides to sustain this theory. Other learned men have argued that this coffer has given standards of measures and weights, and that the metric system originated in its measurements; while others have written that the Pyramid was intended for astronomical purposes, and that the proper place for the sarcophagus was in a subterranean vault beneath the pile, and not in the room called the King's Chamber, it being the custom to place mummies in the lower vault. One of the strongest writers of the present day has published an elaborate work in which he attempts, with much scientific acuteness, to prove that the construction of the Pyramid was a divine inspiration. Mariette Bey, whom I knew for many years, and for whose sincerity, experience, and vast knowledge I entertain the most profound respect, thinks that Cheops built the Pyramid for his tomb at a time anterior to the earliest dawn of history in any other quarter of the world—namely, in the epoch of the fourth dynasty of Egyptian kings, which Mariette dates back 4335 years before the Christian era.

Another great Egyptologist, Brugsch Bey, the learned German professor, agrees with Mariette Bey that the great Pyramids are tombs, but places their date at 4455 B.C.

Bunsen, the celebrated German traveller, goes still farther back, and yet another noted man, the English historian Rawlinson, is uncertain on the subject, and is waiting further developments before venturing any opinion as to the date. In mentioning the remarkable men who have expressed their opinions upon this interesting subject, it is well to speak of the Arab authors, who go back nearly 1200 years in their knowledge of these structures. As usual, they are very positive, and state that the antediluvian astrologers who prophesied of the coming of the deluge induced the building of the Pyramid to preserve the learning of the past. The name of the star Sirius, which was venerated by the early Egyptians because it appeared just before the inundation of the Nile and was sometimes called Sothis, gave rise to the name Seth; and the Arabs, seizing upon this name, have dignified it as that of the great constructor of the Pyramid of Cheops. I offer the views of one more distinguished man, than whom there is no Egyptologist more entitled to consideration for sincerity and knowledge. Hakekeyan Bey, an Armenian, who resided in Egypt from early infancy, was sent to Oxford by Mehemet Ali, and returned profoundly versed in the science and literature of Europe. Besides holding for many years some of the highest positions in the government, he devoted a long life to the study of Egypt's ruins, and his opinions were much respected by the learned. It was my happiness to form his acquaintance on my first visit to Egypt, and to retain his friendship through the many years of my late residence there. He was fond of Englishmen and Americans, and they were ever welcome to his hospitable home. This ripe scholar, now gathered in his old age to his fathers, I remember with great veneration, and I recall with pleasure his goodness and kindly nature. In a memorandum which he gave me he expresses the opinion that the coffer which stands on the west side of the King's Chamber in the Pyramid of Cheops was deposited there by the primitive

Aryans as a record of their standard measure. He believed that these Pyramids were erected for great national purposes; that their wonderful plan and construction could only have been founded upon the concentrated wisdom of ages, and that only a whole people would undertake the building of such a gigantic pile of stone as the Pyramid of Cheops for some purpose of great public utility. He was impressed with the conviction that this Pyramid was an embodied record of science, particularly of astronomy and of standards of measurement so necessary to men at that early period, especially in a purely agricultural country, the landmarks of which were yearly wiped out by inundations. He held that there is no reason for adopting the theory of successive layers built by succeeding kings so as to increase the burying capacity of the structure. He truthfully said: "It is well known that a tyrant scarcely ever completes a work left unfinished by his predecessor."

However interesting these theories of learned enthusiasts may be, there is no question that the Pyramid of Cheops is "a miracle in stone," whose builders must have had considerable knowledge of geometrical proportion and of abstruse science. There is no reason, in the great size and necessary cost of the Pyramids in money and toil, for thinking that they were built simply for the vainglory of the ancient Pharaohs. While they must have added brilliancy to the reigns of these monarchs, they were not only of immediate and practical importance, but they embodied for future ages symbols expressive of the most enlightened conceptions of human knowledge; they were great books, containing within their massive folds the concentrated wisdom of ages, founded upon the eternal principles of truth. The question naturally occurs, Can it be possible that the 480,000,000 of people whose mummies are encased in the rocks of the Libyan hills that border the banks of the Nile, and who possessed a scientific culture equal in some respects to that of our own boasted era, carried through such

The Great Sphinx—Gizeh.

mighty works simply to provide a place of sepulture? This it is difficult to believe. It is equally clear, however, that kings made use of the Pyramids for tombs as well as for astronomical purposes. Mariette Bey, who was for so many years in charge of the excavations of the ruins of Egypt, gives it as his opinion that there is more valuable information concerning ancient Egypt buried beneath the sands of the desert bordering the Nile than has yet been revealed. It is more than possible that by unearthing it much of the great mystery surrounding that people, its Pyramids, and its other great ruins, may yet be more clearly solved.

Leaving the Pyramid, we next visited the Sphinx, carved out of the solid rock. This is a recumbent lion with the head of a man. The face is broken, but enough is left to betray the inscrutable gaze and the stolid, changeless smile with which its human face greets the rising sun. For a long time it was supposed to date from a period posterior to that of the Pyramids, but it is now thought, from its close connection with a lately discovered temple belonging to the ancient empire, that it was a sacred symbol.

The Arabs are superstitious in regard to this mysterious and gigantic rock, and believe that among its other supernatural powers it holds in check the encroaching desert sands. The name given the Sphinx by the ancients was "Hermachis" (Watcher), and it was considered as the guardian of the celebrated Necropolis which was located around it. It was made famous by the great Thothmes III., who showed special veneration for the Sphinx, and chose it as his tutelary god. We descended into the neighboring excavated temple of alabaster, and picked our way among the rows of granite columns. Its architecture is simple and grand, of exquisite finish, and without writing upon any part of it. An American civil engineer, erudite and scientific, Mr. Walter W. Evans, of New Rochelle, told me that he had never seen stone more beautifully polished, or known such gigantic blocks of stone to be fitted with such

nicety—so close, to use his own words, "as almost to defy discovery." He added that "handling, polishing, and perfecting their surface at the present time, as is done here upon these hard rocks, would require powerful modern machinery." This temple is no doubt many thousands of years older than any other place of worship in the world, and is therefore an object of great interest. It was in one of its chambers, in a well thirty feet deep, that the magnificent statue of Chephren, or Shafed, the builder of the second Pyramid, was discovered. The statue is now in the Boulac Museum. It is of breccia, and Mariette Bey says that it has come down not less than sixty centuries, and is not only remarkable for its high antiquity, but is marked by a finish of detail, a fulness, and a majesty which render it one of the most valuable relics of antiquity that have ever been discovered. It throws an unexpected light upon the earliest Egyptian art, and shows us that Egyptian artists 6000 years ago had attained a perfection closely approaching that of later ages.

Our next visit was to Badresham, a village twelve miles by rail up the Nile, whence we had donkeys. On the side of the Libyan hills we soon found ourselves in the famous tunnel of the Sacred Bulls. Lighting our candles, we penetrated its thick darkness, and at every step realized the amazement which Mariette Bey has so graphically described as incident to his visit on discovering the tomb.

Though I had been in this tunnel of the Sacred Bulls before this visit, its wonders always impressed me with renewed interest. Huge blocks of granite, nearly twelve feet square, were brought from their quarry at Syene, 650 miles down the Nile, hollowed, polished, and shaped like a beautiful urn, and placed in a tunnel dug into a mountain nearly a quarter of a mile, which, like the niches fitted for them on its sides, was scarcely large enough to admit them. When it is considered that all this enormous work was, according to our mind, simply to preserve a *miserable mum-*

Bust of Chephren or Shafra,
Builder of the Second Gizeh Pyramid.

mied bull, their god Apis, it seems indeed a mystery. The only solution, so far, appears to be that the ox was useful to the Egyptian in the cultivation of the soil, and for that reason they worshipped him as they did the dog and the cat because they destroyed the rat and other smaller animals that devoured their grain. Mariette Bey told me that one of the chief delights experienced in a long course of archæological research was in discovering these tombs, which had been hidden for so many ages, though the bulls, with all their precious relics, had been removed, probably by Cambyses the Persian, who had shown such contempt for the god by running his sword through the then living Apis. Mariette Bey, however, subsequently, while examining the walls of the tunnel, discovered a small stone with the impress of a man's hand in mortar upon it, and another tomb was disclosed which had never been opened. The mummy was intact, covered with all the rich cerements, encased in a beautifully polished urn, with its history in hieroglyphics inscribed upon it. The inscription showed that this tomb had been placed there by Rameses II., the Pharaoh whom the Bible speaks of as not knowing Joseph, the persecutor of the Jews, and no doubt the father of the king from whom Moses fled to Mount Sinai. The fact was fully explained from this connection that Aaron understood the worship of the bull when he permitted his people to make the golden calf. I asked Mariette upon one occasion if it was true that when he entered this tomb, which had been sealed up untouched for 3700 years, that he saw the tracks of the naked feet of the ancient Egyptians, as had been stated, printed in the dust on their leaving the tomb. His reply was that it was his custom to look as soon as possible into all places of his unearthing, in order to discover what objects were there, as some instantly crumbled, and that his attention was at once attracted by the footprints in the undisturbed dust and débris.

In the museum of Boulac there is a finely preserved

statue of a priest, an exalted official "enthroned in the heart of his Lord," by the name of Ti, of the fifth dynasty, who held many of the highest offices, civil and sacerdotal. Though of humble origin, he became great, and married "the palm of amiability," a daughter of the royal family of Egypt. His statue is delicately finished and apparently perfectly true to nature. A wig covering his head and a cloth around his loins constitute the simple dress which adorns it. The statue is of large size, and if uniformed in continentals would make a good representation of Washington. Not far from the tombs of the Bulls we entered the *mastaba* (chapel) of this official, not long uncovered by the Bey from the sands of the desert. The largest chamber looks as fresh as though just finished. Ti is seen pictured as a wealthy farmer, beautifully sculptured in bas-relief upon its walls, with his wife and children walking leisurely in his yard, with poultry and other domestic animals around, while the servants are feeding geese and cranes after our modern mode of stuffing. There are seen also sailing boats on the Nile, with men constructing others. Judges sitting in judgment, and prisoners being brought to trial; great numbers of women with baskets on their heads; offerings of sacrificial food and drink from the villagers; ploughing, reaping, and the driving of sheep; taking an account of and branding cattle; fishing and hunting with a stick and cat, and a park filled with wild animals and fishing-ponds, are portrayed. Without a knowledge of hieroglyphics, through this picture one can read the everyday life of this man, his interior domestic economy, his profession, riches, and offices. Notwithstanding the conventional type of the art, everything is strikingly full of action, and the great similarity of much of the life depicted to that of the present day impresses one with the idea that the present is but a familiar panorama of the civilization of nearly six thousand years ago. The historian can learn more from this single tomb of that ancient people than he

Obelisk of Usurtasen I., at Heliopolis.

can from volumes written on the subject. Though the Egyptians wrote upon papyrus for eternal preservation, yet they were so anxious to transmit their history that they made it enduring in stone.

Our next visit was to Heliopolis, or the old city of On, seven miles below Cairo, on the same side of the river. The first object on the way to interest the traveller is the "seebel" (fountain), which the mother of the Khedive charitably erected for the poor and the thirsty Bedouin who wanders in from the desert with his thorny aromatic plants, or now and then to sell an Arabian horse or a camel. As he slakes his thirst he never fails to ask Allah to reward the beneficent donor for this thoughtful munificence. In the East, where water is always scarce, there is no kindness that equals the establishment of a fountain, and the true believers are happy in the thought that in this good work they are assured of the prayers of the Faithful in securing for them seats in Mahomet's Paradise. For this reason no charity is so universal. Turning to the east, we follow the old Saracenic walk ending in the curious bastions on the desert constructed by Saladin (Saleh-el-Deen), the famous warrior who defended Cairo against the assault of the Christian invader. Near these fortifications is the tomb of Amalek-Adatté, the mother of Saladin. With the chivalric gallantry of a great soldier, he showed, in the erection of this beautiful memento to the one who gave him being, a filial gratitude which does him greater honor than the laurels of grim-visaged war, which so splendidly encircle his name. The dome which surmounts the tomb with its lace-like covering is the chaste pencilling of the highest Saracenic art of that period. Admiring its beauty, the spectator is amazed that this relic, so interesting in history and historically connected with a brilliant epoch, should be allowed by the Arabs to crumble into ruin. But the Mahometan has forgotten the past and is occupied with the present. He never sheds a tear or

speaks a prayer over the mother of his renowned leader. The Moslem never repairs even the most sacred mosques, unless they are so situated that he can make use of his faith in turning an honest piastre with the least possible trouble to himself. To the right are the so-called tombs of the Caliphs, properly Mamelukes' tombs. Their numerous domes are still standing, but, like the mosques and tombs beneath, they are crumbling. Their remains, surrounded by the desert, are very beautiful in precious stone and marble, carved in rich Saracenic devices. I know of but one tomb of a Caliph standing. It is just within the city, a rare old structure, and is the tomb of Saleh-el-Eiyoub, the conqueror of St. Louis, the Crusader, in his foolish attempt upon Cairo. The location probably accounts for its preservation. The others were all destroyed to make way for the present city.

There are beautiful domes over the ashes of remarkable Caliphs and Sultans, who are forgotten by the Mahometans. Sometimes the intelligent foreigner hunts up the name of the distinguished individual, or they would all pass into oblivion. I have never met an Arab who could tell where Saladin was buried. When I visited Damascus, twenty years ago, there was no one there who knew. Finally a Greek dragoman informed me that he had got the account of the place from an Englishman. This ignorance may not seem altogether singular when I state that at Westminster Abbey, forgetting for the moment that Alexander Pope was a Catholic, I asked a highly intelligent usher, who was wandering with me, pointing out the illustrious dead in that celebrated repository, where the grave of the great Pope was. Looking at me with a dazed expression, he acknowledged that he did not know, and I then remembered that the poet was buried at Twickenham.

To our left, opposite these tombs, I have seen thousands of pilgrims from Africa take their leave for the desert on their visit to the tomb of the Prophet. Near the

Citadel the Khedive, with all the dignitaries and military of Egypt, *en grande tenue*, places in the keeping of the military sheik, who is naked and mounted on a dromedary, with his bushy head uncovered, the beautifully gold-embroidered carpet (*mahmal*) to be placed upon the tomb of the Prophet. The custom is said to have had its origin from a Caliph providing a handsome carpet upon which his favorite sat during her trip to the Holy City; in the excitement of religious frenzy she threw the carpet over the tomb, and the Faithful have ever since celebrated the event. Headed by the naked sheik, a grand procession passes through Cairo amid salutes of artillery, and at this spot joins the cavalcade, when the mob in fanatical excitement commences its wanderings.

A few years since much of the fertile land cultivated on each side of us was a desert, but the planting of the lebbek tree in broad rows, and between them the cactus, soon forms, with the help of constant irrigation, a soil. In this way broad acres are reclaimed by a rapid fertilization. Passing the shapeless mass of buildings used for military schools and barracks, the drive is through shady avenues lined with exotics and orange-trees, and turning around the palace of Prince Tewfik, now Khedive, we again visit the Virgin's tree at Amateriah. Everybody goes there because of the tradition that the Holy Family was sheltered under the tree during the celebrated flight into Egypt, and no one fails to drink from the spring which, when tasted by the Virgin, turned at once from salt to the sweetest water. A few minutes more and we stood under the famous obelisk at Heliopolis, the City of the Sun. This name, derived from the Greeks, designates the city of On of the Bible. Jeremiah calls it Bethshemeth, "The House of the Sun." The obelisk was erected by Osetarsin of the twelfth dynasty, 3061 B.C., according to Mariette Bey. Among the inscriptions on it is that Osetarsin was "the friend of the spirits of On, the ever-living golden Horus," and

placed in front of the temple of the sun are the Jachin and Boaz of the Egyptian sanctuary, 1 Kings 7 : 21.

A visit to the Boulac Museum, near Cairo, is one of the great events to the stranger soon after his arrival. Residing many years near this wonderful collection of antiquities, my visits were frequent, and each object became familiar to me. The ablest Egyptologists have written of its contents, but without their aid it is easy to learn much of the history of that ancient people simply from the inscriptions found here. Here also is much of their mysterious literature, recorded in papyrus and folded away among these dusty remains. These records upon stone and papyrus go back to the first Egyptian monarchy—to that prodigious distance of time, according to noted Egyptologists, 5004 years before the Christian era. They believe there is evidence of thirty-four dynasties; in presenting which it is always with the qualification that their investigations of the truth of their existence should be taken with many doubts, as they necessarily pass through the clouds of a misty past which in some sort belongs to the infancy of the human race.

One of the most celebrated monuments in assisting investigations is in this museum—a tablet found at Saccarah, in the tomb of a priest named Tounar-i. This tablet is valuable, as it corroborates the book of Manétho, the pagan priest, the book itself being lost. A mosaic of the fragments make out the thirty-four dynasties. The Egyptians believed, "when the dead merited eternal life they were admitted, in the other world, into the society of kings." This priest is represented on this stone as entering the presence of fifty-eight kings. It not only assists in fixing the date of their earliest monarchy, but it is one of the evidences of their belief in the immortality of the soul. The meeting of the ghosts by the Egyptian is singularly in accordance with the passage in Isaiah, already quoted, of the defunct king who had penetrated into the august assembly of the departed, who exclaimed to him as he

Priests Preparing Mummy for Burial

Resurrection of the Body.

entered, "Is this the man that made the earth to tremble?" Before unearthing the Egyptian belief in the immortality of the soul, this passage in the Bible had strengthened the Christian in his belief. The Egyptian believed in body, soul, and spirit; at death, the soul, after many trials, came to judgment. Passing through the Osirian ordeal, it returns to its body in the form of a dove with the face of a man, and is seen hovering over the corpse with outstretched wings, the cross of life, or Tat, in one hand, and the Sail, or vital spark, in the other. An interesting instance is on the tombstone of Menai, a prophet of Osiris. While it is over his body, he is made to say, "My soul goes to unite itself to my body." There are frequent prayers upon other tombs to save their bodies from destruction, not to leave their corpses to dissolve.

This belief in the resurrection is made still more impressive by picturing the goddess Neith, the divine mother, overhanging the firmament. Beneath her is the body of a red man (the natural body) falling to the earth; another figure of a blue color (the spiritual) is stretching forth his arms as though rising to the firmament. It is thought that this has direct reference to the resurrection of the dead and the immortality of the soul, and that their belief was similar to that of Plato, and particularly that of St. Paul.

Another interesting incident in the life of Neith, the divine mother, is in a tomb of one of the Rameses, where she is beautifully sculptured and painted. Champollion has elaborately described this sculpture. The ceiling in the chamber of the sarcophagus is not only rich in ornament, but extremely mystical. The description of the sun is portrayed in its procession through the hours of the day and night, symbolizing the life of the burning orb, the sun, or Pharaoh. The symbolical paintings are inclosed by the immense person of Neith, the goddess of the firmament, extended round the ceiling and sides of the chamber, separating the day and night. In the east Neith becomes the

mother of the sun, who is then an infant and tenderly placed in a boat, when he descends the celestial river accompanied by a grand cavalcade of divinities. Each hour of the day is marked by a globe, and those of the night by a star. In the seventh hour of the voyage they sound, and the pilot comes on board the boat and guides them through the remaining hours of the night. At the twelfth hour they enter the sea into which the river empties, when the eastward voyage through the hours of the night commences, towed up a course of the celestial river, which with the main stream ends in the western sea.

The life of man was assimilated by the Egyptians to the march of the sun over our heads, and his death to the setting of that orb, which disappears at the western horizon of the heavens, to return on the morrow victorious over darkness.

There is another stone tablet in this museum, discovered by Mariette Bey, which is important. He thinks it identifies the rock temple with the great Sphinx, and makes them anterior to Cheops and his Pyramid, as it refers to his repairing the Sphinx. This temple is thus the oldest in existence for the worship of God.

The statues of the young Prince Ra-ho-tep and his wife Neferte are among the oldest relics of the past, some think the oldest statues that the hand of man ever fashioned. The wonderful display of art in these perfectly preserved statues, at a time almost coeval with the earliest evidence of the existence of man, is another link in the chain that goes to show that man in the earliest day was at his best.

In speaking of their painting it is difficult to particularize where everything they handled, from statue to temple, was made brilliant by variegated colors. Even their tombs inside and out were touched by the pencil of the painter. What pleased my taste, both in beauty of form and in color, were several Egyptian ducks, painted upon stucco, of the age and found near the tomb of the Prince Ra-ho-tep.

Head of Nefertari-Aahmes,
Queen of King Aahmes, Conqueror of the Hicsos

Other paintings which elicited my wonder were of a much later date, found in the tomb of Rameses III. at Thebes. They are of harpers. These paintings are as fresh and beautifully drawn as when they came from the artist's pencil. They are of such elegant construction and the numerous strings are so delicately touched, are so real, that in imagination one can almost hear the notes vibrate through the immense tomb cut into the side of the mountain at Melek-Boulouk. These, too, show the wonderful knowledge of those ancient people in lasting colors.

Going back again to the wonder of Thebes, I recall some of their sculptured battle-scenes. The same glowing war imagery which Homer described in the heroic age of Greece, the artist in the age of Rameses II., anterior to that of Achilles, has sculptured upon the walls of the Memnonium. Here the Pharaoh "lifted up the flame of the sword and the lightning of the spear," and hearing "the rattling of the wheels" and seeing "the prancing horses and the jumping chariots" carry one back more vividly to one of the many heroic ages than does even the renowned poem of the Grecian bard.

Passing the village sheik, the wooden man of 6000 years, whose eyes, though dimmed by too much handling, are still wonderfully beautiful, and the visitor is immediately in full view of the golden face on the mummy-box of Queen Aa-ho-tep. Mariette Bey has collected over 200 beautiful articles of her jewelry and virtu of which mention has been already made; he thinks she was the mother of Aahmes. Not being able to present her portrait, I have given that of Nefert-Ari-Aahmes, "the beautiful companion of Aahmes," and his queen. She is dark-skinned, and was an Ethiopian of the highest physical type. Brugsch Bey says she was worshipped in after ages as an ancestress and founder of the eighteenth dynasty. Another attractive statue is a fine likeness of Ameneritis, the queen of Piaukhi, the Ethiopian king and conqueror of Egypt. It is of ala

baster, and its head, breast, and shoulders are perfect, with a very expressive face. Herodotus says that in his day the Egyptians were a temperate people, before and subsequent to his being there. There are many evidences of their being greatly addicted to strong drink; they delighted in painting and engraving drunken people. Men and women were convivial, and liked the juice of the grape. They planted the grape and extracted the juice by presses and by treading the grape with their feet. Another portrait of the queen of Aahmes is given to show the every-day costume, head-dress, wig, and long transparent robe, with a good deal of the jewelry worn. The Western man is amused at their primitive instruments of agriculture, but the modern Egyptians and some of the Spanish race are not, there being among them some of these very implements—those that were in use at the time of Joseph.

Their immense number of volumes of papyrus and their writing on every conceivable thing in stone, show that they were a literary people. They wrote upon morals, science, and art, and many novels and works of travel have been found in their tombs. They excelled in writings upon agriculture, architecture, and mathematics; but much of that wisdom they are credited with has not come down to us; their books upon astronomy and medicine are not considered so wonderful. In the earliest period, which is somewhat shadowed, they may have been more intellectual and with fewer of the superstitions which seem to have cramped them later.

There were three extraordinary periods in their history when they flourished in great splendor and their arms were irresistible. After each of these eras there was a sudden eclipse, when civilization was thrown back. Were they conquered by the people they had taught to fight? Or did they meet an enemy on equal terms, like the Persians, who blotted them out? The bright epochs in their history are engraved on their monuments, but upon those followed by

Harp player. From an Egyptian Painting.

darkness they are utterly silent. In the era after the sixth dynasty it does not appear, from papyrus, tomb, or temple for several hundred years, that one human being existed in the country, and were it not for the obscure mention of one or two kings by Manétho, the pagan priest, it would be doubtful whether Egypt existed as a nation.

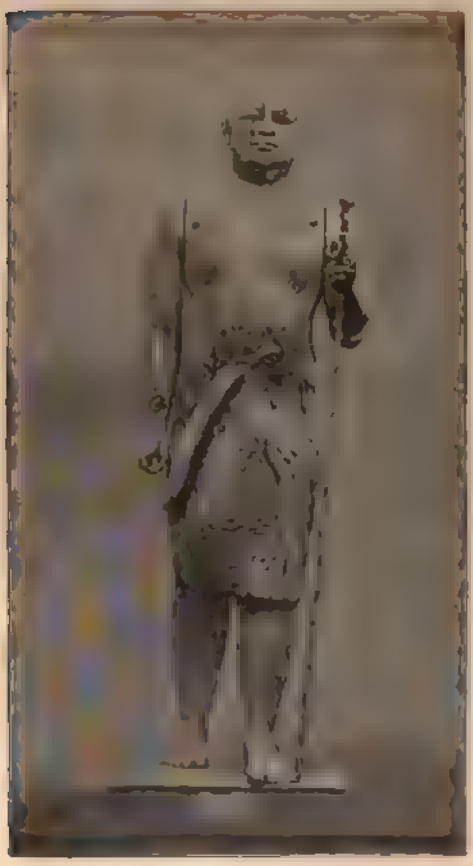
It was impossible to walk through this museum without thinking those ancient people were fond of amusement and dress, and that they were jovial and rollicking, and given to drinking and feasting. Men and women were fond of banquets and fine equipages, and liked an easy, luxurious life.

The king made his people build temples for his use, into which they had no right to enter. They believed him divine, and worshipped him. They were a nation of toadies, from the peasant to the Pharaoh. Though the most religious people who ever existed, they are said to have been faithless to their foreign engagements. They were true to them at home, if for no other reason than that the forty-two judges would decide against their burial. This was a great calamity ; it interfered with their hope of eternal life, and made them a better people among themselves. They were industrious and skilful in working the most delicate embroidery and jewelry, manufactured glass and fine linen, and many valuable things in glass and stone that are very beautiful. The antiquarian is amazed at the quantity of these things preserved here.

Boxes of paint and cases of cosmetics, fish-hooks, luxurious chairs and tables, and many objects of art enamelled and in mosaic, capture and bewilder one with their beauty and curious workmanship.

I shall close this short sketch by a reference to the monument known as the Tanis stone. This stone attracts the attention of the world because, with all the information contained in the one found at Rosetta, which enabled Champollion to a great extent to decipher their hidden

hieroglyphics, this one, being perfect, supplies that which was defaced and lost in the other. Brugsch Bey and Mariette Bey have made wonderful use of the Tanis stone in unravelling the mysterious language. This tablet is a decree written by the priests in the time of the Ptolemies, in three languages, Hieroglyphics, Greek, and Demotic, or the popular dialect. As usual, it commences with fulsome praise of the god who is their king, and commends him for having brought back to Egypt the gods that had been taken away. For peaceful intentions as well as for his victories in war he has their applause. They then give him great praise for saving the country from famine, and close by declaring the Princess Berenice, his virgin daughter who died young, a divinity, and a decree that her virtues thereafter should be sung by a choir of trained virgins.



Wooden Statue of Sheik-el-Beled.

CHAPTER IX.

MARRIAGE.

The nuptial ceremonies of Egypt—Remembrance of fairy-like scenes—the proceedings at a Mahometan marriage—The marriage of Toussoun—His tastes as an English scholar and admirer of Cooper's novels—Description of one of the most gorgeous weddings ever seen—Splendor equalling that of the Arabian Nights.

HAVING been the guest of the Khedive and of wealthy Pachas at many weddings, I propose to give some description of the hymeneal ceremony and festivities as practised in Mahometan countries among the rich. The first case selected is that of a young officer. The bride was a young maiden from the palace of the Khedive. The usual course is that, when a young man arrives at eighteen, or it may be before, a bride is looked for by a "khatibeh," a woman whose regular business it is to search for suitable matches, as Abraham sent emissaries to look for a wife for Isaac. The khatibeh finds one of the age of maturity, usually thirteen, sometimes as young as ten years. Returning, she represents the bride to be as beautiful as an houri, with the eyes of a gazelle and teeth of pearl, and always with more diamonds and riches than she actually possesses. If the bride is acceptable the woman goes back and represents the young man as graceful, beautiful in dress, fond of sweet things, but declares that he cannot enjoy them alone, and that the chosen bride is the only one who can make them tasteful; she describes him as domestic in his tastes, and says that he lives only to adorn and make his loved one always beautiful; his sole happiness will be in fondling and caressing her. Both parties give dower, which becomes

the sole property of the bride, so that in case of divorce it is bestowed on her. On the day appointed the residence of the bride is brilliantly illuminated, an entertainment is prepared for the lady friends up-stairs, and a sumptuous spread below for the gentlemen.

The bridegroom goes to the mosque to say his prayers surrounded by his friends in crescent form and preceded by a band of music, while great numbers of flambeaux light the way. The prayer over, they return in the same order, playing some favorite love-songs. Nearing the bridal house, the ladies are heard welcoming the groom in their shrill, quavering cry of joy called *zaghareet*. It is a noise of universal rejoicing with Eastern women, being "a sharp utterance of the voice and quick, tremulous motion of the tongue;" its novelty is not unpleasant to a stranger. Soon after the groom goes up-stairs to the harem, which simply means the apartments of the ladies of a Mahometan family. The ladies are all concealed from his view, but the bride, beautifully dressed in her Oriental costume, her face covered with a Cashmere shawl and heavily veiled, is standing with the khatibeh, their mutual friend, in the farther end of a brilliantly illuminated salon surrounded with rich silk divans, in case of wealth, as in this instance. The groom upon seeing her remains at the threshold, after exclaiming "Allah!" The bride, giving him time to admire the *tout ensemble*, disappears, and so reappears and retires until she has displayed seven different dresses, each one more elegant than the preceding. I may mention some of these dresses, the description of which was furnished me by a lady. The first consisted of rose silk pantaloons brocaded in gold, with tunic of similar material, the bosom of the bride hidden under a mass of pearls and diamonds. A belt of massive gold surrounded her figure, a white veil brocaded in gold covered her head and face, leaving the eyes exposed. The wrists, fingers, and neck were ornamented with brilliants, and over all was a gossamer veil.

Profile of Kashelep.

Face of Nefert.

The next dress was large pantaloons of delicate green satin brocaded with the finest gold, discovering underneath a delicate little rose-colored naked foot imprisoned in violet velvet slippers embroidered in gold. The last dress was a green Turkish embroidered garment, massive gold belt around the waist fastened by a buckle of brilliants, and a rose-colored silk paletot falling in beautiful folds to the knees; in the middle of the back and at each seam was an embroidered wreath of fine gold, while tassels of tresses of gold were tastefully arranged about the whole. The dress was so arranged as to disclose the neck and breasts, which, being white as snow except where nature always tinges them with rose, were beautifully modelled because always unencumbered with corsets. If the young aspirant is pleased—and how could it be otherwise?—with all these natural and artistic displays, he advances, of course. The khatibeh receives a present and retires, leaving the pair alone; the modesty of the bride makes it necessary for her to retain her veil, but after an effort the groom succeeds in unveiling her, and for the first time sees her face and form. He then says, "In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful," and compliments her with the words, "The night is blessed." Being pleased, he remains to say a prayer; otherwise it is proper to refuse the offered beauty, and to retrace his steps, but rarely or never is the bride other than agreeable. The bride is seated on the carpet, and, standing immediately before her, the groom says the prayer. If he is pleased with her charms, the fact is announced to the ladies awaiting in suspense, and the *zaghareet* (cry of joy) is soon heard. This coming to the men down-stairs, they too are delighted, and the large crowd on the street is equally pleased, so that everybody is happy. The feasting commences, and the *awaline*, the finest nightingale, is heard warbling at the lattice above, so that her sweetest love-song can be heard by the men below. I have heard on these occasions the most cele-

brated singer they have, who is called the "Jenny Lind" of Cairo, and really, in the soft and feeling notes of their peculiar Asiatic melodies, the singing was extremely agreeable to hear for a time. The Arabs listen to its sweetness in breathless delight, and it is now and then suddenly interrupted with one impulse by both men and women, who give expression to their joy with boisterous mirth, as some good joke is perpetrated at the expense of either the bride or groom.

Then follow the Ghawazzee (dancing girls), music, smoking, and supping of coffee. There is unrestrained enjoyment on these occasions. The Arabs resemble grown-up children in their ways, and no people are so easily amused. They are always pleased when a foreigner enters heartily into their mirth, and his surprise at some of their doings particularly delights them.

Presents for the newly-married pair are openly carried through the streets attended with music, and after three days, accompanied by a cavalcade of friends, the bride in a covered carriage goes to the house of the bridegroom. The guardian at the abode of bliss raises the carpet, upon which appropriate verses of the Koran are written; she stoops, says "Allah," crosses the threshold, and becomes an houri under the watchful care of a vigilant mother-in-law.

Of course among the fellaheen a simpler process is observed, yet the story already told is but a type in the domestic life of all classes.

Seven years ago the Khedive, who was a man of business and acquainted with the value of riches, determined to absorb all the immense estates left by Mehemet Ali to his descendants. Including that which he held already, these estates amounted to one fifth of the land of Egypt, with enormous personal wealth added. He had already seized the property of Halim, his uncle, and Mustapha, his brother, and exiled them, with a promise to pay for the

confiscated estates. The Khedive had at this time three sons and two marriageable daughters, and there were several young and interesting men and women belonging to other branches of the family equally attractive who possessed a large portion of this property. All these young people, particularly the women, were, for the first time in the social history of the East, well educated and accomplished. There was nothing more natural than that these handsome young people should cement their intimacy by a bond stronger than mere relationship. I think in sentiment they so beautifully harmonized that such sordid considerations as those of *foloose* (money) never disturbed them. One of them being the heir-apparent to the throne, it was necessary that his nuptials should be celebrated on a scale commensurate with the exalted station and wealth of the parties. It was then that the world was called upon to furnish all that taste and beauty required to give the weddings a brilliancy unheard of, even in the East, and in some respects the powers of Aladdin's lamp were eclipsed by the display of both refined and barbaric splendor, to the end that the common fellah and the prince might enter with heart and spirit into a true Oriental celebration which custom had so often sanctioned. The wedding regalia was something marvellous, and the dinners and suppers exceeded anything the Khedive had previously given. The festivities were more democratic than ever before, as everybody was invited. The richest plate and rarest delicacies, including even sugar-cured hams, contrary to Mahometan law, graced the tables, in order that foreigners as well as natives might be delighted. All that could please the eye or gratify the appetite was in bountiful profusion. These dinners and suppers were often graced by the foreign ladies, who enjoyed both those shared with the gentlemen and those taken with the ladies of the royal harem. The Mahometan lady, being forbidden by the Prophet ever to be seen by any other man than her husband, or some

man of nearest kin, was never a participant in company with the men, though the unprofitable pleasure is sometimes accorded these women of a glance from a hidden corner of their lattice.

Of all the weddings, that which interested me most was that of Toussoun Pacha. It was because he spoke and loved the English language that I knew him better than any other and took a deeper interest in him. These nuptials were very splendid, perhaps more so than any of the others which were then following each other in quick succession. A governess had taught Toussoun English, and among the first books he enjoyed were Cooper's novels. He formed a romantic idea of the Indians, and it was pleasant for him to meet with those who knew them from personal contact. An agreeable gentleman, he was with me a great deal, and I often gratified him with extended accounts of the American savages. Relating incidents of his life, he mentioned that, when a boy, dressing as an Indian chief, he caused great terror among the ladies of his mother's harem. They thought Iblis (the Dark Spirit) had invaded the sanctity of their secluded life. While amusing himself in this way, he fell down a lofty stairway and injured his spine, a mishap from which he never fully recovered, and it was no doubt this accident that shortened his days: he died soon after his marriage with the daughter of the Khedive.

Crossing the Nile and following the broad avenue of the lebbek and acacia trees for a mile, we arrived at a singular-looking Arab building without external architecture, but within luxuriously embellished and the home of refinement and comfort. After visiting Toussoun I can speak of his hearty welcome and true Eastern hospitality. The beautiful Fatima, the second daughter of the Khedive, widow of the prince, is now the sole occupant of this palatial residence.

On the occasion of her marriage, during the splendid fêtes, this light of the harem, a blue-eyed fairy, is said to

have dazzled, by the brilliancy of her attire and her marvellous grace, the largest assembly of Arab and foreign ladies ever gathered together in Egypt. Escorted by a bevy of beauties, she walked over cloth of gold, showered over with pieces of gold thrown from concealed hands, on the way through the beautiful Palace of Abdeen to her reception-room. One of the features of the festivities was that Ismail, who had great affection for his daughters, in celebrating this occasion invited a large party of his particular friends, foreign and native, to a private opera. The guests entered an extensive palace adjoining the opera-house at the Palace of Kazr Nil. Upon their arrival they were introduced into a handsomely decorated salon. At the close of this delightful entertainment the party returned to the reception-rooms to find them transformed, as if by magic, into one of the most beautifully set supper-rooms I had ever seen. The delicacies were as agreeably served as the general effect was beautiful, and to add grace to it and to show the pleasure experienced in honor of so interesting an event, the Khedive in person expressed his happiness to each guest. During my long acquaintance with him, I often noticed these touching manifestations of true manly feeling so unusual in Eastern men, and especially in despots, and they impressed those who knew him best in his private relations as real exhibitions of a gentle kind-heartedness.

The next scene, after the rich presents were exhibited, according to custom, was the passage of the bride to her new home. This is done with great ceremony. The procession was preceded by men engaged in mock fights and other amusing demonstrations (formerly it was the custom of these people to run swords through their arms and carry them bleeding through the circuitous march, and to perform many other terrible ceremonies now happily forgotten). Next came several bands of music followed by a battalion of troops in ancient steel-clad armor; then several regiments of horse and infantry. In advance of the bride

were the mother of the Khedive and his queens in their variegated stage-coaches, the bride being inclosed in a carriage covered with Cashmere shawls. This was followed by an innumerable cavalcade of ladies in their best conveyances. The carriages were open, and the marvellous display of lavender, pink, orange, and saffron toilettes, and the wealth of the women, which is always in brilliants and rich jewelry, was something magical. The opportunity offered the women for display is only on such occasions as the marriage of a princess. The procession moving slowly, the spectators who lined the way could form a very good idea of the beauty of those in high life, as the veils were of the finest transparent tissue, through which it was easy to see the fair faces and rosy cheeks of the young beauties. Notwithstanding that their eyes were heightened in brilliancy by the khohol and their hands and fingers were stained with henna, though some were beautiful, yet there were many who could not be called so. They were of all colors, from snowy white to dark ebony; many had blue eyes, and not a few had golden hair, now and then shaded by a deep red. Along the course silver money was thrown to the expectant Arabs, provisions from camels distributed, and buffaloes killed for the numerous poor. Thus the curious procession wended its way through the crowded streets of Cairo to the home of the fair Fatima.

The closing scene of all these festivities was a grand ball at the Geezeerah Palace, the residence of the Khedive when a prince. As many as 5000 guests assisted at this fête, mostly the foreign population of Egypt, and the numerous "strangers sojourning in the land," who were attracted to witness the marvellous scene of variegated lights and flowery beauty in which these Eastern people excel; these lights extended over the iron bridge across the Nile and through the broad avenues, around the vast garden surrounding this palace, in which one was lost in the blaze after entering it. The vestibule and the marble stairway

with their Parian statues and rare exotics, lured the guest with delight into the great assemblage of men and women in the magnificent salons. The flash of light upon the frescoed ceilings and paintings, the beautiful mantels of various-colored marble and moresque windows and doors, made it an agreeable scene for the stranger, and one which he would keep long in remembrance. Behind the divan of the Khedive were two large vases of the richest Sèvres, with admirable likenesses on them of Napoleon and Eugénie. Traversing the grand salons, now a gay and festive scene, at the farther end of the palace the attention of the observer was arrested by the apartments of the French Empress Eugénie, now dimly lighted, which were so tastefully fitted up for her on the occasion of the opening of the Suez Canal. A melancholy recollection now shadowed them in remembrance of the great sorrow of the unfortunate Empress. A blaze of fireworks of wondrous beauty closed these enchanting scenes, whose splendor is rarely matched in any country. During these celebrations there was, for the invited guests in the palaces of the Khedive and his family, and surrounding them for the special pleasure of the fellaheen, a fairy-like display that requires the delirium of a poet to picture it in its lavish waste and extravagance.

CHAPTER X.

THE HAREM.

The inmates of the harem—The tyranny of life and death exercised over women—What they do and how they live in their prisons—Preservation of beauty the chief aim of life—The arts of the toilette Eastern idea of beauty—Jealousy in the harem —Cruelty of Mahometan husbands.

THE ladies constituting the families of the late Khedive Ismail Pacha and of his numerous sons are in many respects an exception to a general rule, in their accomplishments, education, and manners. While they have, in many respects, European customs and habits, yet these are modified by restraints of seclusion ; and they share with their sisters of all classes the odious law of the Prophet, that they should be held prisoners under a rigid surveillance of guardians especially prepared for the unholy office.

Statements are made that serious misunderstandings often occur among them in consequence of this oppression. There is no doubt that the beautiful young daughter of the Khedive, who was accustomed until thirteen years of age to visit the opera without a veil, rebelled when the time came for incarceration, and that she lamented in tears her unfortunate fate. Marrying soon after her seclusion, she lived but a few months. Universally the Moslem women know nothing of life, being simply pieces of furniture in their homes. With no education, they are strangers to the interests and affairs of their masters ; decked out with fine dresses and jewelry, they are sensuously content. They amuse themselves in crunching melon-seeds, eating candy, smoking cigarettes, and showing their jewelry and

fine toilettes to their friends. Living a life of ease and indolence, they are never supposed to soil their hands with labor or rack their brains with thought. When they toil, their sole occupation is to beautify themselves. When young they are well made; their extremities are fine and their hands are soft, white, and supple, and they might be likened to the budding flower which opens at the first rays of the morning sun. Their complexions are white, and their cheeks tinged with rose; their eyes are sometimes blue, but that is exceptional; they are generally black as jet, and when fully open are of almond form and full of sensibility and delicate sweetness. They never conceal them, and gallant men often confess that they have interfered with their repose of mind. It is pleasing to speak of these beauties, for they have few to admire even this much of their comeliness. The houses, many of them, are elegant, and so constructed as to completely conceal the hidden glance of the fair who are doomed to eternal isolation when without a veil, as no woman can be seen lawfully by any other man than her husband. She is forbidden the homage that all nature demands. Controlled by a powerful hand, and bound irrevocably by custom, she is compelled not only to kiss the hand of her tyrant, but to hug the chain which manacles her.

This despotism is the more extraordinary on the part of the men, inasmuch as they pretend to feel delight in beautiful objects of nature; they will watch the play of birds for hours, and think it a crime to disturb or deprive them of the free air they breathe. Yet they incarcerate the loveliest and most beautiful of all the Creator's works, and think it a great favor to permit woman's enjoyment of a flowering shrub in some hidden recess. In tearing aside the impenetrable curtain of the harem, it is only to see its inmates, like the flower which the heated Khamsin touches, withering under a jealous despot whom the law arms with complete power, and whose cruel suspicion is endured in

slavish silence. Such is the rule of custom, which alone regulates society among Mahometans, if intercourse between the sexes there can be dignified with so exalted a term. The women rarely leave their homes, or even enjoy the beauties of nature, as do the men, who profess great love for rare exotics and beautiful flowers. They are employed in preserving their complexions, the delicate tint of which is never blemished by the light of the sun, and enhancing their beauty by every means that long-studied art can effect, only to please one whose delight is assured when he knows that his prisoner is safely confined. It seems incredible to men used to our Western civilization that in the nineteenth century, among so large a portion of the human family there should be an impassable barrier drawn between the sexes, when every manly inspiration dictates a generous sympathy for the delicate and graceful woman whose instincts prompt her to trust in man as the natural protector of her sex. Here she finds in him, on the contrary, a violator of a great law of nature, who assumes the right not only to shackle her mind, but also to confine her person by a law of his own creation. So binding is the law that no man shall see the face of a woman not his property, that in case of a violation of its sanctity, it looks with favor on the action of the injured husband should he solace his jealousy with the death of the intruder. It is not even permitted to recognize a woman outside of the harem. In spite of strenuous precautions and the difficulties which environ them, Moslem women, eluding the greatest watchfulness, are fond of coquetting, like their Western sisters. Though entirely uncultivated, they have delicate and pretty ways, and show, as if by accident, their beautiful dresses and jewelry in opening the black silk habarah which envelops them when on the street. No women excel them in the language of the eyes, which with them are always large and wide open.

Society among the inmates of the harem means simply

smoking cigarettes and pipes, and the most trivial amusements. Instead of the sparkling conversation and pleasant music with which the sexes reciprocally entertain each other among Western people, horrible screamings, the monotonous noise of drums, and the clang of tambourines are here the solace of woman in her hours of ease. The boasted luxury of the palaces offers in its isolation no attraction to a refined nature. This life makes people prematurely old; a man of fifty is wrinkled and superannuated, and a woman at thirty has passed her meridian. No one works unless compelled to it, as tranquillity of mind and person best pleases the Oriental taste. They ignore the passage of time, which never disturbs them with the cry of *bukrah* (to-morrow); yet people write of the fascinations of Eastern life. It may be the climate, with its sunny sky and the quickening air of the desert, or possibly the stagnation of existence which deludes them. It cannot be the effort of thinking or of feeling that awakens pleasing impressions, for there is nothing here that does not clash with every sentiment, habit, and custom of intellectual life. Society is the isolation of a prison, though the captives are surrounded by numbers of people. The philosopher residing in the East is forced to meditate bitterly upon the waste of humanity around him. Only an anchorite whose religious duty consists in counting beads could be charmed with such monotony and silence. The man of energy and thought would think it a cruel punishment to be forced to undergo the ordeal of intellectual stagnation amid a people whose ignorance and indolence fill their minds with egotism, obstinacy, and self-importance.

It is a common thing for Egyptians who have been educated by order of the government in the best colleges in Europe to come back to Eastern life and immediately throw away their books, abandon intercourse with intelligent foreigners, shut themselves in a harem among ignorant women, and there end their existence. This is probably what they

mean when they say that "in their education of mind they do not neglect the heart." An Eastern man will sit for hours inhaling the perfume of a sweet flower and enjoying the music of a fountain (murmuring at the time a chapter in the Koran, without stopping to understand its meaning) and the beautiful objects of nature which Allah has spread before him. He enjoys to-day, but never thinks of preserving objects which please him in sculpture or painting, however dear to him, for the sake of the pleasure they might give in the future. This their writers call a life rich in sensations.

Eastern women study beauty of person, believing that the sole end of their life and their mission on earth is to bear children. No wonder that the women create in the minds of their masters that fear of infidelity of which Mahometans complain. Whenever this calamity overtakes them, as it sometimes does, it must be held by every fair mind to be, so far as the injured men are concerned, a just recompense for their suspicious and cruel treatment of their women. Though the same laws and customs control all classes, yet it would be a mistake to think that women in common life possess all the loveliness and beauty of the favored few, or that they spend their time in adorning their persons. The women of the fellah class when young are the perfection of symmetry. They soon, however, lose their suppleness and good looks, from hard labor and maternity, in premature age, instead of preserving the rosy freshness of those who live in luxury. They have the same dark brown skin as the fellah, and labor alike with him, exposed to the eternal sun which dyes their tawny complexions a still darker hue; and like the men they wear a blue cotton dress, the men binding it round the waist, and the women draping themselves in its loose folds. The style of dress of all classes is unvarying. Like their religion, it is the law, and their dreams are never disturbed by the rapid changes of fashion. When on the street it is

amusing to see the most elegant lady, apparently a black or white package, waddling along in yellow slippers with pointed toes, and their large, languid black eyes glittering with curiosity at sight of a stranger. The eyes are the only features seen, and even these would be veiled by law also, but that there is so close a similarity in the appearance of women when clothed in the habarah that their nearest kin cannot distinguish them.

Juvenal says that the Roman ladies heightened the beauty of their eyes by dyeing, and we all know the advice of Ischomachus to his wife on this interesting subject, as related by Plato in one of the Socratic dialogues. It is a traditional art with the Eastern women of all classes and ages to enlarge the eye and make it blacker, if possible, by tingeing the eyelashes and eyebrows with the khohol or antimony powder, which is mixed with the vapors of the lamp or smoke of amber. The fair one who knows this cunning device can imagine how the deep shading of the eye heightens the extreme whiteness of the complexion of these secluded women, when beheld under the illusion of the veil. Unfortunately, the coloring does not bear close inspection, and gives the face a severe and saddened expression. It has been ascertained that this art was sanctioned by immemorial usage among the ancient Egyptians, as many of their mummies are found with stained eyelids and lashes like those of the modern Egyptians. It has always been an Eastern custom not only to dye with henna the surroundings of the eye, but also to tint the rosy nails and palms of the hand and the toe-nails and bottoms of the feet. The women of the country are accustomed to prick peculiarly formed pictures with Indian-ink upon their chins and the backs of their hands. Before decorating the soles of their feet, already delicate among the refined, they are rubbed with a little instrument made of clay until they become still softer and smoother, and therefore better fit to absorb the preparation. The dye is made of the flower of

the henna-tree, grown in Egypt, and pulverized. When used it is diluted in water, afterward rubbed on and covered for an hour. It then becomes of an orange color, which to the eye of the Egyptian is very beautiful. Wilkinson says that the priests of the ancient religion of Egypt shaved the entire person, thinking it made them clean and pure in approaching the throne of God. The faithful sons of the Prophet are followers of this custom to a great extent. They sometimes leave a tuft of hair on the heads of their boys, that an angel may by it take them to heaven in case of death, and the men often let their beards grow, which in old age are considered a great ornament. The women cultivate the hair on their heads with loving care, for it is considered by them universally a thing of beauty; but in order that all roughness may be smoothed and the skin have a beautiful polish over the whole person, the hair is entirely removed elsewhere. This care is particularly taken if nature should be at fault and give them any semblance of a beard when the same depilatory process is used to make it disappear.

The Eastern notion of female beauty is a large and round person, and next to a beautiful polish of the skin the ideal is to be stout even to fatness. The method of attaining so desirable an end is reduced to a science. Nothing annoys the Oriental woman so much after marriage as a slim and tapering shape; and she employs every effort to change that symmetry which adds so much grace and loveliness to the Western lady. In order to attain so happy a condition, women make great use of the nuts of the cocoa-tree and the bulbs of what the Arabs call the chamere-tree, which grows abundantly in Arabia and Egypt. These are ground to a powder and mixed with sugar, which makes to their taste a delicious comfit, and of this they eat great quantities. Notwithstanding this effort to change their form, they do not always get into such flesh as to do away with all beauty of contour, and even when married many of them have

graceful figures and a fresh softness and fairness of complexion which make them very attractive. In giving these experiences of their inner life it ought to be said that one means of possessing their charms as long as possible is the attention they pay to perfect cleanliness. No people in the world are more devoted to the bath (which is a religious institution with them) than the middle classes and higher orders of the people of the East. They love perfumes; it is a matter of deep delight in their every-day life to inhale the odor of attar of roses and sweet-smelling flowers. But of all these the most agreeable to sight and smell is the universal henna, which diffuses its odors and embellishes every garden, however small. Like the lotos in the case of the women of ancient Egypt, the flower of the henna is valued by those of modern Egypt. The ladies carry it in their hands, perfume their bosoms with it, and offer the beautiful flower to their neighbors. They are never-failing companions in their apartments. The significance of the flower is that it is the emblem of fertility, the want of which to the Eastern woman is the most dreaded of misfortunes. So much appropriated by the women, it is considered exclusively their own. It may not be out of place to speak of the sable watch-dogs of the abode of bliss. Eunuchs are as a rule the willing instruments of their masters, but in many instances they are said to be more obedient to the lady over whom they are supposed to have arbitrary power; in either case they constitute a dark stain on the East. It is often truly said that woman is frequently at the bottom of much that is great and good, and sometimes of much which is bad. It is a curious fact that this refined barbarism of the eunuch originated with a woman—Semiramis, the noted queen of antiquity, celebrated for beauty and sensuality as well as for her skill in war and government.

In Egypt and other Mahometan countries the birth of a female child is a source of regret and sorrow. Girls are

never educated in the East, except when they have the good fortune to be the children of an enlightened potentate or other notability, such as the late Khedive Ismail. As a rule, women are slaves or daughters of slaves, with no education to elevate either sentiment or character. Rarely or never leaving their homes or the city in which they are born, never travelling under any circumstances for pleasure or health, the unfortunate girls live only to be sold into slavery, very often for small sums of money. As the inmate of a harem, the woman is made to stand, as a rule, and wait before her master when enjoying his repast, prepared with her own hands, and fill his pipe when that luxury is to be indulged in; and finally, in the hour of siesta she watches over his repose and rubs the soles of his feet to soothe him into still more profound sleep. She does all this and more to retain his favor, and it may be readily imagined that, with her peculiar ideas and training, when her purpose is thwarted she becomes wicked and vindictive under the inspiration of jealousy. This is often excited to the greatest fury lest a hated rival should cause an unjust divorce. There is nothing so terrible to her mind as the law authorizing divorce by the simple word of the man, as it often plunges her into dire poverty when her beauty begins to fade. Thoroughly imbued with superstition, her first determination is to seek the learned in weaving dark spells. Believing that her rival has enlisted one in the same secret service, she is even willing to call upon Iblis himself, and thereby sell her soul to the demon in order to accomplish her design. Failing in this, she does not stand upon ceremony, and nothing but the death of her rival can now appease her vindictive soul, though the bowstring and muddy waters of the Nile may be her doom in consequence. She knows that others have faced the ordeal, and she too seeks her revenge by a potion in the coffee of the rival. Instances of this have been related; but not being personally acquainted with the facts, I do not mention them.

To realize the sacred privacy of the harem, it is only necessary to remember that when a rival dies by poison, or children are strangled, or a slave is killed by bad treatment, which sometimes happens, the facts are rarely known, for the simple reason that there is no one who dares reveal the secret. There is no law which penetrates into the harem's privacy, and even if there were so slender a protection, public opinion is perfectly ready to prevent interference. Every man is sovereign to do as he pleases with his own household. As there is no register of births, neither is there any of deaths. No certificate of a doctor or official is necessary. This is particularly the case when the master visits vengeance for crime committed by the inmates of the harem. He can thus accomplish his will and prevent scandal. When an irresponsible and jealous tyrant is the sole arbiter, it can be imagined how deep and dark the deeds may be.

To show how vague is the Mahometan idea of the binding force of matrimony, and how easily these people stifle natural ties when their interests or their inclinations dictate the introduction of a multiplicity of wives into their harem, an instance by no means uncommon within the knowledge of the writer will be given. An officer of fine sense, well instructed and of good character, who had received much kindness from me, desiring, as he said, to make some return, suggested that the only way it could be done was simply to take another wife. He coolly said that his mother had advised him to do so, because this would enable him to give a grand "fantasia" (this is a word the Egyptian magnates use for their fêtes or celebrations when addressing a foreigner). As their weddings are always attended with great rejoicings and feastings, in which they spend large sums, the occasion would enable him to invite me as the honored guest. Not fully appreciating the interesting part I was called upon to play, however, I determined to refuse the proffered honor, and gave my reasons

for declining. Upon asking the Arab if he were not pleased with his present wife, I received the reply that she was a good woman and a good wife; that she had borne him several children, among them a son, and was as beautiful as an houri. To this I answered that I did not believe it was right to fill his home with many women; that I "should consider his invitation an insult instead of an honor;" and that if he were an ignorant Arab, who had never associated with enlightened men and acted merely in obedience to his Mahometan faith, there might be some excuse; but that for the reasons given such an act could not be perpetrated without crime. The other answered that if not now, it would be absolutely necessary for him to take a new wife in the early future, because women grow old and ugly in their country sooner than in others, and that it was obeying a great law of nature that men should have young wives to increase and multiply as commanded by the Koran, since the Prophet, in case they could support them, allowed *four*. He was then asked if he introduced another wife into his family, was it not certain that his present wife would be moved by the same feeling of indignation that would stir him in case she demanded an additional husband? No, he thought not, as she was ignorant, and her peculiar training was otherwise. She knew it was criminal, and that the law visited instant and terrible punishment for any violation of the marital rights of her husband. But he was told that it was his fault that she was ignorant, and that he would be equally to blame in case she became prematurely old; that, taking advantage of his own wrongs in every particular, in his treatment of her it was as if she was his slave in reality as she was in name, and his conduct could not be considered other than cruel and brutal; that in all civilized countries women were on an equality with the men, and that their rights were protected by the same law, exacting constancy; that their demands were even more powerful than any written law, and that elevated,

refined, and educated, they were always good, young, and beautiful. There, men never had but one wife; here, the thread was snapped asunder often without cause; there, divorces were sometimes resorted to, but only in extreme cases, where the man or the woman was guilty of vicious or bad conduct. That it mattered not how this might be, his proposition would be looked upon in all enlightened countries, not only as a crime, but as an act of cowardice, in wronging a helpless woman who could not protect herself; that in taking another wife into his family, outraging his present wife and children, the law might protect him here, but everywhere else in the world he would be branded morally, and punished by the law. Though what passed did not seem to make much impression at the time, years afterward he said that it did, and as he grew older and wiser he had reason to be thankful for the advice given him upon that occasion.

CHAPTER XI.

MAHOMET AND HIS RELIGION.

The great Mahometan mosque at Cairo—The nature of the religion—Common origin of the Jews and Arabs—Conditions under which the religion was founded Mahomet and his career - Evils and sensuality of the system—Obligations of the Prophet to Jewish and Christian teachings—Present status of Mahometanism—The relations of Turkey to the future of Islam —Its decadence and speedy downfall.

ONE of the most interesting places in Cairo is the Mosque Gama-el-Azur. Founded in A.D. 975, it is the greatest university for instruction in pure Arabic and education in the Mahometan faith that exists in the Moslem world. Without architectural beauty, it covers a vast extent of ground, and is situated in the centre of the city. The structure is supported by innumerable columns, and here, seated cross-legged on mats, as many as 12,000 students may be seen in the grand hall engaged in their studies. They come from Europe, Asia, and Africa, representing divers colors and nationalities. Nowhere can one study at a single glance more of those races of the human family, which are not often met with unless the voyager penetrates far into the deserts of Africa or the steppes of Asia. It is here that the undefiled truths of the Koran in its original language are taught. The focus of fanaticism, votaries are sent from this seat of Islam to fire the heart of the believer, and upon their zeal and learning the hopes of Mahometanism are based for the future. To my Arab adjutant-general, Lutfy Bey, an educated hadji (one who had been to Mecca), and who was on my staff for many years, a good man and faithful follower of the Prophet, I am indebted

for much information about this university and the belief taught there, that would have been difficult to obtain otherwise. Students first learn pure Arabic and then memorize the entire Koran, which is done while swinging to and fro and singing it in chorus. By a series of lectures the ulemas instruct the pupils in the doctrine of the unity of God. They believe that there are twelve attributes of God and the Prophet. They also religiously believe (and this troubles them often very seriously in life) in the existence of angels and of good and evil genii, the evil genii being devils, whose chief is Iblis; in the immortality of the soul; the general resurrection and judgment; in future rewards and punishments; in paradise and hell; in the balance in which good and evil works shall be weighed, and the bridge (El Sirat) which extends over the midst of the dark regions, finer than a hair and sharper than the edge of a sword, and over which all must pass and from which the wicked shall fall. Instruction in these doctrines is followed by the study of the two branches of the Law—one religious, the recognition of the unity of God and of Mahomet as his Prophet, and the other secular—civil and criminal law, either expressly written in the Koran or tradition (*Hatith*) deducible from the sacred book. In other words, the study of the Law is the scientific interpretation of the Koran (Tufsir), and to attain a proper knowledge there are learned disquisitions, opinions, and decisions of their celebrated saints and jurists, which are thoroughly studied and committed to memory.

It will be seen that their religion, which is their "faith and practice," is a hard, unbending study. Making the law, which governs them in all time and in every affair of life, unchanging, it cannot but conflict with the progress of the present age; and, tested as it is now by civilization, it is reeling with the shock, and must at an early day succumb. The Koran and its traditions constitute the dry sediment of antique lore. Believers learn the Koran by

heart, and accept it and the traditions of the Mahometan writers with implicit faith, with no question, no criticism. I know many sheiks of ability and learning who are opposed to the study of astronomy because the moderns insist upon the world being round. This is only mentioned as one of the thousand instances of their bigotry and opposition to enlightenment.

In his extensive travels the Prophet observed a universal neglect of all religions; and becoming interested from conversations with intelligent Jews and Christians in the contents of the Bible, though unlettered, he was enabled through his wonderful memory to retain the most important facts of the history given him. There are many considerations aside from biblical authority which go to show that the Arabs were originally of common origin with the Jews. Job lived in Arabia, being Semitic, and in close proximity to Palestine. The Arabs were no doubt mixed with the Jews, who planted extensive colonies in Arabia after the fall of Jerusalem and on their return from captivity. Some provinces were wholly inhabited by them, and among the Arabs to-day the physiognomy is of a marked Jewish type, while the language is very similar. Spreading an idea of the one God which they brought with them, the expatriated Jews in their turn, wherever they lived, adopted largely the customs and habits and to some extent the religion of those among whom they had cast their fortunes. There were also many tribes in Arabia who called themselves Christians, but their faith was really a gross idolatry.

The Jew and the Christian worshipped in the same place with the Pagan. More especially was the *Caaba* equally sacred to them as to the idolaters, and they alike worshipped the personifications of the attributes of God. The whole people were abandoned to degraded superstitions, and so sunk in idolatry that they had long forgotten the true God and devoted themselves to an earthly object which pleased their fancy. The Jewish and Christian

people, as well as the Arabs proper, occupied the country in separate tribes, without any regular government to bind them, very much like the Bedouin or Abyssinian of to-day; and like them they had their blood feuds which kept them in constant war. They cared little for their female children, and often destroyed them. So utterly debased were they that they were known to offer human sacrifices! What added to their untold misery was an improvident idleness, which often entailed upon them countless evils, and afflicted great portions of their country with terrible suffering. This was the condition of the people of Arabia in the seventh century, when Mahomet like a bright meteor appeared upon the scene. Captivated by the interesting history of Moses, the great lawgiver and expounder of the patriarchal religion, his mind became impressed with its truth. What deeply affected him and contributed to form his belief was the fact that the people of Arabia in many particulars bore a striking resemblance to the early Jews just emerging from the "house of bondage." They too had departed from the true God and worshipped after the fashion of the ancient Egyptian. To understand the followers of Islam and the religion which they profess, it is necessary to get some idea of the character of the man whose teachings they obey, and of the singular methods by which he has swayed the minds of so many people for so many centuries. It is also important to know the conditions of the age in which he lived.

It is only in this enlightened day that the world is willing to receive a candid statement of the character of Mahomet and his mission, the motives which governed him, and the influences which have chained so many millions of human beings to his despotic law. For over 1200 years the sons of the Prophet have held undisputed sway over vast portions of Asia and Africa. They forced back upon Europe countless thousands of Crusaders, and not only raised the crescent over the holy places of the East, but blotted out the

remnant of the mighty Greek empire, and compelled the fairest portions of Spain to submit to the rule of the scimitar. At a still more recent date, in the last and expiring outburst of fanaticism, Europe heard the war-cry of the Mahometan invader. Mahomet, an ignorant camel-driver, was an enthusiast of wonderful intellectual power. Living a life of the simplest habits and tastes, and travelling over vast distances, his acute observations enabled him to store up a great amount of knowledge. It was only after he was forty years of age that he became a reformer. Coming from a family which claimed descent from Ishmael, he never made any pretension to it. His family for many centuries held the priesthood of the famous temple of the "Caaba" at Mecca. This holy fane contains the traditional black stone which came from heaven, or, as some say, from Adam's Paradise. The pilgrims who go there fully believe that it was blackened by the kisses of Adam mourning the loss of Eve, who afterward joined him at Mecca. It is not only now but in all time that this temple has attracted pilgrims from all parts of Asia and Africa. Somewhere between the fourth and fifth centuries the family of the Prophet united both temporal and spiritual power, and it was in this way that he became related by blood with the most famous people of Arabia. It is not an unusual thing to trace back this blood relationship for generations, for in the East it has always been the custom to carefully preserve traditions of genealogy. There are many to-day there who claim descent from the Prophet, and as such are entitled to wear the green turban. Numbers, from the lowest fellah to the highest prince, are alike considered to possess this title of distinction. All who go to Egypt visit the house in old Cairo where there is a family now living claiming descent from the Prophet, and whose ancestors are represented as having occupied it for eight hundred years.

Mahomet's powerful intellect deeply imbued with religious feeling was appalled by the universal superstition and

idolatry around him. Professing to believe himself inspired, and that the time had come to reform the world, he boldly declared, like Moses, his faith in a personal God and the unity of God, the same that Abraham had worshipped. That which powerfully operated upon his mind to make this strong declaration was that people among whom the Patriarchs worshipped strikingly resembled his people, in the worship of the personifications of Deity. Moses, who was the first to declare the personality of God both of heaven and earth, proclaimed at the same time that he was the God of their fathers. Mahomet, to make his mission broader in its scope, went a step farther than Moses, and declared that "Allah" is the God of the universe, of all that is in heaven and earth, reigning over the whole human family. He had seen the effect in the religion of the Saviour, for Christ loved all humanity; but wishing to preserve the similarity between Arab and Hebrew traditions, he declared that his mission was to bring back the primitive religion of the Patriarchs. There are reasons for not thinking, with many able writers, that his entire scheme was simply "the accident of common origin and circumstances" which caused the resemblance of the Mosaic religion with that of the later Prophet. There can be no doubt that he found inspiration in direct knowledge of the writings of Moses, which were learned of Jew and Christian, and which Mahomet had studied until he was forty years of age. He knew the numerous traditional truths intimately connected with the superstitious beliefs of the Arabs, and there is abundant evidence in the Koran that his subtle mind utilized these in forming and spreading his religion. Living among a people accustomed to despotic rule, he could not conceive of any other system, either in religion or government. Starting as a reformer, to meet with success he must speak as one with authority; his theory must have the force of command; and above all, to inspire confidence it was necessary to believe in himself. A delicate

man, but possessing immense nervous energy, he enthusiastically entered in his first essay, upon what he thought his mission, and gave his whole mind and time to the work with full confidence that he was the chosen of God. He clothed the sublime doctrine of the Unity of God with such beauty, out of the imagery of his heated imagination, that it enthralled the minds of the ignorant and superstitious. His followers believed him inspired, and soon all were enchained by his dogmas, and only too willing to bow to their divine authority. In the statement, "There is only one God, Mahomet is his prophet," there was no persuasion; it was a command: "Believe in what I say: receive it without question, without argument; otherwise you must resist the truth with force."

Starting with the idea that he was, like Moses, in direct communication with God, there could be no alternative to perfect submission to his law. He made no effort by miracles at this time to impress the popular mind. He was particular in proclaiming, "I am not sent to work miracles, but to bring you to the revelations of God." He claimed, however, that his whole doctrine was a standing miracle, and did not require special miracles to sustain it. His life and claims were contradictory, according to Western ideas, and faith in his sacred inspiration is silenced. For, with all his austerity and ascetic life, he was steeped in sensuality. These were the indulgences that suited the Eastern man, and in adapting his religion to such inclinations his example has inflicted terrible wrong upon his followers. It is one of those seeds in Mahometanism which is causing its decay and ultimate destruction. It is well to remark here that Mahomet, notwithstanding his low estimate of woman, distinctly says, "Whoso worketh righteousness, whether they be *male* or *female*, and is a true believer, we will raise them to a happy life, and reward according to merit and actions." While he had illustrious examples for all he did, and only followed the customs and habits of those around him, as a

great reformer it was to have been expected that he would cut himself loose from the sordid instincts of humanity. If in the grand idea of a universal religion which professed an Allah for the whole human race, he had really possessed a prescient mind, while subjecting the Oriental, he would have made it acceptable to the cultivated, refined, and moral intellects of other peoples. Unfortunately for its success, while crushing out the most debased polytheism and introducing many reforms, he indelibly stained his great work, in the minds of intelligent and moral men in all times. Assuming the mantle of a great reformer, he grovelled in the frailties of the ignorant masses instead of teaching a higher morality. For present success he was content to narrow his mission to the control of the Semitic mind by gratifying the senses. A religion so debased at the outset could only be rooted in ignorance and be utterly incapable of withstanding the logic of time.

In Mahomet's evident desire of winning proselytes through the senses, his pretension to sanctity is swept away, lowering him as it does to the level of common humanity, whose conscience was satisfied with the peculiar ideas of right and wrong that base superstitions had for so many centuries deeply instilled into the Eastern mind.

So far from being entirely ignorant of the pure religion of the Saviour of men, there are evidences in the Koran to show that he was intimately acquainted with its highest morality. But, illiterate himself, he could not fathom from study the depths of its pure philosophy. It has only been in these latter days that we have seen the effect of Christianity upon the mind of Islam in some of its beautiful lessons, which their writers have assumed to be an outspring of their religion. While Mahomet learned much of doctrine, his memory was at fault, and led him into many errors touching history, sacred and profane. In telling the story of our Saviour, he makes Mary, whom he styles the sister of Aaron and the daughter of Amroû, the mother o:

the Son of man. He styled the Saviour the "Word of God." He says in the Koran, "O Mary, verily God sends thee good tidings, that thou shalt bear the *Word*," and declares him to be the Messiah, who performed miracles greater than he could, though in most respects he abrogated his authority.

Modern investigators are satisfied that he only repeated what he had heard from Jews and Christians, and through misconception ignorantly wrote the many palpable errors found in the Koran. They have thought that he professed to be the principal mediator between God and man, and his followers believed he performed miracles, but he emphatically disclaimed both. Notwithstanding that Islam is a ceremonial law, Mahomet never concealed his uncompromising opposition to a Saviour or intermediary between man and his Creator. This was his reason for not establishing a regular hierarchy with a numerous priesthood to explain his religion, instead of which he declares explicitly that the head of every family shall be his own priest.

No earthly power to decide questions, no other book than the Koran—that is the law in or out of the mosque. It has been said that Mahomet did not propose to perform miracles, as it was dangerous to do so without risking his credit, but it must be understood that he did claim to be a standing miracle. Toward the close of his embassy, when he was pursued by the vindictive fury of Jew, Christian, and Pagan, he seems to have lost confidence in himself. It then became necessary to substantiate his power by some extraordinary demonstration, and to aid the great work which seemed always in his mind, the Faithful were suddenly startled by his pretended visit to heaven, escorted by the angel Gabriel. This is beautifully pictured in the Koran, and glows with the splendid imagery of Oriental figure, with which he was so richly gifted. These heavenly voyages captivated the popular mind, and not only established belief in his inspiration, but also that his stories had

been written by the finger of God. Great numbers at once rallied to the standard of the Prophet, and, fired by a fervid fanaticism, were only too happy to court death as holy in defence of the faith. Raising the green flag, the believers in the new religion took up the line of march on their pilgrimage to the Caaba (the temple at Mecca), in the full expectation of cementing their faith with their blood. Setting at defiance the earlier claims of "the man of peace," it was here that Mahomet, with scimitar in hand, determined to propagate his religion by force. In this pilgrimage to Mecca, Mahomet destroyed forever any confidence in his mission as a great moral reformer; and if he had not done it before, this act has sufficed to convince the world that he had lost his own self-belief, which he had so splendidly asserted in his early career. Thus Mahomet disrobed himself of his mantle of sincerity, and is indelibly stamped upon the page of history as an impostor. Born of the sword, this religion from that day has been continued in blood and only sustained by a most cruel despotism, founded upon the ignorance of its followers, who regard it as a solemn duty to kiss the chain that manacles them. Opposed to enlightenment, it crushes out all independence of thought and action, existing only by trampling under the heel of fanaticism education, progress, and every liberal principle. Though it has survived for many centuries, the touch of civilization is making it crumble away like the Dead Sea apple which turns to dust in the hand. A distinguished English writer of long residence in the East has recently given it as his opinion that Mahometanism is increasing. He insists that it would make but little difference to Mahometanism if Turkey were blotted out as a power. There is no doubt that in a certain sense both propositions are true. The increase is in the unexplored wilds of Africa, of the Indies, and of China, where it is next to impossible for Western civilization to penetrate. An enlightened Christian bishop, who has earnestly devoted

a life to the welfare of the African savages, and is now in Abyssinia engaged in the work, said that Mahometans were inducing great numbers of the Africans to adopt that faith without any genuine knowledge of it on the part of the converts. So it is in India and China, where no man of intelligence and character ever dreams of it. True, there are instances within my knowledge of Frenchmen and Italians, and even of Englishmen, who have pretended conversion and adopted the habits and customs of the people. In every instance the change was through interested motives, and the Englishmen quitted the fraternity as soon as their ends were gained. Long before Turkey became powerful, Islam, which only lived by the sword, had really lost all the moral influence it ever possessed. Turkish rule was only incited by conquest and lust, and that, among those already destroyed by religious dissension and political weakness. Turkish power has blasted every country which unfortunately has fallen under its sway. It is a fetid mass, whose only principle is waste, ignorance, and superstition, and whose prosperity is only temporarily secured by what it has gathered from the ruins of others. Never having become a people until after they had been conquered and the slaves of the Mahometan, and never having known the fervor of their early conquerors, the Turks were moved from the beginning only by the savage cry of lust and plunder! Their religion was only a name: it had no principle. Thus it has happened that at the first check it received from the hand of civilization, though professedly the head of Islam, it was thrown back upon itself; a miserable "excrescence," an incubus upon what little of vitality is left in Islamism.

The jealousy of the great powers of Europe alone keeps Turkey in existence as a government. One more embrace of the "great bear" and her empire will break into fragments. An acquaintance of many years with the Turkish dominions induces me to believe that outside of the territory immediately surrounding Constantinople, the people

are kept under subjection only through force. Those in the distant provinces are hereditary enemies. The Arab, looking upon the Turk as the oppressor of his race for centuries, has a cordial hatred of him. The real cause of this hurrying of Islam to its doom—it matters not where its rallying focus may be—comes back at last to the religion itself, which antagonizes all knowledge and advancement. The fact is that the Prophet in forming his religion attempted to legislate for all time, making laws which suited the primitive people of Arabia, and then called his code a religion. It never entered his mind that these laws, incapable of expansion, and suited only to meet the exigencies of an ignorant and brutal people, would have to undergo the shock of contact with a higher civilization. To restore the patriarchal system, where law and religion were mixed, was on his mind, and it is the thread of all his discourse in his Koran. He could entertain no other notion than that it was perfect, and the idea of its ever succumbing to any other scheme was never dreamed of in his Oriental philosophy, particularly that the Christian religion would ever be elevated from the condition in which he knew it, to test his violent dogmas. There was a brief period in which his religion stood the ordeal of advanced ideas, and then it was founded upon what was learned from the Greeks. For a moment there was a bright era in literature and the fine arts, and even then it was the narrow and crystallized study of the past. The arts of the Mahometans were simply confined to architecture, their science to mathematics and medicine; and their literature, soft and voluptuous, was but an outspring of their sensual religion. Condemning sculpture and painting, they replaced them by beautiful writing and tracery on stone; nothing was lasting. This was only a silver lining on the dark cloud of fanaticism. History graphically describes all they ever did, which was under the caliphs of Bagdad and those of Granada. Then temporary civilization was forced upon an unwilling people,

in defiance of orthodox believers. It began and disappeared with the enlightened caliphs. The only life that Islam has is sustained by British bayonets, and only where the system exists in her path to the Indies. As it is, the girdle of civilization is so encircling the cursed thing that, like the scorpion when it has no escape, it is turning upon and stinging itself to death. In the course of Providence Islamism is in its death-throes, and its end is nearer than is generally thought.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NILE LANDS AND THEIR CULTIVATION.

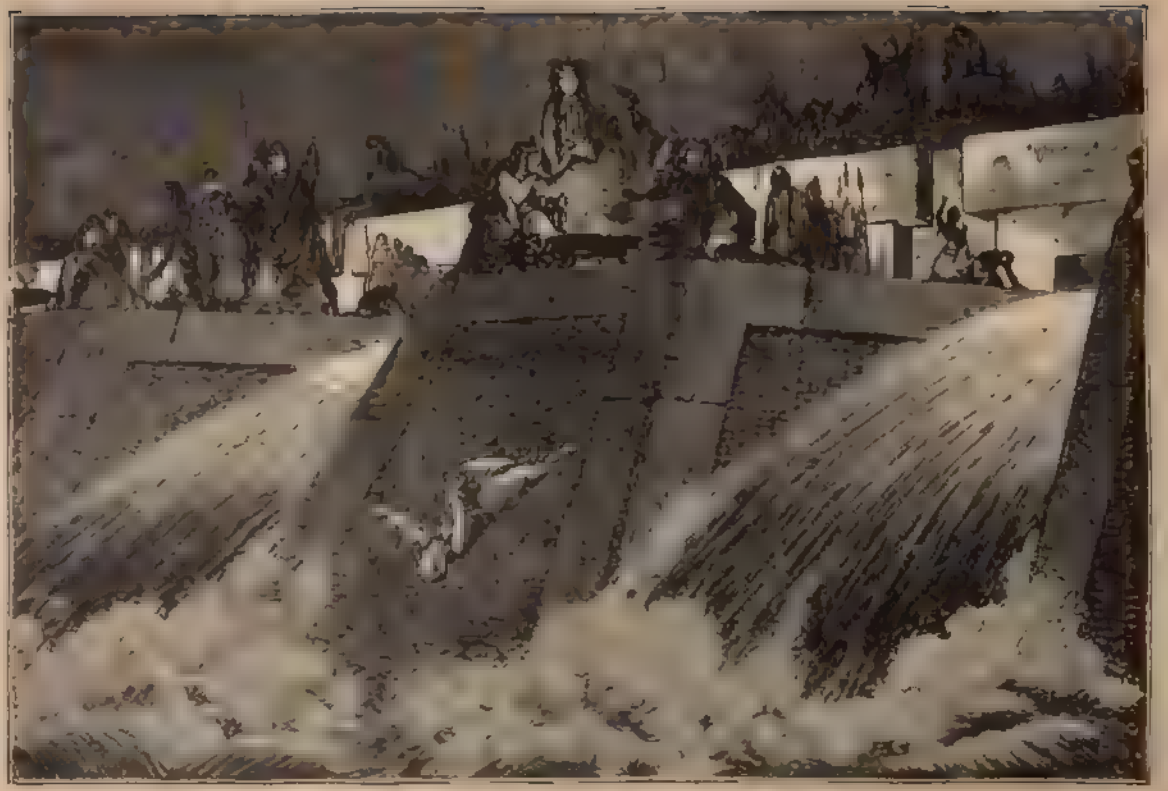
The ascent of the Nile—Importance of the river to Egypt—The appearance of the banks—The oasis of Fiyoom, the site of the ancient Crocodilopolis and of Arsinoe—One of the Edens of Egypt—Legends and traditions—Ismail's great estates here, now the property of the bondholders—Something more about the fellah and his customs—The most important men in Egypt—Adherence to ancient customs—Millions of dollars spent by Ismail in introducing machinery and improvements—Needs of Egyptian farming.

On my first visit to Egypt it was a difficult enterprise to make a trip up the Nile. Now the facilities are perfect. One method is by the slow diahbeeyah, a boat fitted up as luxuriously as a drawing-room, in which the traveller can float in delicious indolence, without danger of meeting an acquaintance, or experiencing a single ripple of disturbance to mar his dreams. The other method is by a well-conducted and comfortable steamer. The first method of travel takes about three months, the latter about three weeks; and though the diahbeeyah has a certain delicious charm of its own, the majority of travellers prefer the steamer. The present age of tourists is too restless to waste three months, even on the most interesting of rivers. Though old Father Nile has so great a history and is nearly as long as any river in the world, yet it is only during a short season that it is navigable for any great distance.

As soon as it stops raining at the Equator and in Abyssinia the surplus water runs out into the sea or is absorbed by the thirsty lands along the river. Even during the winter season, when travellers ascend, it becomes necessary

to tie up at night to keep from grounding on sandbars, and sometimes during the day the boat must be pulled off by other steamers. At Cairo in the month of May there is only six feet of water; in October there is twenty-six, and this is the beginning of the season for navigation. The Nile begins to rise about the 17th of June, when the Egyptians believe a miraculous drop of water falls from heaven during the night and causes it to rise. About the 10th of August it is high enough to irrigate the lands, and it is then that the great ceremony of cutting the dam of the canal, called the *Khalig*, near Cairo, a thing of immemorial usage, takes place. The Khedive and all Egypt are present when this is done, amid great rejoicing, firing of cannon brilliant illumination, and fireworks. The Nile is then covered with boats filled with people, who remain up all night to enjoy the picturesque spectacle. Upon this occasion the ancient Egyptians were accustomed to appease the god of the Nile and induce him to bestow a bountiful inundation by throwing as a sacrifice into its sacred water a beautiful virgin. A manikin was substituted by the early Christians; the Arabs build one now of the Nile mud inside of the dam, which is swept away by the rush of the water when it is cut.

My last voyage up the Nile was on a steamer; the other way, in a diahbeeyah, was too much like crossing the North American plains in an ambulance when there is a railroad to transport one over the vast uninhabited country. For many miles the banks are monotonous, and it is only those who like the *dolce far niente* who travel in the diahbeeyah. With an agreeable party a few weeks among the ruins is as long as one cares to linger, unless he is an Egyptologist, deep in the study of the ancients. The voyager is always glad when he gets through with his trip, even on a steamer. Before making the long ascent it is pleasant to take rail to the Fiyoom, an oasis a short distance from the Nile, 65 miles above Cairo. Its important town, Medeenet, is inter-



The Ancient Egyptians throwing the Virgin into the Nile.

esting, as it is built upon the ruins of the famous city of Crocodilopolis, afterward called Arsinoe. Some think the Hebrews were forced to labor here in constructing its great monuments, and that the patriarch Joseph was buried here before being carried by his people to the Holy Land. Every place in Egypt has its incident. The tradition among the Copts is that Arsinoe was once destroyed by the enemy tying torches to the tails of cats and running them into the city, which was soon in flames. It would be difficult, with even this wonderful device, to burn down the new city, as it is almost entirely built of mud. This plateau, situated in the Libyan hills, surrounded by deserts, is an oval basin 25 or 30 miles in extent each way, and from its luxuriant cultivation may be truly said to be the land of roses. It is intersected by canals, and wherever the eye is directed the lofty minarets mark an Arab village. In ancient times there were nearly a million acres planted in this oasis, but it is greatly reduced now, though the bondholders have control of over 100,000 acres belonging to Egypt, which they have seized to help pay its debt. It is a great fruit region, is celebrated for its cereals, and it was here that Cleopatra obtained the beautiful flowers for her magnificent banquets. It is now remarkable for its sugar-cane, and cotton of modern introduction, and for many of those stupendous mills and refineries of which so much has been written apropos of the extravagance of the Khedive, Ismail. An epitome of Egypt is here in all its phases. Wending one's way along the banks of the canal, one can always see the traditional Arab on his homar (ass), with his red tarboosh (fez) over his bronzed face. He is tall of stature, with broad chest, the pride of race indicated in his face, with large almond eyes, and dressed in his blue chemise, while two pointed slippers are stuck up in the air, partly to escape the ground and partly to keep them on his feet, for he never wears heels. His better half, with her blue *habarah* thrown over her, concealing her head and face and

draping her erect and graceful form (the same fashionable dress as that of the man), wears rings in her nose and flowers pricked in blue on her chin, between her eyes, on her arms, and on the back of her hands to imitate gloves. The palms of her hand, her finger-nails, toe-nails, and the bottoms of her feet are stained with henna, giving them a dingy color of dirty brown. Even with her the coquetry of silver bracelets and anklets is fully displayed. To add still more to the man's proof of the superiority of his sex, while he rides she is often seen to carry on her head a heavy load which balances itself, one child straddling her shoulders and another her side, the latter one being held on with her gracefully turned arm. Yet with all this habitual load, when young she is the perfection of form, and her hands and feet are well pointed and pretty. Thus you have a common picture of the fellah and his interesting spouse. The fellah takes pride in showing complete disregard of the human beast of burden trudging alongside him under the weight of his progeny. Not only thus, but in conversation among men he expresses a contempt for women. If the matter is ever spoken of, which is seldom, he never fails to let you know his pride of sex; but in this as a rule he is an arrant impostor, for women everywhere must sometimes have their say. In private life he does the best he can to treat his wife kindly, and in the mud hut she is evidently the reigning sovereign. I never entered a village wherein I did not hear her lashing her lord with the most fearful abuse and banging his children without mercy. No doubt the hardships of maternity and labor sour her good-nature, and as man is largely responsible for them, I never have heard her outcries without delight, though I always felt sorry for the poor miserable little naked beings who get the severest punishment for their peccadilloes. In looking closer at the fellah, who really thinks he is the "salt of the earth," one is not sorry that the poor soul has some small gratification in his hard lot. When stripped of the little

glory that invests him, and he is seen divested of all clothing except the yellow camel's-hair tarboosh upon his shaven head, laboring in the broiling sun of Egypt, while standing up to his knees in the alluvium of the Nile, my heart has always gone out to him. Talk of slavery in any other country compared with that of the fellah! The former slaves of America lived in palaces and dressed in fine linen in comparison. Having a horror of war, from long oppression the fellah acts with pusillanimity; he will not defend himself unless he lives in a city and comes in contact with Europeans. As a rule he never strikes back, but always makes a great noise with those of his race who cross his path. Rarely coming to blows, they pull each other's beard when excited, which is considered a very great insult. If told that Allah does not like it, the disputants are glad to kiss and make friends. Robbery, unless of trifles, and murder and assassination are almost unknown. They have a horror of taking the life of even a bird. This man of all work, though owning the soil, receives little for his labor, as what is not taken by the bondholder is seized by the official, leaving him but a scanty supply to subsist upon; or, as a writer of new Egypt tells us, "Unless he gives the last piastre, the sceptre of old Egypt" is applied to obtain it; becoming accustomed to the kourbash, he rather likes it, and begs as a great happiness to see his wife and children starve. Docile and amiable, the fellah is resigned to his lot, and carries the heavy yoke uncomplainingly. To keep from the government a few piastres (cents), he is willing to receive any number of lashes, and will turn the other cheek for more. He delights to kiss the hand that strikes him, and being a grown-up child he weeps when the stroke pains him—that is all. Whatever the natural instincts of these people may be, and however the climate may enervate, from necessity they are at least not idle. It is not the worthless rabble of the cities who furnish the wealth, but it is the cultivator of the soil who pays the millions to

the foreigner and enriches the officials of Egypt. There is little evidence of a desire to improve his condition, notwithstanding the great effort made by Ismail to elevate him. Content to live in his miserable mud hut, he will not inhabit a better, since the fear of imposts and official exactions deter him. He never spends anything for progress, and opposes all that is new or contrary to custom. He retains the same old plough, often dragged by a camel and a donkey chained together; to draw water from the Nile he uses the same bucket (shadif) used in the time of Joseph, and employs the same old creaking *asekia*, a string of earthen buckets around a wheel, wherewith to draw water out of a well to irrigate his lands when the Nile is low. It is turned by a blinded buffalo, that Egyptian beast of all work.

These are the people squatted upon the débris of the Labyrinth, one of the greatest wonders of the world, where the women shake buffalo-milk in goatskins for hours to make butter for use, and the men may be seen nursing the children and knitting stockings for sale. It is difficult to realize that this race exists where once stood that Labyrinth, of which even the Greek historians were forced to write: "If one were to unite all the buildings and all the great works of the Greeks, they would yet be inferior to this edifice, both in labor and expense, although the temples of Ephesus and Samos are justly celebrated. Even the Pyramids are certainly monuments which surpass their expectation, and each one of them may be compared with the greatest productions of the Greeks; nevertheless the Labyrinth is greater still."

The crumbling Pyramids found here tell us that this was a great necropolis for the millions of dead. It was a celebrated spot from the earliest ages, and its history culminated in great magnificence during the splendid epoch of the twelfth dynasty. This valley, now so neglected but still so beautiful, must have presented at that time a

Egyptian Water-Wheel

parterre of varied beauty, unrivalled by anything in that marvellous country of agricultural and architectural wonders. Here the great Thothmes and Rameses, of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, gave forth their edicts in the midst of the great political and religious assemblies, while gathered in united wisdom under the same eternal sun which gladdened the scene then as it does now with nature's green carpet, its golden harvest, and the waving palms. Here war was declared, and the martial tread of thousands was heard, and kings and queens bent in humiliation under the iron heel of the Egyptian Pharaoh. Now there is a stillness like that of an eternal Sabbath, and scarcely a vestige is left to show that it was ever otherwise. If the Labyrinth surpassed all wonders out of Egypt, the artificial lake (Moeris) was greater. Instead of an expanse of over thirty miles of water as in that day, it is almost entirely a cultivated field now. Amenemhah, a Pharaoh of the twelfth dynasty, about 3000 years B.C. dug an artificial lake in the centre of this oasis, covering a surface of over 10,000,000 square yards, as a reservoir to hold water enough not only to irrigate the Fiyoom valley, but to extend down the left bank of the Nile over 200 miles to the sea. It was so arranged with dams and sluices as to completely control this immense volume of water, in connection with a natural lake already existing, and thus fertilize the whole land for that great distance.

Before leaving this interesting subject I must speak of a passing incident. Last winter in one of the cities of Florida I saw a man standing in front of a wagon selling what he called "wizard oil," promising to cure all the diseases poor humanity was heir to, and adding that it made old people young again. An old decrepit lady, hearing this note of comfort while passing, raised her venerable head to be assured, and then darted across the street for a bottle. This incident reminded me that a sheik I met in the Fiyoom oasis said that the legend with the Arabs was that

Joseph lived here. The patriarch riding out one day met an old and ugly woman, and was forced to say that she was more hideous than any one he had ever seen. She replied by asking him to pray to Allah to make her young again, and as Allah always answered his prayers it would come to pass. Joseph did so, and she became so beautiful that he married her. She survived him to a green old age, and was gathered to her fathers. She soon found herself the only old woman in Paradise, and learned that Allah never made old women young but once.

If we pity the fellah standing in rags and wretchedness up to his middle in mud, it is amusing to witness the sort of comic superiority he assumes over the civilized man, for he believes himself a favorite of Allah, and thinks he is assured of a future in Paradise. How much more amazing is the story told by the hieroglyphics, that his ancestors, the ancient Egyptians, who were the wisest people of their day, who conquered the world and constructed monuments of utility and grandeur many of which exceed in extent and magnificence anything even in this day, made use of this wonderful lake to nourish and protect the loathsome crocodile, and that they worshipped it with the deepest devotion. They named a populous and renowned city and province after it, and in order that the reptile might be perfectly happy, had prepared for it geese, fish, and various meats, dressed with tender care to tempt its appetite. Its head and ears were ornamented with rings, its feet with anklets, and it had a necklace of gold and artificial stones. Rendered tame by kindness, after death it was embalmed in the most sumptuous manner, and its sacred remains deposited in a gorgeous tomb. It is difficult to decide at which to marvel the more, the ancient man who built all these magnificent monuments but worshipped the crocodile, or the modern one who destroyed these fine constructions but who believes in Allah. There is a satisfaction in knowing that there was a difference of opinion as to the superior

Ramesis II. and Three Sons Storming a Fortress.

merits of this repulsive creature, for in the next Heracleopolitan province the wise people worshipped the ichneumon, the deadly enemy of the crocodile, the fable being that it crawled down the throat of its neighboring god when asleep and fed upon its sacred intestines. The result of this amiable rivalry caused bloody feuds between the two provinces, and resulted in a terrible conflict in the early Roman day, so violent that it is said to have been the cause of the destruction of the Labyrinth. Pliny writes that the destruction was as much due to these superstitions as to the corroding tooth of time. It is to be hoped that in further research among the hidden tombs more light may be thrown upon a religion which descended so low in the scale of creation to find an object of worship. The same people not only built splendid monuments, but threw a halo of beauty around the highest maxims of truth, giving expression to some of the finest moral conceptions of which the human mind is capable.

Some of the richest lands in Egypt were at one time the private property of the Khedive (Ismail), and a large portion, nearly a half million acres, was planted in this oasis. Beginning near here, there were 200,000 acres situated along the left bank of the Nile, extending some distance above Minieh, and 50,000 more above Luxor. Among the numerous constructions of Ismail, one that reflects wonderful credit upon him consists of the great embankments and other appliances for the collection, distribution, and regulation of the vast volume of water so necessary to successful cultivation in this country. There were many grand constructions of this character, which will compare favorably with those of the ancients in their most brilliant era. Loud clamor has been made against the Khedive for wastefulness, but in these improvements he has shown lasting and practical usefulness. It cannot be said that he wasted money in his lavish attempts to advance cultivation by the introduction of new inventions for agricultural purposes, by planting trees

and establishing beautiful gardens, breaking as he did through the trammels of long usage to effect these changes for the certain prosperity of the people, in spite of the opposition of all classes. No man in the world had such planting interests. The railroads to traverse his estates cost over $5,000,000; there were twelve enormous sugar-mills, among the largest in the world, each said to have cost $1,000,000, with great numbers of refineries and cotton-gins. These were called extravagances, but they added to the wealth and increased the population of Egypt. Ismail was anxious for the development of the country, and particularly its soil, knowing that the life of his people and his own security in this age of progress required these improvements. It must be remarked here that Ismail, in his too great desire for these civilizing influences, was deceived by the foreigner into purchasing millions of dollars' worth of machinery, including steam-ploughs, that proved utterly useless for cultivation in Egypt. As late as the year 1879, when I left Egypt, there was much of it scattered along the banks of the river, fast becoming unfit for use anywhere. It can be said of these transactions that they are evidences of the over-confidence of Ismail in the Western man, who often practised deception to gratify his own cupidity.

Unfortunately these enormous plantations were under the ban of custom, which all the power of the Khedive could not effectually change, and they did not yield so abundantly as the soil and climate promised; though at his fall he had gradually led his people to the use of new implements, and agriculture on these estates was assuming the air of European prosperity. Accustomed to wheat, barley, lentils, and other ancient Egyptian productions, Egyptian crops were comparatively abundant, and the old plough of the time of Joseph answered tolerably well. In crops of more recent introduction, like maize, rice, cotton, sugar-cane, and indigo, an entire change became necessary. In looking at their rich soil the fellahs were afraid to lose some of it,

unless they sowed everything broadcast as they did wheat. They could not be persuaded to give the plant more room to grow, and to follow the American system, where the yield is so abundant. They would only depart from the time-honored practice to a degree in the cultivation of cane and cotton. Some of their crops, like the cane, have not covered expenses; and it is said that the bondholders who now have the estates of the Khedive find it difficult to fight old traditions and the unwieldy mass of the customs and habits among the fellaheen, and that they too are taking a step backward. By continuing the wise system of irrigation commenced by Ismail, and the employment of experienced American planters to change the present system to that which will cause the soil to yield its full capacity; by a judicious expenditure for suitable implements for the culture of cotton, corn, and sugar-cane, with such a perfect climate, free from frost, returns should be obtained greater than those of any other country. The great Ibrahim Canal, which Ismail hoped to finish, with its immense dikes and basins, was incomplete at his fall. It does not furnish the necessary volume of alluvial soil, and in consequence does great injury to much of the lands by its injudicious use. After the water of the Nile has settled it produces an infiltration, there being a destructive saline property in the soil, which is thus made to come to the surface. It has also been the custom to use as manure the débris of the ancient ruins, which is filled with nitre. This mistaken policy has done considerable injury to the lands. Some of my acquaintances, as there was no rotation in crops as in other countries, used phosphates and imported fertilizers. They have in this way furnished their rich soil with an element that seemed wanting; and this has been particularly beneficial in the cultivation of cane and cotton, so exhaustive to all lands.

CHAPTER XIII.

THEBES.

A glance at ancient Egypt—Israelitish bondage—The tremendous gap in Egyptian history—Reign of Queen Hatasou—Victories and magnificence of Thothmes III.—Rameses II. the Greek Sesostris—The temples of Karnak and Luxor of Thebes—Scenes and descriptions on their walls—Painting and sculpture on the walls of the tombs—The "Book of the Dead"—The religion of old Egypt—Perfect record of life, political, religious, and social, inscribed on the monuments—The ruins of Thebes unsurpassed for stupendous grandeur.

HAVING spoken at some length of the Egypt of to-day, I cannot refrain from devoting a chapter to the magnificent and mysterious Egypt of the past, whose monuments tell us such a fascinating story. To-day a football for the more powerful peoples of the world, Egypt was then one of the mightiest of nations, and stood foremost in political status, in wisdom, and in the arts. This supremacy Egypt held for a much longer period than has been vouchsafed to any other nation.

A period of the greatest interest in Egyptian history is that of the residence of the Israelites. The first authentic record of the coming of the Semitic race into Egypt is found on the monuments of the twelfth dynasty. At Beni-Hassan, not far above Cairo, there is pictured in a tomb a Semitic chief by the name of Abasha, with all his family and attendants presenting gifts on his arrival. For a long time it was thought that this was Jacob and his party, who had come on the invitation of the patriarch Joseph. It is now believed the chief mentioned may have had the same inducements as those detailed in the case of

Thotmes II.

Abraham and Sarah (Gen. 12 : 10), whose sojourn in Egypt is the earliest mentioned in the Sacred Book. It was after this, during the fourteenth dynasty, that Egypt was invaded by the *hyksos* or shepherd kings, the government overturned, the temples pillaged, and a grievous yoke imposed upon the people. The latter fact is evidenced by the perfect silence which reigned for a long series of years. Another era of prosperity dawned, and the monuments of the seventeenth dynasty show a high state of civilization. The invaders had become enlightened by contact with the conquered, and the seat of empire was established at Tanis. The opinion is well founded that it was under Apepi, one of the late kings of this dynasty, that the patriarch Joseph came to Egypt, and being, like the king, Semitic, there was a natural reason in this fact of his having been the minister of that Pharaoh. Amosis, a descendant of the early Pharaohs, who had a lodgment at Thebes, suddenly burst upon the *hyksos* king, and in a short and bloody war conquered him. The greater portion of the vanquished people fled into Asia, and are thought to be what was known as the Philistine nation, who subsequently formed an alliance with the Hittites and were in constant war with the Egyptians.

There followed, in the eighteenth dynasty, many powerful kings, who made Egypt more prosperous than ever, and achieved for her a great influence at home and abroad, which culminated in the reign of Thothmes III. For fifteen years this king was directed by his sister Hatasou as regent, though this was really a usurpation, as she had played the same rôle with her brother Thothmes II., and was virtually queen at that time. She was ambitious, and carried her banner into Asia. She chained nations to her car, while in peace she was a great constructor, building magnificent temples and the two beautiful obelisks at Karnak. Brugsch Bey says she never hesitated to sacrifice life, even that of her brother, whose early death is attributed to her, to

until long after the greater era of the Pyramids. About the eleventh dynasty it showed growing evidences of importance. Memphis having been before that the seat of empire, of luxury, and of power. It was through an epoch of gloom and darkness that Thebes emerged into importance and attained its greatest splendor during the twelfth dynasty, one of the brightest epochs of ancient history. Mariette Bey makes this the commencement of the Middle Empire, and tells us that after the sixth dynasty there was a period of 436 years during which the monuments of Egypt were almost entirely silent, and asks: "Was it possible that an invasion plunged Egypt into such profound darkness after the 'splendid era' of the Pyramids? Or was it a crisis of weakness, by which the life of nations, like that of man, is sometimes crossed? Maybe, again, it is our ignorance of the capitals of the four missing dynasties which are yet to be found and will unfold the mystery." There is no era in the history of the world more worthy of serious attention than this epoch so graphically noted by Mariette Bey: "It is certain that for many centuries before this Egypt appears as a highly enlightened people, while the rest of the world was in utter darkness and barbarism, and the most illustrious nations that lately played so distinguished a part in the affairs of the world were in a savage state. Before the sixth dynasty, Memphis, then in her glory, was a powerful monarchy, supported by a formidable organization of functionaries and employés who already controlled the destiny of Egypt." Going back in the history of time almost to the biblical date of the origin of man, the civilization of Egypt is mature. At this time the Great Pyramids were made impervious to rains or to floods, and the sands of the desert had hermetically sealed the rocky tombs on the banks of the Nile. Was it then that the wisdom of the past was placed in them, to secure it against not only the encroachments of time, but the fearful events of the deluge? As already stated, it is believed

that in this era of darkness, after the sixth dynasty, there is not the slightest evidence, either on papyrus, tomb, or monument, to show that a single human being existed in Egypt. It is very well known that the Pyramids and the monuments coeval with them are the oldest works of man existing on the earth, and that if man had not destroyed them, climate and time would have done it, had they been located in other parts of the world. In Egypt they have defied the touch of time as well as the ravages of conquest. Besides the precautions taken by the wise builders to preserve them, the climate has aided to save them from destruction.

The Nile divides Thebes. On the east are the remains of the grand temples of Karnak and Luxor, around which the dense population lived; on the other side are temples and palaces, and behind these is the immense Necropolis, where repose the dead of the city, and, in separate tombs, the mummies of the kings and queens. Riding over the waving green on the west side, two grand objects salute you, gigantic statues of stone sixty feet high. The wisdom of the world for ages has gazed in admiration upon them, one of them being Memnon's statue, which at sunrise is said to have emitted vocal sounds. It was broken by an earthquake A.D. 27, and repaired by the Romans. Though the features of both are defaced, still they are very attractive. Erected by Amenoph III. of the twelfth dynasty, they represent him, and all that is left of eighteen similar statues forming an avenue leading to his palace; the rest, with the palace, have disappeared; the débris is covered with the soil of the Nile, and golden grain marks the spot where they once stood. A short distance back is the entrance, between two high statues, into the immense ruins of the temple of Memnonium. They sit in Egyptian repose, with their hands upon their knees, as though weighed down with mighty thought. Overwhelmed by the broken columns, statues, and fragments heaped around you, climb-

Bust of Thothmes III.

ing and dodging under and over them, you find a passage difficult, but as your interest increases you feel compensated for your labor. Every vestige, with its hidden language engraved upon it, tells of bygone customs, habits, and religion. Inscriptions over massive doors point to their enormous libraries. Herodotus says no people stored their records and recollections as they did. They cultivated not only the mysteries of their profound and philosophical religion, but their literature was founded upon the highest scientific knowledge, and furnished the Alexandrian library with 400,000 rolls of papyrus and 20,000 books of Hermes. Wandering to the remains of the palace of Rameses II., like everybody else I climbed with no little risk into what is called the harem of that celebrated Pharaoh, to watch his game of chess with a beautiful young woman, one arm around a second, while chucking a third pretty creature under the chin. It is interesting, while wandering among these ruins, to find evidence that this great statesman and warrior forgot the cares of state in refined intercourse with fair women, and that 3000 years ago he was so charmed with their sweet allurements that he had this beautiful scene deeply engraved upon the massive walls of this palace, for future ages to look upon and admire as a memorial of his kingly gallantry. There is no object that so arrests the attention of all who visit Egypt as the remains of the grand statue of this king. Composed of black granite, it was brought 300 miles down the Nile, from where it was quarried, and placed in front of this palace. It weighs nine hundred tons, is twenty-three feet between the shoulders, and its foot is eleven feet long. Further to realize its magnitude, it will be recollected that the obelisk brought from Egypt weighs only 200 tons, and yet it required the most skilful engineers of the time to remove it from Alexandria to New York and put it on its pedestal in Central Park. Though immense in size, probably the largest sculpture in the world, artists have said this statue is

faultless in proportions. Rameses II., the Pharaoh whom this idol represents (believed to be the Sesostris of the Greek), was a high priest, thought himself divine, was worshipped while living, and was deified after death. As grand in size as it is fine in workmanship, the idol is broken in its middle, and the body with its gigantic head lies prone upon the ground, "with all its majesty seated on its brow." "The God of truth has executed judgment upon all the gods of Egypt." Strange to say, during the last year the mummies of thirty-nine kings, queens, and other dignitaries have been discovered, in a cave where they were hidden thousands of years ago to prevent desecration by an invader. They had been previously taken out of their own gorgeous tombs, which were constructed by themselves before their death 3500 years ago for their sepulchres.

Among these kings are those famous and mighty Pharaohs, Hatasou the illustrious queen, Thothmes III., Seti I., and Rameses II. Most great Egyptologists, Christians and infidels, say that if such a man as Moses existed, and the events followed as related in the Old Testament, it must have been during the reigns of Rameses II. and Menephthah, his thirteenth son; and that Rameses must be the Pharaoh to whom the Bible refers as not "knowing Joseph the patriarch," and the one who put the Israelites in bondage.

Joel prophesied the destruction of Thebes when it was in its greatest splendor, and he was followed by Isaiah and Ezekiel. I propose now to refer particularly to one of the most beautiful passages of Isaiah, which, though evidently referring to a king in his own day, is applicable to Rameses II. The mummy of Rameses, one of the greatest of kings, "who did not know Joseph," that was brought down to the grave, the bottomless pit, is one of those lately discovered, and is now an inmate of the Boulac Museum, near Cairo, for the curious to wonder at and the learned to study. History tells us that he conquered a large portion of

The Memnon Colossi, Thebes

Asia, and that he constructed more of the gigantic monuments of which we now see the ruins than any other of those wonderful Pharaohs. The prophecy says: "They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, and that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners? . . . But thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch, and as the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones of the pit; as a carcass trodden under feet." The multitude of No has been for centuries as silent as the stillness of the desert which surrounds her; the land is still "the basest of kingdoms." How visible and unerring seems the fulfilment of this prophecy!

You are reminded not only that he was the greatest constructor of massive buildings, extending even to the remotest boundary of Egypt, but that he was also a great propagator of the human race, in being the father of no less than one hundred and eighty-nine children. This alone should make him memorable in the history of the world. Turning from this agreeable episode, it is difficult to realize that you are wandering in the midst of stupendous works, dating many thousands of years back, of massive architecture and of elaborate ornament. It is marvellous that, with a knowledge of every mechanical art, these people should always have built in the same unchanging conventional manner during such an immense period of time. Their religion, too, like their temples, was shadowed by a gloomy philosophy; their studies, in minutest details, were bound by irrevocable laws, and, what is still a great mystery to scholars, accompanied by loathsome and incomprehensible superstitions. Such great statesmen, warriors, and constructors as Thothmes III. and Rameses II. felt honored and sanctified as high priests of this religion, and en-

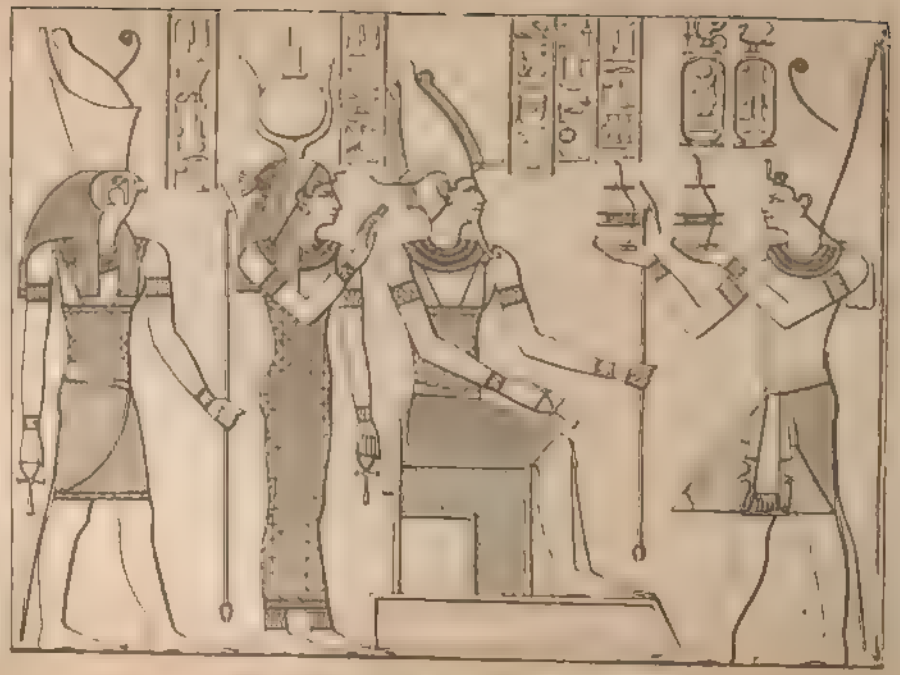
forced implicit obedience to the worship of stony symbols and the adoration of the crocodile, the vilest of reptiles. Queen and princesses in their palaces, holding on high the sistrum and dressed in gorgeous array, aided these renowned kings in performing the ceremonies of their extraordinary religion. Having written of these grand old Pharaohs, "who made the earth to tremble and did shake kingdoms," it is pleasant to turn now and then to the lights and shades of domestic life among the people, admirably and graphically pictured, and, curiously enough, mostly found in their tombs, all other evidences of their existence having passed away. Here are seen husband and wife embracing each other in a loving manner among agreeable rural scenes of grain and fruit trees. Young men and pretty maidens make love as to-day, and with the music of the harp enjoy the dance together. Every kind of industry is represented, much of it like that of the present day—mechanics making indescribable things for palaces and temples, and shoemakers hammering away at their lasts. It is not uncommon to find the head of a grand family and his interesting spouse doing the honors of a rich entertainment, and ladies seated *en grande tenue* with the lotus-flower in their delicate hands, or presenting it to their companions to inhale its precious perfume and mysterious power. We can fancy them gossiping of dress and jewelry or exhibiting their beautiful babies for the admiration of their visitors. It is easy to imagine one's self (so perfectly are things pictured) being present at and a participant in the active scene of four thousand years ago. There are representations of the elaborate cuisine, with servants washing and stewing fruit, making wine, and kneading bread with the naked feet. In his chariot a great personage is seen coming to the banquet, while men and women divert him with pleasant conversation. The feast prepared, the wine flows, and all is enjoyment. When mirth and joy are at their height, a stiff, stark mummy, the former representative of the household,

Head of Rameses II.,
the Pharaoh who persecuted the Israelites.

is brought in. These most religious of all peoples were on all occasions reminded that in life they were in the midst of death, that the living should regulate their conduct for a future state; and still more to show his guests how thin is the partition between time and eternity, there was already engraved on the walls of his tomb, ordered by himself, a representation of the funeral procession of the giver of the entertainment, in anticipation of what the ceremony and mourning would be after death. Wife and daughter in the agony of grief are standing near the bier, preceded by a priest in grand ceremony, the cortege followed by women with dishevelled hair, dusted heads, and faces distorted in the utterance of fearful cries. Notwithstanding that the mummy is made to act a part so significant, it often occurred that the guests became drunk enough to be carried home on the shoulders of their servants, and the women are depicted in like condition with the men. In these tombs every phase of their extraordinary religion is elaborately engraved upon the sarcophagi or written upon papyrus in the form of the voluminous book of the dead which is deposited with the mummy. The Egyptians believed in the immortality of the soul, in the resurrection of the dead, and in future rewards and punishments. The ablest thinkers in studying this religion give powerful reasons for the opinion that all the evidences point to the conclusion that the people believed originally in one God—a belief derived, it is thought, from an earlier revelation. It is evident that this religion, which is philosophical, was in the course of time very much elevated, but mystical; at first pure and simple, but eventually wonderfully complicated. This was the religion of the priesthood, but there was another for the people. Gross and tangible, it was purely symbolical, representing the numerous attributes of a supreme being. Losing sight of the grand impersonal idea, the faith of the multitude became nothing more than the worship of stocks and stones and the deification of the

symbol itself, and ended in the setting up of a god for every village and town and for every day and year. At an early era, when in her splendor, Egypt accepted a magnificent religion, embodying most of her theories of the past, and one which was thought to be most suitable to all classes. It appealed to the vulgar mind, and enabled the priesthood to involve it in deeper mysticism and more beautiful symbolisms. They adopted the trinity of Osiris, Isis, and Horus in the place of a former universal God. These new gods overshadowed and controlled all the innumerable minor deities. They have engraved Osiris ("The Book of the Dead" explains the entire scheme) sitting in judgment in the other world; "Amente," the altar of sacrifice is in front of him, the soul of the dead is in his presence, after passing the ordeal of forty-two assessors in Hades. Immediately in front are the scales of justice, resting on the shoulders of a god, with an ape, the emblem of equilibrium, on the top of the balance. The four genii of the dead, standing on a lotus-flower, guard the interest of the soul. The beautiful and ever-loving goddesses, Isis and Nephthys, are near to intercede for poor humanity. Horus, the saviour, while pleading with Osiris, places the soul in the balance, after it has passed through purgatory, a feather, representing truth and justice, in one scale, and its evil deeds in the other. The god Anubis dictates the account to Thoth, the god of letters, who records the weight upon his tablet. The great judge Osiris declares the sentence, and the officers of punishment then execute the fiat.

In a country like Egypt, where the climate and soil are so fitted for the habitation of man, the imagination in picturing a heaven naturally embodied the notion as thus expressed by a learned Egyptian: "A sort of celestial Egypt, with a celestial Nile and its accompaniments, which was entered, in ascending from Hades, through a gate called Ammah, the whole being symbolized by a female with her arms above her head, swimming in celestial



Seti I. Worshipping Osiris, Isis, and Horus

space." Everywhere there are celestial fields demonstrating work and progress. Souls recline amid beautiful rural scenes, by the side of cool, limpid, and shady streams, and their senses are enchanted with sweet song and delicious music. It was with the familiar objects of their earthly life that their souls seem delighted in Paradise. This "Book of the Dead," or, as it is sometimes called, the Egyptian Bible, not only portrays their sensuous heaven, but the infernal region is also painted in lurid colors and deeply engraved upon their tombs, which display a hideous series of no less than fourteen abodes. The god Ra is often seen lighting up the infernal fires within these abodes, and the hippopotamus god, who had been at the judgment of the souls in the regions above, is here seen in the distance, with his great mouth open, waiting his share of the "lost," and ready to swallow the shades of the damned. The scenes throughout this terrible place become painfully exciting. Numerous devils, aided by fierce-looking lions, called "roaring monsters," are seen thrusting with great activity bad Egyptians into a terrible place described as the "bottomless pit." Osiris, the great judge, and Horus, the avenger as well as the saviour, are seen here holding serpents. These creatures carry the three-pronged fork, vomit fire upon pinioned criminals, and direct the use of instruments of torture. They are further engaged in tormenting souls in still deeper and more agonizing pits beneath. The ape who figured above is here a "minister of vengeance." There he was seated on the balance; now he guards the infernal boundaries like the triple-headed Cerberus of the Greeks. Mariette Bey and many other Egyptologists think they make out from the monuments the belief of a second death to the condemned, which was annihilation.

I entered the great Propylon of the temple of Karnak, fronting the Nile. River mud is now thrown around a portion of it, and this with the water in time of overflow is loosening the foundations of the mighty structure. Dean

Stanley wrote of this temple: "It is the most magnificent building ever erected by man for the worship of the Most High." Climbing a colonnade near the entrance, standing on its summit, which overlooks the stupendous pile, and taking within the vision the extensive valleys on both sides of the river, the hills circling back in the distance, which gives the space for the great city of Thebes, I tried to scan its limits, where once stood its hundred gates and gorgeous palaces, known to have been between this temple and the Mokattum hills. On the east and south lived the dense population, and here was situated the beautiful "lake of the dead." The remains of crumbling sphinxes line the avenue on the south, two miles in length, which is the only one left of ten which set out from this temple and led to the great temple of Luxor and to other grand objects that once stood within this extensive valley, over which the gorgeous processions of kings and priests were accustomed to march into the temple. Looking across the river to the temples and palaces on the other side, which stand abruptly against the Libyan hills, are seen in solitude the two great statues of Memnon, in the centre of the wide and cultivated plain. In front and rear of them, though the space was once filled with palaces, there is not now even débris to mark the spot. Yet, with all its utter ruin, it is a wondrous scene. But your amazement increases as you call to mind the magnificent avenues which led from the temples of Karnak and Luxor to those on the other side. In the place of palaces and fairy-like gardens that once encircled these hills and temples, nothing but fearful deserts greet the eye. But for a few stray Arabs and camels, and now and then a green spot, eternal silence would reign here. Surrounded by its palm-groves and flowery bowers, this city stood in the focus of commerce to which Egypt, Ethiopia, and Asia paid tribute. The great caravans with the riches of the East came hither as to the centre of the world's wealth. At certain periods the whole

Court in the Temple of Ramses III

population of Egypt flocked hither for secular and religious purposes, and the Nile floated its endless shipping to its shores. There was no spot on earth where there was so busy a scene. It was here for centuries that Egypt concentrated her greatest political and sacerdotal power, and where the voluptuous rites of Isis and Ammon Ré were celebrated in such splendor. The great hall of the temple beneath, with its mighty columns and massive walls richly sculptured and painted, though now broken and defaced, is yet so amazing that no eloquence can portray its magnitude and beauty. Engraved upon its walls is the history of the wars, conquests, and great civil administration of Thothmes III. and Rameses II. On the south wall is what has been thought to be a scene in the history of King Shishak, who captured Jerusalem and brought to Egypt the vessels of the holy temple. He is threatening a number of prisoners standing bound before him, and among them is supposed to be Jehudah-Melek, the King of the Jews. The Pharaoh is in his chariot, larger than life, holding a drawn sword of enormous size, and from the savage look he gives his captives one imagines him about to cut off the heads of the large cavalcade with his own hand.

In observing the noble faces of these prisoners and their intellectual development, so much superior to any other faces engraved upon the monuments, it seemed to me that in comparing them with the highest Israelitish type of this day, a strong resemblance is discernible. There is one object, as interesting as any in Egypt, which stands among the accumulated fragments, pointing far above all others, even in this wonderful structure. It is the loftiest, best engraved, and most gracefully formed of any obelisk in the world. It was erected by Hatasou, the famous queen of antiquity, as an offering of filial love, and time has dealt with it gently as a record of woman's devotion. How many nations has it seen rise and crumble! And yet there it stands, it is to be hoped forever. May no sacrilegious

hand ever attempt to despoil Egypt of this, one of her most sacred altars. While standing here, I tried to recall some of the images of the past, to fill these vast halls with the assembled wisdom of renowned kings and chiefs coming to deliberate for the nation, and to conjure up the conclave of that great priesthood assembling for sacerdotal ceremony; but the mind, awed by the immensity of the scene, fails even to grasp its shadow. Yet it is known that "the same emotions, passions, and fears of our common humanity once held high revel there," and upon these temples, palaces, and tombs much of their laws, religion, and history is written, though it may be but a slight evidence of a departed people. I have often visited these saddened ruins of mighty Thebes, and have always left them with regret, in spite of the fact that "a single column often marks the spot of palaces once the abode of enlightened man, and in equal desolation temples of God whose shrines no longer burn."

Egyptian Pharaoh in a War-Chariot, Warrior, and Horses

CHAPTER XIV.

THE OVERTHROW OF ISMAIL.

The earlier difficulties of Ismail Pacha—Protest of the Sultan against the right of Egypt to negotiate loans—How the Sublime Porte was bought over—The Khedive receives a firman confirming the succession in his own line—Arrival of Mr. Cave in Egypt to investigate the finances—Mr. Cave reports their hopeless condition—Interest of $25,500,000 to be paid on the debt out of a revenue of $45,500,000 The Moukabala By advice of the English consul, England and France are asked to send two comptrollers of the debt—Arrival of Messrs. Goschen and Joubert—Ismail is forsaken by his friends throughout Europe—Fate of Sadik Pacha—The Khedive is sued in the International Court—Arrival of vast numbers of Englishmen to fatten on the Khedive Native clerks all discharged from the administration—Civil and military officials suffer from non-payment of arrears—Ismail yields up his absolute power and becomes a constitutional prince—He gives up his private estate for the good of Egypt—First beginnings of a national party Nubar Pacha and his ministry driven from power—Ismail interferes to prevent bloodshed—He is deprived of all power in his own cabinet—He boldly dismisses the foreigners and resumes power—A life-and-death struggle—Ismail is vanquished and deposed by a firman of the Sultan.

In order that the causes may be known which led to the abdication of Khedive Ismail and the disasters which accompanied his downfall, it is necessary to give a brief account of the financial troubles which were the occasion of it. To begin, it is simply necessary to state that from the published official record it appeared that these English and French bondholders, of whom so much has been said, had loaned to Egypt over $450,000,000, for which they had received her bonds. Upon investigation it was found that less than $225,000,000, under any pretence, was ever received or could be properly charged to her. It further appeared that out of this last amount supposed to have

been borrowed, there had never been discovered more than $80,000,000, the amount expended in the construction of the Suez Canal, and it is difficult to say how much of the loan ($40,000,000) contracted by Said Pacha, which he left as a legacy to Ismail, his successor, was ever expended in the public improvement of Egypt, or that she had ever received any benefit from it. The fact is unquestioned, that all the enormous public improvements at this time were paid for alone from the *revenues* of the country. It must be also understood that Ismail alone was the state, and had so mixed up his private with the public transactions that it is doubtful whether an earnest attempt was ever made to separate them. Every dollar was otherwise disposed of, as already stated. The greater part went to pay interest on existing loans. When Ismail Pacha abdicated, the debt of Egypt and his own personal debt stood at about $500,000,000. This huge liability was the sum total of eight loans, including that of Said and two on what is called the Daira, the private estate of the Khedive, together with the interest which had accumulated from 1862, the time of the first loan, to 1878, when the last loan was effected.

Before these loans were made it was known that Egypt was too poor to liquidate them. But with prospective usury so overwhelming, the money-lenders of Europe were willing to take the chances, believing that their great governments would make so insignificant a power as Egypt pay up. Several of these loans were effected in the face of the solemn protest of the Turkish Government, which declared that the Khedive had no legal right to bind the revenues of Egypt, and that by doing so without its sanction the Khedive was invading the Porte's authority. Subsequently, the bondholders, eager to drive their talons still deeper into the vitals of Egypt and impose another heavy loan on the overburdened country, mollified the scruples of the Sultan by sending the Grand Vizier a present of a quarter of a

Thebes. A row of Sphinxes.

million dollars. A very large amount being required to meet the increasing interest and pay that already due, the Khedive was completely in their power and compelled to do their bidding. In order to force on him their surplus money at usurious rates, and to comply at the same time with the forms of law and secure their own creatures to manage their finances, the cunning speculators arranged it so as to dazzle the Sublime Porte with the small backsheesh of $4,500,000—a reminder of the admiration they entertained for the "unspeakable Turk." On the strength of this the Khedive received authority in 1873 to contract any loan or loans he pleased, and in addition to this a firman secured the direct right of descent in his own family.

This subtle stroke of the usurers, the consummation of their design, had necessarily to be concealed; and in order to do so the world had to be persuaded it was entirely a matter of state policy that such an enormous amount of money should be given to the Sultan. The traditional idea, so lovingly nurtured by the rulers of Egypt, of changing the Mahometan law so as to have the succession in their own family, and especially in that of the eldest son, was a happy thought, and was at the same time pleasing to the Khedive, who no doubt felt an ambition one day to be a king. As a matter of course he fell into the trap, thought great deference was being paid him, and became a party to the scheme. There were other privileges granted, but the jewel in the casket was a short, pregnant paragraph, of little apparent importance at that time, but intended, if circumstances required it, for deadly use in the future to subserve the plans of the bondholders. This embodied the power to make "conventions for all relations which concerned foreigners, whenever the Khedive may think it necessary." When the announcement was made that the succession had been changed, the Khedive was delighted to receive congratulations upon the auspicious event, and few who visited him suspected at the time how

soon the firman was destined to turn into a curse that should eat into his very heart. I confess to having been innocent of it when seeing his radiant smile, as he touched his head and heart with the document in his hand, according to Mahometan fashion, and kissed it as a dutiful vassal should. This now famous backsheesh, it will be eventually seen, bound him hand and foot, and enabled the bondholders at the proper time to place foreign dictators over him. These so shaped their administrative policy as to compel his abdication when it suited their purpose. Nor were the bondholders alone in this scheme. It was part of the policy of that wonderful man who then directed the destinies of England, and who never for an instant lost sight of a secure route to the Indies. These happy events threw temporary brilliancy around the Khedive's throne at the very moment when Fate was ironically pointing her remorseless finger at his empty treasury.

His many creditors at home and abroad beset the Khedive with complaints of the maladministration of Sadik, his minister, while the newspapers were filled with figures to prove their statements. They urged an investigation which should lead to reform and lessen the ruinous interest which was eating up the revenues of the country. Upon the advice of the English consul, Ismail invited Mr. Cave, a distinguished English official, to come to Egypt for the purpose of making such an investigation. The Khedive was no doubt sincere in this request, being anxious that Europe should know the real condition of his finances and his resources, so that public opinion should force a refunding of the debt at a lower rate of interest. Mr. Cave found Egyptian finances a tangled web. Though deceived, as he thought, by Sadik Pacha, the Egyptian minister, yet he discovered enough to satisfy himself that worse than corrupt practices were rife. There is no evidence to connect the Khedive with the false returns and other frauds discovered by Mr. Cave. Of these he was necessarily ignorant,

otherwise he would never have let an Englishman of known ability and character investigate frauds so palpable, of which any sanction on his part would justly consign him to eternal infamy. The mission ended without probing to the bottom the dark ways of the Mofétish (Sadik Pacha). They were too hidden for honest investigation to unearth, and Mr. Cave departed without having reached any definite conclusion in the premises. Enough was, however, learned by the Khedive to satisfy him that his trusted minister was administering his office badly, and that there was, to say the least, frightful disorder and confusion in his finance department. But Sadik was his life-long friend, and Ismail wished to move cautiously. No doubt Mr. Cave did all in his power to unravel the mystery, and did much toward clearing up the facts; but if he had shown more regard for Egypt and recommended the reduction of the interest, when he became aware that its payment was crushing out the life of the country, he would have had the gratitude of all Egypt. In his report he gives the following facts: "That there was $90,000,000 floating debt incurred in paying interest, which was being renewed at the ruinous rate of 25 per cent per annum; that the great loan of 1873, at the time the Sultan was bribed, swallowed up every resource, so that three years' taxes were paid in two; that there was nothing to show for all the indebtedness which, while paying an interest of from 12 to 26 per cent per annum, was eating up 70 per cent per annum of the gross proceeds of the revenue." Poor Egypt was in the grasp of the Shylocks of England and France. But when great nations were controlled by the money power, how could it be expected that individuals should do justice? That he (the Khedive) should be pressed beyond endurance was a natural consequence. How could it be otherwise, when compelled to pay, according to Mr. Cave, "an annual interest of $25,500,000 out of a revenue of $45,500,000"?

Like all Eastern monarchs, ready for anything to relieve

the present, the Khedive adopted a scheme in 1872, which undoubtedly originated in the prolific brain of the Mofétish (Sadik Pacha), and was called the Moukabala. In this "the landowner was allowed to redeem forever one half of his rent at once, or by certain instalments." I recollect the feeling of uncertainty and foreboding which filled the minds of all classes when this thinly disguised attempt at robbery was first adopted. It reflected seriously upon both Ismail and Sadik. Knowing the methods of the minister, the poor fellah, though he dreaded the result, was bound to avail himself of it. He was impotent, and so accepted it without a murmur. Fearing the demand of the creditors, the minister thought it a good Eastern expedient for temporary relief. No doubt he expected it would be an easy matter in the future, when pressure came, to repudiate the contract as a public necessity and levy new taxes. Though he did not live to witness the fruition of his infamous design, the bondholders connived at its consummation in order to reap the benefit. They are responsible, if not for its proposal, at least for its iniquitous result. Temporary expedients failing, there being no prospect of the payment of interest as it became due, and clamor following the Khedive even into his palace, it was proposed that another embassy of his ardent friends "who would hold the balance evenly adjusted," should come to Egypt at his invitation. This was the advice of the official who in private had gently hinted its necessity, the English Consul-General.

In response to the invitation, "the devoted friends of the Khedive," Mr. Goschen, M.P., and Monsieur Joubert, a Frenchman and a distinguished financier, both agents of the bondholders, arrived at Cairo in October, 1876. Up to this time newspaper correspondents and book-writers had lauded the Khedive and severely criticised the speculators who had inveigled him into their grasp, and whose exactions were mercilessly plundering the unfortunate fellah. It was well known that not more than half the amount rep-

resented by the loans was ever received by Egypt, while they were exacting interest upon the whole amount named. All the money of the Khedive was gone; the bottom of the caisse had dropped out, and he had not a dollar to pay even his private debts. The consequence was that his friends deserted him, and an indignant cry was heard from a disinterested press. This had its effect, and though the unfortunate Khedive was doing his best to meet his engagements, he was denounced as a fraudulent borrower and a monster, while pathetic appeals besieged the governments of England and France to come to the rescue of the poor ill-used creditors of Egypt. These agents (Goschen and Joubert) had no sooner entered upon the theatre of action than they commenced with the Khedive a system of exaction. One of the first demands of Mr. Goschen was the dismissal of the Egyptian minister of finance, who had shown a decided opposition to the new arrangement, and with whom the Englishman had from the first declined all intercourse. The statement given to the public at the time was that the Khedive refused to accede to the demand, and stated as a reason that Sadik was the wealthiest subject in Egypt, was trusted by the religious element, and consequently had a hold upon the masses; that he also possessed all the secrets of Ismail's personal and official life, and was capable of doing serious damage to the state; that he could, if turned loose upon the people, destroy him and his dynasty. But his financial advisers were inexorable; they cared nothing for him or his dynasty. The Khedive, though distressed, felt that a great necessity was upon him. He waited until his plans were ripe. Meanwhile the Mofétish was tried by a secret council for conspiracy against the Khedive, and condemned to perpetual exile in Upper Africa. This simply meant certain death. The minister was to all appearance ignorant of his fate. The Khedive invited him out to drive—a not unusual thing. At a place near the Nile where his carriage stopped, a guard,

posted for the purpose, seized the Mofétish before he could alight. Since that time no human being connected with him has ever seen him, and though a steamer was sent up the river on the next day, with all the forms of having a state prisoner on board, there was no one in Cairo at the time of this affair who does not believe that the deposed minister was consigned to the bottom of the Nile. It is said that his chief eunuch and clerk shared the same fate. His vast property was seized by the government, his son torn from his wife, formerly an inmate of the palace, and the great numbers of women in his harem were scattered no one knows whither. His intimates and relations were all dismissed from office. Thus, as it always is in the East in such cases, the minister and all connected with him were disposed of by short methods.

This troublesome official "silenced," Mr. Goschen at once presented his financial scheme. This was that two comptrollers, a Frenchman and an Englishman, together with commissioners, should be appointed; that there should be an Anglo-French railway administration, and that the revenue of the port of Alexandria must be pledged to the bondholders. All other sources of revenue were already in the hands of Englishmen. It was at this time that the cheating the landholders out of their money paid into the treasury under the Moukabala was mooted again, and the people were greatly excited, as they fully expected the calamity in the near future; but for the moment it was passed over; the bondholders were not quite ready to commit the infamous outrage, the bastinado had not yet tutored the beasts of burden to accept it peacefully.

The new foreign officials were no sooner in power than they ignored the Khedive, who, feeling himself thwarted in his own government, and believing that the bondholders' interests were alone cared for, became restless. It will be recollected that the Khedive had created an international court, and had even given largely of his private fortune to

sustain it. Little did he dream that this was another trap set by his unscrupulous enemies. Unacquainted with Western law, trusting to the good faith of Europe, he approved of a clause which virtually deprived him of a sovereign right, that of exemption from legal process.

Egypt saw her Khedive powerless to prevent levy either on the state property or on his own, even to the carriage in which he rode. The people of Cairo were shocked when they saw this comedy played by the high contracting parties. Judgments without number were entered against Ismail.

The growing arrogance of the foreign ministers imposed on the country provoked the discontent of the masses. As soon as it became evident that Egypt was to be the prey of England, an army of office-seeking vultures from every land where she holds sway descended upon the prostrate victim to fatten at their leisure on her vitals. France supplied but few of these birds of prey. Those in power had already voted themselves $25,000 and $30,000 salaries; the native clerks were cashiered, penniless, with their salaries in arrears. To make this outrage still more patent, care was taken by the comptrollers and the commissioners to pay themselves and their foreign friends every cent of their enormous salaries. To add still more to this extraordinary state of things, the army received no pay. Their pay too was in arrears. Officers were in rags, their wives and children clamoring for bread. The fellah groaned as he paid his last piastre for taxes, and all means were exhausted to wring more out of him. The burdens of the agricultural class were so apparent that the Eastern man, accustomed to scenes of cruelty, stood aghast at the human misery to which the unfortunate Arab was subjected. Being satisfied that his people were at the end of their tether (this was in 1875), and feeling a strong desire to ameliorate their condition, Ismail was prevented from giving his undivided attention by an unfortunate event. He was suddenly involved

in a war with his neighbors, the Abyssinians. His motive and reasons for entering into it, together with the incidents connected with this war, will be set forth in a later chapter of this narrative. The war is mentioned now as adding still more to his financial troubles. The writer of this work, together with many Americans in the Egyptian service, being victims of this non-payment policy, can feelingly appreciate the complaints of the people. Now, if all these deep-laid schemes to bind the Khedive with invisible threads had resulted merely in wrong to the individual, it would not awaken such deep indignation, though it might be condemned as a cruel visitation on an Eastern potentate who had struggled hard to elevate his people. The motive of all this chicanery was that the creditors of Egypt might get squarely at the naked backs of the fellaheen, the better to wring the last piastre from them, and to make them pay into the foreigners' pockets all their hard earnings, even at the risk of starvation. This constitutes a crime against humanity which no words can properly stigmatize. This new conspiracy failed. When the prisoner of the Comanche Indian is so jaded that he can no longer walk he is pierced with a lance: so was the despairing Khedive pricked by his usurping masters. The English and French governments entered the arena and urged upon the Khedive an international commission of six foreigners and the four officials, all in the interests of the bondholders, and in which no natives were allowed a voice. Ismail Pacha, of late so often humiliated, felt that he had put forth all his power to stay the encroachments upon his rights and to protect those of his people. Though he knew at this time that his act must lead to serious consequences if not to his abdication, yet he signed a decree for a commission armed with full powers, not only to inquire into the revenues and expenditures, but also into all other important questions in which Egypt was interested. He simply requested that his sovereign rights should be guaranteed. This request being

refused, he abandoned that also. The conclusion was a radical change in the government. There was no doubt that great numbers of evils resulting from the bad administration of laws, the unjust levying of taxes, and other outrages, were abated. Safeguards were thrown around the people, and a proper financial administration was aimed at if not secured, and, finally, a responsible ministry, with Nubar Pacha as premier, was appointed. This virtually put the government completely in the power of the new ministry. In fact, a constitutional government was organized, and every principle of government established by Mehemet Ali came to an end. The lands of the Khedive and his family, amounting in all to about one million acres, were forced from him by the same process as in other instances, and were given in absolute title to the government. The last of the land taken was the private property of the Khedive, and was at once mortgaged to the Rothschilds for $42,500,000. It was thought that this enormous sum would go far to pay the debts of Egypt, but it was at once absorbed by the bondholders and the swarm of foreign officials, only a part of it going to pay the floating debt. A recent writer, quoting from the information furnished the British Parliament, makes the extraordinary statement that up to this time there was the prodigious number of 1325 imported office-holders, receiving salaries aggregating $1,665,000. This was progress with a vengeance! When it is considered that all this horde replaced the poor Arab and Copt, who did the duty better for a small sum, it was not surprising that the latter should add their voices to that of the army, who had thirty months' pay in arrear and had already become destitute; that they should all join in supporting the Notables, who were protesting against misrule, and that they should finally crystallize into a National party with their best men as leaders. The people understood that while the work of the commissioner who pretended to represent Egypt looked very well on paper, yet they were

still beasts of burden, while the hundred thousand foreigners living in Egypt, accumulating fortunes there, were not taxed a cent for revenue. Improved laws might be a good thing, but when administered solely in the interests of those who had seized their country, they did not feel an abiding faith in them. The new ministry was in hostility to the Khedive, and disliked him. It had really begun to crumble at its inception. At this crisis the agent of England appeared again as a prominent actor on the theatre of events, sounding a note of blame for the acts of the ministry, which he had been instrumental in forcing upon Ismail, in such terms as to touch the *amour propre* of the Khedive, who, plucking up courage, ventured to express his indignation. The published account of his reply is given in his own language, which will show the bent of his mind. He expressed regret that the British Government should use such language toward him. Moreover, the responsibility they sought to cast upon him for the successful result of the new order of things, and for the due entry of the taxes, was neither logical nor just, and he must entirely disclaim it. What was his present position in Egypt? He had surrendered his personal property and his personal power, and deliberately accepted the position of a constitutional prince. A responsible ministry had been formed to advise him, and if he rightly understood the first principles of constitutional government, it was that the ministry, and not the chief of state, was made responsible under such circumstances; while as to the entry of the taxes, he had no control or power over it, and therefore could not in any way be held responsible for it. He must decline to meddle with the proper functions of his ministers; his advice or opinion was entirely at their disposition if they asked it, but he could not thrust it upon them. Although he quite understood that he was the person principally interested in the working of the new scheme, he could not interfere with the attributes of his ministers; and if they were not answerable

for their own acts, what was the meaning of a responsible ministry? Responsibility could only attach to him if he attempted to interfere improperly with the government of the country; otherwise he must entirely disclaim it.

Notwithstanding the move made by the British agent in tying the hands of the Khedive, in making him only the nominal ruler, in disposing of the government to suit only partial interests and then threatening him when he was impotent, the *status quo* became the laughing-stock of all Egypt, except to the officials and the army who were starving, and whose wives and children were begging for bread. It is not then to be wondered at that the officers of the army, worked up to frenzy, should have marched in a body, in the February following, and driven the ministry of Nubar Pacha from power amid scenes of violence.

Being in Cairo at this time, I hastened to the theatre of events, and therefore I know that as soon as the Khedive became aware that the ministers were bearded and some of them held as prisoners, he resolutely interfered, in spite of the murmuring of the infuriated soldiery and at his own personal peril, and quieted the *émeute*. No man in Egypt thought he foresaw the event—not even the agents of the bondholders, who had always been sharp to find fault on the slightest excuse, and to throw responsibility upon him whenever it was possible to embroil him with the European governments. After the discomfiture of the ministry the people began the cry of hostility to the Christians, thinking that they were about to be transferred to the control of the Europeans. The alarm too was sounded that the foreigners were going to nullify the law of the "Mukabala," which would take from them nearly half of their possessions and beggar hundreds already struggling for existence. The whole population of Egypt, more or less interested, were intensely alarmed, and to increase the excitement large numbers under a new law were added to the list for forced labor known as the odious corvée system. The object of

this was not so much to compel the people to work for the public good as to force them to pay cash to save them from working. This blackmailing, it was hoped, would pay a larger amount into the treasury for the benefit of the bondholders. Had there been any mercy shown to the people, this wretched system of extortion might have pleaded some extenuation, but everything was coldly calculated in the interest of the foreigner. The foreign masters of Egypt next procured an order from the English ministry to still further cripple the monarch by forcing him to abandon his own cabinet and abdicate his royal prerogative in favor of two foreigners sitting in the cabinet, who should have power to veto any measure they chose. Well might the wily official exclaim, on the success of the policy which had led the Eastern monarch to his ruin, that "the commission have achieved extraordinary results in the short time they have been here—results such as a year ago it would have seemed absurd to expect." The humiliation of the Khedive was effected under the article already referred to, and for which the Sublime Porte had pocketed the enormous "backsheesh" which so softened the generous heart of the Sultan. By this act was created that oligarchy of carpet-baggers, a veritable dictatorial government of foreigners, reducing Ismail to a nonentity, without wealth or power. All that was left was the sympathy and latent strength of the people. Events thickened, and new surprises were daily expected; the old land of the Arabian Nights had at last awakened from its dream of a thousand years. Had Al Rhond Raschid suddenly appeared upon the scene, he could not have been more amazed than the people of Mas'r (Cairo) were when the sheiks and men of position and wealth, ordinarily the most silent and pliant instruments of power of all the Eastern people, stood forth as champions of a new national policy, and, a thing never meditated before in their dreams, actually assembled in a public meeting, while a larger body of these people were

besieging the Khedive and his ministry with a petition for a redress of grievances.

In this demonstration the discontent had assumed such proportions as to create serious alarm. The Khedive wisely warned the consul, who had been so considerate to him, of impending complications, telling him that the maladministration of those who had assumed authority was bringing about serious consequences; that urgent steps should be taken to allay the excitement constantly increasing among the entire people. Instead of listening to the appeals for justice from the country and offering some remedy, the same misery, so often detailed, was allowed to continue. While those in possession did not hesitate to treat with contempt all other creditors, many of them foreigners, the people of Egypt were not considered as worthy of the slightest notice. To allay the excitement and to prevent a revolution, which was certainly impending, the Khedive was forced to dismiss the two foreigners from his cabinet and form a new ministry, with Cherif Pacha at its head, an old, tried minister of acknowledged ability, in whom the people, both foreign and native, had implicit confidence. The universal sentiment was that this act was wise and patriotic; if there were no other reason, it had caused the removal of the two foreigners from unlimited power without any control—men who had no interests in the country, who were ignorant of the people and their language, who held the highest and most important places with little knowledge of the government, who never looked beyond the financial interests of their oppressors, and who deluged the country with incompetent foreigners to hold the offices their own people were more competent to fill, and to which they had an inherent right of preference. How could Ismail's action be received otherwise than with great rejoicing? No sooner had this well-timed assumption of authority been effected than tumult ceased and quiet reigned. The moneyed oligarchy and their fattened agents,

the latter concerned about their salaries, feeling that an earthquake was beneath them, thought by a bold stroke to rid themselves of the Khedive and stifle the popular feeling. The writer of this published the statement at the time that this act would inevitably bring grief to Egypt. England and France were not thinking, however, of so bloody a tragedy. He knew that Ismail was the only one in his family who had the will and the power to rule the destiny of Egypt in the crisis which beset her. Unfortunately, the prediction has been verified. The agents of the moneyed interests, having once held the reins of government and tasted the sweets of unlimited power, were like a horde of wild beasts which had once lapped human blood. They would not hesitate to gratify their thirst for it again, at any venture, however desperate, even to the destruction of the victim. His enemies, well knowing that only through another could they ever hope for success, decided upon the sacrifice of the Khedive, Ismail Pacha. To smooth their way to coveted power, having no right either legal or moral to a further lease of authority, they circulated questionable statements of universal discontent caused by cruel treatment of the fellaheen. This talk was thundered throughout Europe, and the cry of vengeance in the press was heard. It acted like a charm, and it was evident that the fruit was ripe for the picking. All due precautions being arranged beforehand, they formally requested Ismail to abdicate in favor of his son Tewfik, taking care to couple the demand with a sop—the offer of a liberal civil list. Not yet sufficiently tutored, he indignantly declined their interested proposition. Ready with their bolt, they threatened to place his uncle Halim, a deadly enemy to his own family, on the throne, and thus deprive his immediate line of the succession, for which he had paid so large a sum to the Sultan. In the mean time they had appealed to the Sublime Porte to depose him in favor of his son Tewfik. Now that Ismail had no *caisse*, the Sultan promptly obeyed the

summons, stimulated probably by a gentle reminder, as they do nothing in the East without pay. As the fellah would be soon called upon to reimburse the baksheesh, what difference did it make? With a few exceptions, all Europe joined in the funeral procession. It being too late to resist, and his cause now being hopeless, the Khedive allowed himself to be decently set aside. The result was swift and certain. In a short time he found himself safely ensconced in the Italian palace La Favorita on the bay of Naples, and, so far as Egypt is concerned, as dead as one of her mummied Pharaohs.

Notwithstanding his bad management, the dethronement of Ismail by the great powers, including Mr. Gladstone's "excrescence" (the Sultan), raised him to the dignity of a martyr in the eyes of the masses of Egypt. They believed he was sacrificed in protecting them from the bondholders' exactions. In these latter they simply saw new masters, whose desire was not only to get their hard earnings to pay a debt which they believed had been saddled on them by fraud and corruption, but to take their country and to endanger their religion.

In estimating the character of the Khedive it is unjust to judge him wholly according to Western ideas. The modes of reasoning of the Eastern man upon principles of right and wrong are radically different from those of his Western brother, and should be studied from the point of view that custom and habit have sanctioned. Ismail was brought up in a moral atmosphere where religion teaches it as a holy duty, under certain circumstances, to lie to a Christian—among a people whose pride of race, however ignorant and superstitious they may be, is so immense that the meanest beggar really believes himself superior to the most refined civilized man; where the true believer is possessed with the idea that modern science and improvement are but the devices of the infidel instigated by the devil. Sincere in all their professions, their will chained by the rhapsodies of

the Prophet, how can it be otherwise than that they should regulate their conduct in the affairs of life by a different code of morals? The Khedive for many years broke through the trammels that environed him, and was in the midst of successful reform, never hesitating to strike down superstitions when they stood in his way, and only when fate decreed against him did he fall. There is no more striking illustration of the difficulty he encountered than the fact that the greatest opposition he met with in his efforts to establish education and liberal government was from the very people who were to be benefited so largely by his schemes.

CHAPTER XV.

MAHMOUD TEWFIK PACHA.

Careful training of Tewfik by Ismail—Monogamy enforced on him—Thorough education—Originally not destined for the throne—Tewfik's personality—Great difficulties attending Tewfik's accession—Smouldering state of the Arab against foreign rule—Incidents which complicated Egyptian affairs—Rapacity and exactions of the European comptrollers—The peasant robbed of his land—"Killing the goose that laid the golden egg"—"The Egyptian Commission" construed to be International by England and France—The last straw which broke the camel's back.

MAHMOUD TEWFIK PACHA, the eldest son of Ismail, ex-Khedive, was born of an Ikbal (favorite), in the palace of one of his queens. His queens being surrounded by young and pretty women, it often happened that the mother of his children was from among the latter. His eldest three sons were thus born. The law of the Prophet makes all those born in the seclusion of the harem legitimate. Under the powerful influence of his second queen, who was very beautiful, he determined to make her son, Ibrahim, though the fourth in age, his successor. It may be remarked that under the treaty between the Sultan and Mehemet Ali, the founder of the dynasty which was sanctioned by the great powers, the succession of the viceroyalty was secured to his descendants, meaning under the Mahometan law the eldest of the family. Subsequently Ismail with a large baksheesh induced Abdul-Aziz, then Sultan, to grant by a firman the succession to his immediate descendants. This arrangement was the more easily perfected because the Sultan had entertained the same plan for his own son, and was

rather pleased with the precedent; moreover, the large bonus from Ismail which filled his coffers was too agreeable an offering to refuse. But the proposition to still further change it to the fourth son was too radical, for the law had already been violated. This plan met with determined and serious objection from the Sultan, and particularly from the religious element, which had acquiesced only in bestowing the mantle upon the elder of the Khedive's immediate family. They raised a clamor against giving it to his younger son, and Ismail in consequence abandoned the idea. Several years intervened before the mother was acknowledged a queen and Tewfik declared the successor. Of medium height, like Ismail, compactly built, with a large, dark, placid eye, without much sparkle but amiable in expression, and with pleasing manner, he has the winning smile of his family. He is thirty-four years of age. With a dark brown complexion and black hair, he looks less like a Greek or a Circassian than any of the family, and could pass very well for a Copt in features and appearance. I once saw a large photograph of a Copt which was a remarkable likeness of Tewfik. He alone of Ismail's sons was not educated in Europe, but he was liberally instructed by Europeans in Egypt, and is accomplished in French, Arabic, and Turkish, with some knowledge of English. It may be said of Ismail that he gave his children no time for play; both sexes were kept at their studies through their youth until they were disposed of in marriage, which was only at maturity, contrary to the custom among Mahometans, who frequently force children when very young into matrimony. In this respect even the Copt Christians follow their example, and bind boys and girls together at the early age of from six to ten years. Ismail's sons were educated for affairs of state, and the daughters in all modern accomplishments. At an early age Tewfik was a minister and privy counsellor, and in this way became conversant with the interior economy and necessities of Egypt. Those

Tewfik Pacha, Khedive of Egypt.

who knew him well say he was earnest in business, for his father, a man of sleepless energy, gave him no time for Oriental ease. He robbed his son's harem of the tempting luxury of numerous wives, confining Tewfik, as he did all the rest of his family, to the Christian rule of one man and one woman, being inexorable in this departure from Mahometan precedent. In 1873, at the time of the grand fêtes already alluded to, the marriage of Tewfik to Amineh Hannoum, the granddaughter of Abbas Pacha, was celebrated. Of high honor, and with all the instincts of a gentleman, Tewfik is said to entertain great regard for the accomplished and amiable young lady who is now dignified as his queen. It is asserted that in his domestic relations his life is spotless.

Courting the religious element, which has great strength with the masses, it has been often said that he was under its special control, and that he grovelled in the muddy waters of effete and disgusting superstitions. No ruler of a Mahometan country as it is now constituted in Egypt can command a peaceful government, except by the strong arm of power, without a consideration for the people and their religion. Pressed on all sides by the advances of civilization, the religious element is alarmed and suspicious. Ismail, understanding this, did not fail to instruct Tewfik how important it was to have a good understanding with the ulemas and sheiks. He repaired mosques and beautified neglected tombs of saints, invited sheiks to sing the Koran in his palace, and regaled the chief men of the sects with fine dinners after Arab fashion. This was policy, yet it seems to have miscarried, for in all the recent movements the common people seem to have been more hostile than any other class. I do not think the religious element controlled him, as recent events indicate his apparent hostility to it. Knowing him for many years, I never saw in him anything like bigotry and intolerance, but always the instincts of a liberal-minded gentleman. I have often seen

him at the Dosch, which is the yearly ride over a mass of writhing fanatics, a most inhuman and disgusting custom, practised on the return of the pilgrims from Mecca. Though really contrary to orthodoxy, it is a binding, unwritten law like that of Juggernaut in the Indies. Every one of the 400,000 people of Cairo who can do so witnesses it, looking upon the scene with dazed interest; they consider it sacred simply because it is a time-honored custom. Many sects feel that it is one of the most useful elements in their religious ceremonies, and the ignorant believe their sheik too holy to injure a prostrate man by the tread of the horse in riding over him. Ismail, who had a contempt for this brutal exhibition, studiously avoided it, but finally fell from grace in the last year of his reign. Having struck at many of the superstitions of his people, they were sometimes suspicious of him, and I felt respect for his boldness and liberality. I was surprised to see him descend from his elevated position and apparently take a great interest in crushing the backs of the youth of his country under the tread of a horse ridden by a fanatic. I thought at the time when he yielded to this weakness that he too was seeking strength among this class of his people, making as it were a sort of rebound from the blows of his creditors, and coming back to first principles. It seemed to be a sort of preparation to meet coming events. Deserted as he was by European support when his money was gone, and no doubt seeing shadows in his path, he thought that by throwing the weight of his position in favor of this hideous spectacle he might regain popularity with his besotted people. Foreseeing the time when resistance should become necessary, it might be well to call to his aid the banner of the Prophet. This spectacle has been finally abandoned under Tewfik. Although better balanced than any of the other sons, I never thought Tewfik equal to his father, and have not been surprised at his failure in ruling a people so illiterate and fanatical, with its discordant elements compli-

cated by the Anglo-French oligarchy. Good-natured and well-meaning, but in the iron grasp of the powers, he found it difficult to reconcile conflicting interests. The increasing jealousy of the Arab against foreign rule, which Ismail in his weakness had entailed upon Egypt, was becoming daily more aggressive. The material facts which have been related thus far mostly came under my own observation, and are sustained by the published official correspondence of the Consuls-General of England and France. The figures are all from published official records: where I have not read them I have given my authority. What will be further noted is based entirely upon the same authority. My conclusions are founded upon facts which have come from those entitled to confidence, who like myself were long residents, who were in Egypt at the time I left there in March, 1879, and who had the best means of learning the incidents which led to the late aggressive war. It is impossible to get to an understanding of this question without following it somewhat in detail, but this will be done as briefly as possible.

It has been already shown that foreign rule had created widespread alarm and discontent among all classes of the people, and consequently among the National party, which was becoming influential. The finances were unsettled, and there were the same difficulties as in the past in raising even a moiety of the interest demanded. It has never been questioned that Tewfik was a mere creature of the bondholders, and that he was expected to reinstate the comptrollers with greater influence than they had enjoyed under Ismail. In order to smooth his advent to power they were compelled to give up their demand for places in the cabinet. Thus far they permitted Tewfik to rid the new ministry of its most odious feature. They conceded this much to the clamor of Egypt, and by so doing they stultified themselves, for it was solely on this ground (so they pretended) that Ismail was removed. Nevertheless this did not subsequently prevent the most extraordinary exac-

tions, and the application of a pressure even more exquisite in its cruelty than that formerly used. What added to the lamentations of the fellaheen was that through the forms of law Europeans by questionable means had come into possession of large tracts of land belonging to them. Under the rule of the whip and the bastinado they were left with life enough to regain strength sufficient to cultivate their small tracts of land; but now they were driven from their homes with their starving families; what trifling substance the miserable fellah usually had was soon eaten up, and they were reduced to beggary. If this loss had been the result of idleness or profligacy, like that of their rulers in many cases, it might be said that it was a just retribution; but when it is considered that from necessity these people were forced to labor continually, first in preparing their lands for the next crop, then in working the canals for the general good, and lastly in unremitting cultivation afterward, there could have been no more shameful outrage than taking from them all they had, wherewith by any possibility they could gain a subsistence. Did the vulture eye of the creditor of the government see the slightest neglect, straightway the mudir or sheik administered the kourbash by way of a gentle admonition, and so there was no rest for the children of Ishmael. There is no people in the world who are under greater subjection to the law of earning their bread by the sweat of their face. After the whip and the bastinado, which always accompanied the bond-holders' tax-gatherer, had failed to bring sufficient revenue to pay their interest, it became necessary to resort to some new device to satisfy their rapacity. They had been killing the goose that laid the golden egg. In April, 1880, in pursuance of the demand, the Khedive appointed a European commission of several nationalities, in which England and France had the lion's share. Most seriously interested, Egypt was not allowed a voice, nor was Turkey given a seat. Though the intention in appointing this

commission was to adopt a just system of land taxation, and bring under the rule certain lands that were believed to exist that had not been subjected to taxation, so that a reduction of taxes might be made beneficial to the oppressed fellah, they were no sooner installed than they assumed rights of a legislative character. They commenced by reviving the cadastré or land-revenue survey system, with its natural following, another horde of foreign officials, with a very good appointment, General Stone, at their head. To his credit be it said, Stone soon left this odious connection to those better prepared to do the bidding of the reigning powers.

The work of this commission was no sooner known than it was the signal for another influx of office-holders from foreign parts, who soon spread over Egypt and commenced, to the amazement of the people, wiping out the ancient landmarks of their property. This brand-new land-office was expected to effect the happiest results, by insuring metes and bounds to every inch of ground, under European survey, and in this way increase the revenue. The commission reduced the rate of interest on the nominal amount of the debt from seven to four per cent. It was a mere pretence that it was done to relieve the fellah; it was a deep design to repeal the law of the Moukabala, it being through the philanthropic show of kindness for the fellah that the commission was procured. The law, it will be remembered, was the rich legacy left by Sadik Pacha, the defunct minister of Ismail. It provided that by paying into the treasury one half the rent of the land for six years at once or by instalments, the owners were allowed to redeem it forever. Ismail solemnly pledged his faith and that of Egypt to hold this law inviolate, and the bondholders gladly seized upon the money to pay their interest. There were one million of these poor people who paid into the treasury $83,000,000, and after 1885 half of their land was to be, according to its provisions, free of taxation in perpetuity. In lending themselves to this swindling operation

by repealing the law, the commission took out of the pockets of the landowner not only the enormous sum in hard cash which they had paid, but the additional $85,000,000 rental per year which they had redeemed! To offset this gigantic robbery, the *generous* bondholders agreed to pay the sum of $750,000 per annum, which was a bagatelle, and to levy a tax upon their neighbors to pay it.

The five great powers who sat in judgment upon Egypt agreed to bind themselves by the decision of this commission. It was a sort of treaty among themselves, for it was so much the custom among these people to dispose of Egypt as the property of the foreign creditor that they never deemed it worth while to consult the Sultan or the Khedive in finishing their work. The Sultan had no voice in it, though Egypt was his province, as already stated, and Tewfik did not sign the agreement. The commission was entirely local in any view, and the Khedive paid its expenses. Under no construction, moral or legal, could it be any other than a simple law of Egypt, if the action of such an extraordinary commission as this could be dignified as a law of any kind; certainly by no reasoning could it be forced upon the common-sense of the world as an "international law" as claimed by them, nor was it a law of Egypt according to the constitution forced on Ismail which led to his abdication.

England, intent upon carrying out the designs of the late statesman who had seen that the time had come by a wise policy to plant the foot of Albion firmly on the banks of the Nile, did not hesitate to interpret the simple act of the Egyptian commission as the action of the five great powers; and though the engagement was not signed by Tewfik, yet she considered Egypt as a party, and without further consideration adopted the ingenious term of her Consul-General, and dignified it as an "international engagement." It will be seen further on, that upon this pretext all Egypt was deluged in blood. It was not the

threatening attitude of Arabi that brought on strife. It was simply that the Notables had proposed to vote upon that part of the revenue which had been assigned to the Egyptians; any other consideration was an afterthought, to satisfy the indignant opinion of the world.

A power had grown up in Egypt, created by Ismail when he was in the height of his reign, filled with ideas of progress, of the advancement of his people, and of the future welfare of his country. Though he was, it is believed, deceived into surrendering an important element of his sovereignty in the adoption of the International Code, he could not present the plea of ignorance in granting a parliament to the Arab. It is likely that he did not foresee the important rôle it would be so soon called upon to play, when at the outset it was an unwieldy mass of ignorant sheiks, who rather disliked being called together at Cairo in grand, solemn conclave to vote upon questions of which they knew nothing, and to be laughed at by all Egypt for being so stupidly ignorant that they did not know what was expected of them. There is no doubt that at first their single idea was to know the *opinion* of the Khedive upon all the questions before them, and to vote accordingly. They had no thought of opposing him, and believed profoundly that their safety lay in executing his will by their votes.

Like the early English Parliament, the assembly soon learned its latent power, however; and at this time, under Tewfik, the new Khedive, the Notables were only too willing to "bell the cat" and vote the other way in a solid body. It then became "the laugh that laughs not." The Notables made respectful but firm demands for additional authority, in order that they might with more certainty legislate upon the unassigned revenues, over which they had the right of control. The comptrollers saw in this the design of clipping the enormous salaries of $25,000 and $30,000 for themselves and their foreign coadjutors, which were drawn out of the pittance allowed to conduct the

Egyptian Government, and not from the half assigned to the bondholders. They then raised a cry of dismay at the temerity of the Notables, declaring that the country was on the road to ruin, and their ministry at once resigned, to produce an effect upon Europe. Cherif Pacha formed a new ministry, with the idea that it was good policy to have the Notables to play off against the military power, and thus produce an equilibrium in the politics of Egypt.

The comptrollers, however, seeing the glittering gold fast sliding out of their clutches, made haste to lay the matter before their royal agent, and ordered him to take a snap judgment on the refractory Notables, and to issue a decree that they should meet at once before they could have time to make a formal demand or he to grant the additional authority required. At this time a new power entered into the problem of Egyptian politics, in the person of Arabi Pacha, an obscure lieutenant-colonel, who only three years before had been in command of a regiment of 2500 men at Rosetta. This man was destined to play an important part in the tragedy.

CHAPTER XVI.

ACHMET ARABI PACHA.

Arabi Pacha as first known by the writer—His extraordinary devotion to his faith—Personal characteristics of the man—Causes that first placed him at the head of the National party—The comptrollers and the House of Notables—Quarrel over the unassigned revenues, growing out of the rapacity of English officials—Tewfik a mere tool of England and France—His weakness, vacillation, and folly—Arabi's first great act as a popular leader—England, backed by France, solely responsible for the attempted revolution—Ignoble part played by the Sultan "True inwardness" of the English policy—Arrival of the English fleet—The massacre at Alexandria and the bombardment—Arabi's strategy as a general—End at Tel-el-Kebir Arabi's mistakes—The war on Egypt resolved into a determination to keep 1325 Englishmen in fat places.

I KNEW Arabi Pacha for many years, but never suspected him of possessing the qualities of a revolutionist. Since the late outbreak in Egypt, many occurrences have come back to me that can be explained only on the theory that even then he was brooding over the wrongs of his race. Far superior to the majority of Arab officers in intelligence, he was reserved and secluded, a man of thought who took care to improve his opportunities. He was a fanatic in his close attention to the duties of his religion, rigidly following its superstitious customs, never neglecting his numerous prayers and ablutions or his attendance at the mosque. Intimate with the sheiks and ulemas, he was always looked upon as a pillar of the faith.

It is a mistake to suppose that he was the only leading man in this revolutionary fiasco; some of those who were considered the best and most reliable men—officials and others—in Egypt were equally compromised. It was a

general uprising of the whole Arab race against great wrongs.

Arabi Pacha is of large size, compactly built, of dark brown complexion, full face, large black eyes of amiable expression, and gentle manner. During the Abyssinian campaign he acted as quartermaster in charge of transportation, but did not succeed very well -not from any fault of his, but through the utter incapacity and cowardice of Ratib Pacha, the commanding general of the expedition. Here it is again necessary to notice the comptrollers and their assistants. In order that they might consummate their scheme for thwarting the just action of the Notables in their vaulting ambition to rule, they took counsel from their suspicions and procured an order sending Arabi Pacha from Cairo. Their extraordinary action brought this officer into public notice in the most unexpected manner possible, and placed him at the head of the National party as a political leader. Arabi's offence was that he had drafted new rules for the Notables in 1879. For this reason he was considered as having present influence with them, and consequently as a dangerous man. This unheard-of procedure was the signal for an outburst of indignation among all classes in Cairo. The excitement drew from their homes the quiet and orderly people of that city, and a new and enthusiastic popular ovation was given Arabi. The people accompanied him out of the metropolis, when he obeyed the order of the Khedive to leave the city. Rid of his opposition, the comptrollers threatened the Notables with the thunder of their wrath in case they dared to touch the budget, or even to mention it in their assembly. They could exile them as they had the acknowledged leader of the people, but they could not gag the simple-minded fellaheen from the villages along the Nile. They had created among that silent, downtrodden people a feeling that Allah would right their wrongs.

As Arabi will hereafter act a prominent part in the events

which led to the catastrophe at Tel-el-Kebir, it is well to reaffirm that the army had been sadly neglected. The comptrollers, the real rulers of Egypt, not only heaped contumely on it, but it was their secret intention to dismiss the larger portion of the army so as to lessen the expense of the government and to destroy as far as possible any bulwark by which the people could resist the constant oppression visited upon them. The new government, alarmed, had appointed as minister of war a Circassian by the name of Osman Pacha Rifki, a notorious scoundrel, whose history will be found in a chapter on the war with Abyssinia. Certainly there could be no more fit instrument to perform a treacherous act than Osman. The papers of the day state that he appointed to colonelcies a number of Circassians over the heads of many Arab officers who, by seniority, competency, and service, were entitled to promotion. These wrongs and the need of many necessary reforms induced three colonels to present a respectful petition for redress. Subsequently the regiments to which they were attached were ordered to attend a procession. It had in the mean time been determined that upon their presenting themselves for that purpose the colonels should be arrested and imprisoned. Osman was only too glad to engage in the cowardly and treacherous scheme, but his plan proved futile. The regiments, on learning of the arrest of their commanding officers, went in a body and demanded their release, and the craven Circassian, dreading the vengeance of an outraged people, leaped from a two-story window to escape the merited punishment. The result was that the Khedive ordered the release of the colonels and dismissed the infamous Osman. Throughout these occurrences the Khedive, feeling himself in the iron grasp of the powers, was really in sympathy with his people. Pledging his faith at the outset to follow the instructions of his masters, and having been completely entangled in their policy, he could look to them alone to maintain him in his position. But

he was weak, and every movement of the people for any right sent a shiver through him. Constant vacillation was the consequence. Arrests and releases of the arrested followed each other continually.

Having lost all confidence in a ministry thoroughly hostile to their interests; believing, according to the published accounts of the day, that they were being sold out to the foreigner, and feeling that the Khedive was under duress, the people and the army became excited to such a degree that they called upon Arabi, now a prominent leader, to ask the Khedive in their name to redress their wrongs. Arabi with a large body of soldiers then surrounded the palace of the Khedive and demanded the dismissal of the ministry, the assembly of the Notables, and the restoration of the army to its former status. This was no assembly of military for sinister ends, nor an uprising to gratify personal ambition, but it was, as Arabi said at the time, a plan "to secure by arms the liberties of the Egyptian people." His famous speech during these events deserves praise, particularly as his act was for the people and not for his personal aggrandizement. He appealed to England, which had made such efforts for the liberation of all slaves elsewhere, to sympathize with the Egyptians in their attempt to obtain liberty. All the acts of this man have demonstrated that, whether in or out of power, he never did aught to justify the imputation of ambition or self-seeking. He merely acted as the leader of nine tenths of the people, who demanded an administration which was theirs of right. Never in any instance did Arabi or the Notables by legislation attempt to deprive the bondholders of the revenues set apart for the payment of their interest.

The English Consul-General, in conjunction with the English comptroller, was busied in creating "incidents," the more rapidly to hurry Egypt into a crisis. "Complication," as he wrote later to Granville, "of an acute nature must supervene before any satisfactory solution of the

Egyptian question can be attained ; and it would be wiser to hasten than to endeavor to retard it." This remarkable despatch is the key to the entire policy which by gradual steps led to the expected catastrophe. All the movements of the powers up to this time were in accord, both France and England agreeing that the cause of trouble was with the Notables—namely, the fear of legislation on the budget. Arabi and the military were entirely unmentioned in the published despatches. To Gambetta it was not so clear as to the consul that the action of the commission was "international." He looked at it rather as a "simple proclamation" to reorganize the finances, to which the powers were invited by the decree of the Khedive. Even the comptrollers, when it became urgently necessary to warn the Notables to "beware," simply excused themselves by saying it was a mandate written to strengthen the hands of the Khedive. It is now well understood that the statement that the war was occasioned by a violation of "international engagements" was not true. The published correspondence does not sustain the theory that the Khedive was bound by this fiction, for at the very time the question arose, he objected. They overcame his squeamishness by telling him it was none of his business ; that, being simply the vassal of the Sultan, he must refuse his sanction to any legislation upon finance, and must notify the Notables of his determination. In answer to a protest from the Sultan, they said he had so little interest in such matters that he could not dictate to the Khedive upon this important question. Their crooked policy was like a two-edged sword—it cut both ways. It will be recollected that while these events were occurring Tewfik, foreseeing the coming storm, begged that Turkey might be asked to send troops to Egypt to control the outburst fast approaching. But as this might "retard" the end his masters negatived the proposal as soon as made.

After this terrible effort, Tewfik once more subsided into

his accustomed Oriental meditation on nothing. The Sultan was not apparently lost to all sense of humanity. Foreboding the misfortunes so soon to fall upon the devoted head of the fellah, he proposed sending a general to advise against precipitating his vassal into war. He too wanted to be heard in favor of peace. But this would have been a stumbling-block in England's path to conquest. The Sultan was bidden not to do it. Superior to the menace of the powers, he sent two envoys in the hope of peace, but these were summarily withdrawn in compliance with powerful remonstrance, and the "excrescence" finally contented himself with sending Dervish Pacha, who arrived too late to do more than play a small diplomatic game with both Tewfik and Arabi. If there were any doubt of "the anxiety to hasten it," England cut the Gordian knot by despatching two iron-clads, ostensibly to scare the Turkish envoys out of Egypt, but really to keep up the excitement. This was done against the protest of Turkey, Egypt, and even of the British consul, who, it seems, had not matured his plans. The agents of the bondholders, feeling that their governments had entered earnestly into their cause, refused to listen to the strongest appeals of the Notables for compromise, though these people had shown by every act that they did not intend injustice to any of their lawful engagements, and particularly that they did not contemplate interference with the rights vested in the bondholders. So their timely but respectful request met with contemptuous defiance, and they were told that they really had no right to legislate upon finance at all, not even upon the unassigned revenues. It was declared that "the action of the comptrollers extends to the whole public service," assuming directly that they, the bondholders' creatures, were the rulers of Egypt.

M. De Freycinet, Gambetta's successor, on learning of the unheard-of demand of these Egyptian (foreign) officials, exclaimed, "It never could have been intended that the

comptrollers should take the whole direction of the Government of Egypt," and the English minister wrote that he "would not advocate a total or permanent exclusion of the chambers from handling the budget." The world had passed its opinion upon the extraordinary policy of these officials, and the English Government had to do something, however little, to disavow the action of its representatives. It also became necessary to soften the anger of the creditors; so the Foreign Secretary added that he had approached the question with "caution, on account of the pecuniary interests on behalf of which Her Majesty's Government have been acting." He asked what effect it would have upon finances if the Notables attempted the handling of the unassigned revenues. The consul stated in reply that "the official salaries would be under their control, and that the Notables would be able to abolish the land survey and dismiss many Europeans in the administration." By regular methods they had proceeded to entangle Egypt in their meshes, getting all they cared for through the consuls, the Khedive, and the Sultan; they had now arrived at a point where they could bring their governments directly in conflict with the representatives, and force them to become openly, as they had been secretly, responsible for the events in Egypt. Instead of meeting the Notables in a conciliatory spirit, the Consul-General, knowing that he was supported by the great powers, deliberately turned his back upon them. His act having been approved, by the powers, they were responsible for all the consequences. There was no overt act by the Arabs; they had merely stated their case; but daring even to contemplate a violation of the comptrollers' orders was magnified into a great offence against the dignity of the governments which had but just unmasked their hidden policy and boldly proclaimed themselves the champions of the bondholders. It is needless to multiply facts showing the spirit with which the new masters of Egypt pursued the representatives of

the people. The patient "beasts of burden" in assembly met it without complaint. But they firmly believed that eventually the two great governments would listen to their appeals for justice in the name of humanity. Instead of this, they were menaced with force if they did not yield their rights to the two comptrollers. This was simply asking them to declare themselves slaves, and to return to their mud villages to be again entertained with the swing of the old sceptre.

It will be remembered that Ismail tried to check the encroachments of the foreigner, and in doing so aroused the deep hatred of the Arab for the latter. But it was too late to stem aggression. It only ended in driving him from the throne. The Arab had learned through Ismail that he too was a power in the land. Tewfik, who began by mortgaging his authority to the foreigner, soon found himself confronted by the Notables, the army, and the people. The Arab ministry, which dared to think for itself and sustain the Notables, was immediately marked for the vengeance of the masters of Egypt. Tewfik was compelled to act against the counsels of his ministry. The Sultan, who at this time was playing a double part through his emissaries, was required to denounce the assembly of Notables and the ministry which supported them. This double pressure led to the resignation of the latter body. Poor Tewfik, who had lost all influence, found it impossible to form another cabinet directly in favor of the creditors, and experienced another bitter check to his policy. The ministry was scarcely dismissed before he was compelled to take it back into his counsels. The Khedive's weakness made him the tool of his enemies. The hour had come, so devoutly anticipated by the comptrollers and consular agents. Under the plea that Tewfik, who had been faithful to them, was in danger, they insisted that it was absolutely necessary to re-establish him, their too willing ally. To effect this grand object, the British and French iron-clads

arrived at Alexandria on the 20th of May, against the protest of the Sultan. The English official had previously written that "the political advantage of the arrival of the combined fleets would override the danger it might possibly cause to Europeans in Cairo." They soon presented an ultimatum, in which it was stated that "if necessary, they would visit the ministry with dismissal and Arabi with exile, to restore to the Khedive the authority which belongs to him," while perfectly well aware, from facts within their knowledge, that neither attempt would be submitted to. Thus it is seen that Egypt was confronted with war, while her people were doing all they could through their representatives to prevent it. The conflict was urged on solely in the interests of the bondholders and their agents, the comptrollers, or so-called officials of Egypt, whose salaries were made to take the most conspicuous place in the startling programme.

This was the state of affairs when the English and French fleets entered the port of Alexandria. It will be remembered that for more than three years, beginning at the close of the reign of Ismail, the National party had been growing, and at this time it comprised the whole Arab population. All the elements, and particularly the religious element, which control the masses were very much excited. Many honestly believed that the foreigner was absorbing their country; others thought that their Mahometan faith was in danger. The ulemas and sheiks had been unceasing in filling the ignorant masses with this idea. They believed Tewfik to be in the power of the English and French, and though they felt kindly toward him, still they believed their safety rested with the ministry and with Arabi Pacha, whose advice they implicitly followed.

In getting their fleet ready for action under the pretence of protecting Tewfik, the English should have considered that they were acting against a vast multitude, really a mob, spread over a great extent of country, excited by con-

stant outrage and by the fiery appeals of the sheiks and ulemas to a frenzied fanaticism. These unfortunate people in their despair were driven to crystallization under Arabi Pacha, in whom they had enthusiastic confidence. He had stood up manfully for their rights, because, like them, he was born in a mud hut and had experienced the woes of their race. Never before having seen any man who dared to brave authority, who could resist backsheesh, and, above all, who was not captivated by the blandishments of official preferment, there seemed to them every reason, morally and politically, why Arabi above all others should be heeded. The question will be asked, Why was silent contempt the only answer to his urgent appeals to England to extend the same kindness to the slaves of Egypt that she had shown to the slaves in all other countries? The great naval armament had come too far and had cost too much to go back at the beck of humanity. It was its glorious privilege to try its metal upon a poor, miserable, insignificant, ignorant people, who had had all the spirit lashed out of them by cruel taskmasters for thousands of years. As this magnificent fleet lay in their harbor, with its broadsides covering the city, ready at any moment to begin the work of destruction, the ragged Arab population were looking on with a dazed and bewildered curiosity, never realizing, even at the last instant, that "glorious old England," around which so many splendid associations clung, whose name had been heralded wherever liberty or humanity had an abiding place, was about, without cause or justification, to demolish their fortifications, lay in ashes their beautiful city, and throw enormous deadly missiles among their women and children, herded together on the narrow neck of land upon which Alexandria is built, and from which there was no escape. To the gallant sailors exhausted in the work of death, when the roar of cannon had ceased for a moment, how sweet must have been the agonizing cry of despair and the shrieks of dying women and children as they came to

them wafted by gentle zephyrs through the dense black smoke which enveloped them! Did they stop to ask the question, "Are we justified? Have we given these people sufficient warning? Are we dooming these people and their beautiful city to destruction only to gratify the rapacity of unscrupulous bondholders and their cold-blooded agents?"

The worm trodden on will sometimes turn and sting. The massacre of the 11th of June, 1882, was a terrible event; but could it have been unexpected to those who knew the extraordinary rabble of all nationalities inhabiting Alexandria? The consul evidently expected it at Cairo, but thought the fleet had conjured away the danger. The Mahometan was excited by the threatening attitude of the fleet, which to his mind meant approaching tyranny. The rabble of all other nationalities was simply elated. When the fleets threatened Alexandria there was a regularly constituted government in Egypt. There was no real cause of war between Egypt and the great powers. There had been no declaration of war against Egypt or against the Sultan, against whom such declaration would lie. The fact that the guns of the deserted fortifications, without regular artillerists, were pointed to the sea and the entrance and but few toward the city, is a striking evidence that the military authorities never contemplated fighting a powerful fleet within the harbor. The fortifications at best were wholly unequal to the powerful armament before them, and the repairs going on and the slow movements of a few guns were a mere bagatelle. The massacre which had taken place was one of those accidents which happen among excited people, and if report speaks truly it was just as likely to have been begun by the foreigners as by the Arabs. It is generally conceded that much the larger number killed were Arabs. The movement of the military, the anxiety of the people, the necessary confusion of a populous city, and the separation of the leader and generals from the

ministry and Khedive produced delay and often a confli of orders, for want of any regular system. The orders f instant obedience to the imperative demands of the Engli admiral were naturally unheeded for want of time, thoug in reality it was the intention to submit to force. Fac subsequently developed seem to demonstrate this propos tion as true, and to show that one reason for hurrying th bombardment was that it might be arranged.

The officer commanding the English fleet naturall smarted under the extraordinary spectacle witnessed a fe days before, when many foreigners were killed. He wa almost within hearing of the shrieks of the wounded an dying, without the power to afford relief. The fact th the bombardment took place in such hot haste had th semblance at least of hurry to efface, if possible, the morti fication of being bearded by a few ragged Arabs. Findin the English fleet had determined to try the effect of th ponderous shot from their enormous iron-clads, Arabi i the few days he had, made such preparation as he could, t reply to this attack. Feeble though it was, it is said th Englishmen expressed admiration at some parts of th defence. The struggle, as expected, was short; the forti fications were destroyed, thousands of Egyptians we killed at their guns, and the city of Alexandria was pa tially burned. France, up to the act of war, was enlisted i bringing Egypt to the support of the policy that the tw powers had advocated, but wisely thinking there was n cause for war, naturally sensitive where her honor was co cerned, and believing in peace, though equally intereste with England in Egyptian affairs, she ordered her fleet t sail out of port before the sound of English cannon wa heard in the unholy task of devoting the doomed city an its people to the dreadful horrors of war. There was n justification for the bombardment. Few nations or peopl have been found to applaud the deed, and England, bein wholly responsible with France for leading Egypt to he

great misery, impartial history will condemn her act as an outburst of savage vandalism, scarcely paralleled even in her annals.

Recent events are so fresh in the memories of men that it is hardly necessary to say more upon this subject; but a few words are due to Arabi Pacha, who was placed suddenly in command of the civil and military administration; for Tewfik, the nominal head of the government in this crisis, being without influence or power, had disappeared and shut himself up in his palace at Ramleh. Arabi's was one of the most difficult and trying situations in which any man could be placed. He was at the head of a country without money and with few resources. But slightly acquainted with government, he seems yet to have brought some sort of system out of disorder, and to have made a brave and successful struggle in diplomacy and intrigue with such time-honored veterans as Cherif Pacha, of Egypt, and Dervish Pacha, the Sultan's representative. His great blunder was in permitting Lesseps to persuade him, under the pretence of neutrality, not to interfere with the Suez Canal, which was in his power for several weeks. He let the opportunity pass under the inspiration of the wily Frenchman. This folly blinded him to a proper and timely preparation at Tel-el-Kebir, for the defence of his line from Ismailia to Cairo, really the only practicable route for the season. Displaying ability up to this point, he signally failed here; he did not read history aright, which should have informed him that no great nation, especially England, would ever respect international law under such circumstances. His military movements were equally at fault, and proved him unable to cope wth his adversary in the strategy of war. Even at the last moment, in selecting the two positions of Tel-el-Kebir and Salhieh, he did well, but he neglected his defences. Above all, he should have concentrated his forces. Instead of having 25,000 or 30,000 men, many of them irregulars, at Tel-el-Kebir, he could

easily have had 50,000 regular troops there, by leaving small garrisons at Damietta, Aboukir, Kafir Dawar, and Cairo. He knew that the great fleet of England could command the coast and capture or destroy its fortifications. His work was in the interior, and his energies should have been expended in massing his forces at the strongest points there. Instead of these ordinary precautions, he undertook the impossible task of defending all Egypt, and was crushed without making a respectable fight. Another important circumstance which had a bearing in hurrying the collapse was the surprise at Tel-el-Kebir. This shows that he possessed the extraordinary characteristic of his race, of never occupying himself with thought of danger except when it was imminent, and of never repairing a bridge unless it were falling to pieces. This Oriental indolence coupled with intentional neglect is remarkably illustrated in this instance. Before an enemy was near, the empty desert being in front and around, the army of Arabi was clouded with Bedouin scouts and pickets in the distance. Every precaution that a general should take when he was in active operation and expected an attack was observed. But, extraordinary to relate, no sooner were the English within a day's march of him than he withdrew his scouts, pickets, and Bedouins, for fear somebody should be hurt. The result was, the English were in the Egyptian defences before the defenders knew of the advance, and the war was ended at a single blow. Since writing the above, I have been credibly informed by a prominent resident of Alexandria, who was there during the events related, that Sultan Pacha, an agent of the English, had bought off the Bedouins from the front of Arabi, and that subsequently he had been paid $50,000 for his services on this occasion. Arabi's ignorance of this accounts for his surprise. Many simple truths are now indisputable; among them the fact that England and France ruled Egypt through the Khedive for more than three years, and are responsible for the discontent among

the people. The purpose of forcing the people to pay the indebtedness of the government to the bondholders and the salaries of foreign officials engaged in their interest was the occasion of sending their fleets to Alexandria. Though the ostensible reason for making war was to protect Tewfik, the ally of the bondholders, against the military, the real reason was that the Notables claimed the right to legislate upon the unassigned revenues of Egypt in the budget, which might interfere with the pay of the 1325 foreign officers forced upon the country. The act of the comptrollers in ordering Tewfik to drive Arabi Pacha out of Cairo for fear he might influence the Notables in their legislation upon the pay of these officials was an acknowledgment that he was a great political leader, and it influenced the entire people of Egypt to consider him as such. There can be no question that Arabi Pacha was opposed to the massacre of Christians, and did all he could to prevent it; and it is certain that he was in no manner concerned in the burning of Alexandria. In a word, he was honest and humane, and carried on war as best he could according to the usages of civilized nations, at least so far as can be learned from any evidence that has been published, and he is entitled to credit for saving the Suez Canal from injury under extraordinary provocation, it matters not from what motive.

CHAPTER XVII.

A JOURNEY TO MOUNT SINAI.

Passing through the Land of Goshen—Its associations, ancient and modern—The route of the Israelites—Some speculations relating to the patriarch Joseph The start from Suez Adventures on the Red Sea—The village of Tor—The pleasures of dromedary-riding The life of the Bedouin The difference between the dromedary and the camel—The Arabian horse and ass—Mishaps of desert travel The approach to Gebel Musa.

A PARTY having been formed to go to Mount Sinai during the winter of 1878, I was easily persuaded to join it, as I had never visited that celebrated mountain. We took our departure from Cairo. It may not be uninteresting, in passing over the land of Goshen, to give a short description of the country once occupied by the ancient Israelites, a few facts in their history, and some of the incidents connected with the exodus of that people. We left on the train for Suez, where a steamer was expected to take us across the Red Sea. Immediately outside Cairo the solitary obelisk at Heliopolis marks the site of the ancient city of On, where the temple of the sun once glittered in its morning rays, undoubtedly one of the most interesting objects in Egypt. Joseph married the daughter of the high priest of the temple, and as this monument stood in front of it, the shaft must have been a familiar object to his eyes, and thus may be said to be connected with biblical history. While the hieroglyphics indicate that the Pyramids are much older than this obelisk, yet the Bible nowhere mentions them directly, and only once darkly refers to them (Job 3 : 14). Near here is also the famous old sycamore

called the Virgin's tree. The tradition is that it sheltered the Holy Family in its flight into Egypt, and often near it the fate of Cairo has been decided by the sword. During the Crusades St. Louis was taken prisoner at Manzoura while on his march to this spot, and the Duke of Artois, his brother, was killed. Here Kleber, in modern times, as if to efface that defeat, conquered the Egyptians and took possession of Cairo. In retaliation he was assassinated by a fanatic. Here too, Tomans, the last king of those savage freebooters, the Mamelukes, was taken prisoner, and executed in Cairo, near a mosque at the famous old gate of the street which leads to the Citadel. Mounting the débris at Heliopolis and looking directly across the wavy green plain before it, and over the Nile to the opposite side, a clump of date trees is seen. This is the village of Embâbeh, and marks the spot where Napoleon fought the battle of the Pyramids with the Mamelukes. Carrying the eye along the horizon to the south, the great Pyramid of Cheops is in splendid view, whence you have the 4000 years looking down upon Napoleon's battle. We soon come to the ruins of Tel-el-Yahoodeh (the mound of the Jews), noted as the site of Onion, where the son of Onanias the high priest built a temple modelled after that at Jerusalem, obtaining authority to do so from a liberal Ptolemy. Thirty miles farther we are at the ruins of the ancient city of Bubastis, now called Tell Basta, the seat of power of the twenty-second dynasty of the Pharaohs, the city from which Shishak began the expedition which resulted in the capture of Jerusalem and the bringing of the holy vessels from the temple, 798 B.C. To this site and a short distance beyond, the fertile land extends, and now the water of the new canal to Ismailia passes on its way, charged with the fertilizing alluvium of the Nile, to make fruitful the ancient land of Goshen, and open navigation, closed for so many centuries, between the Nile and the Red Sea. Starting from Cairo, it taps the two seas near the centre of the Suez Canal, and thus

realizes the idea which puzzled the brain of the greatest among the Pharaohs and all his successors, and only now consummated by the government of Egypt. The canal just completed from the Nile at Cairo to the canal of Suez will open in time a very rich country, and gradually but certainly make ancient Goshen as fertile as in the olden time. By impregnating the sands with its fertilizing alluvium the Nile will in a few years make it again blossom as the rose.

Near Bubastis are the ruins of Tel-el-Kebir, in the opinion of many archæologists the Pithom of the Bible, where Joseph and Jacob met, and the spot where recently the English crushed the National party of Egypt which had risen against Tewfik and his allies. There is much more diversity of opinion as to where the city of Rameses was located. Tradition places it, and the world seems to have settled down to the conclusion that it was at the other end of an ancient canal, that ran from Pithom to the Red Sea, near the present city of Ismailia, which lies on the western side of Lake Timsah; the site is called Masamah, and is twenty-eight miles south-west of Ismailia. It was here and in the country adjacent that Moses, the experienced general as well as sage, gathered his people for their famous march (Ex. 12 : 37; Num. 33 : 3-5), taking what is known as the Wady Tawarak, just beyond the present city of Suez, and near which the crowning miracle occurred. Though Herr Brugsch, the great archæologist and linguist, advances a very striking theory, which will be noticed farther on, it is difficult to shake the faith of those who accept the route which tradition for so many thousands of years has marked out to be the true one, a conclusion arrived at by a careful collation of facts, which reciprocally support while they fully explain one another. The new theorists, on the contrary, affirm that the city of Rameses was located where the city of San or Zoan now lies, formerly the site of the old city of Tanis, near the Mediterranean Sea.

Brugsch Bey infers, from the hieroglyphics on two statues found at the site of Tanis, that Rameses II. gave his name to this town, and farther eastward there are monuments upon which are read "Thuka" or "Thukut," the same, he thinks, as "Succoth" in the Bible, the first camp of the Israelites; and he places Pithom, the treasure city, on the route to Migdol, their second camp. A papyrus in the British Museum contains the name of Katom, which he thinks was Etham; and thus he takes the chosen people from camp to camp. The Israelites crossed the isthmus over the marshes which lie between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, near a place now called Kantara, the usual road to Syria. His argument is strengthened by the fact that here lie the great Serbonian bogs, which Egyptian fables say had swallowed up whole armies while marching along the coast. The names of Strabo and Diodorus are given as authority for these fables, and they speak of this country as at times covered with water to a considerable depth. Brugsch fortifies his opinion with numerous facts and historical interpretations of the Egyptian monuments, which prove to him that it was here that Pharaoh and his host met their fate, not by waters from the Red Sea, but by the waves of the Mediterranean. His *brochure* is ingenious, able, and learned, and is well worthy of study. Mariette Bey, another Egyptologist, who was in charge of the antiquities of Egypt, thinks it probable that Joseph came hither under one of the shepherd kings, and his being Semitic, like these Pharaohs, explains his appointment as prime minister. This naturally leads to the conclusion that through him occurred many of the vast changes in the prosperity of Egypt, felt even in the reign of Rameses II. (Sesostris), the one who "knew not Joseph," and in that of his thirteenth son and successor, Menephtheh. It has been settled among Egyptologists that the latter king was the Pharaoh of the Exodus, though his tomb has been found at Bab-el-Malouk instead of at the bottom of the

Red Sea or of the Serbonian marsh. Mariette thinks, with Champollion, that the treasure city of Rameses of the Bible is the same as the present site of San, the same fixed upon by Brugsch Bey. These are the views of the greatest hieroglyphic scholars of the present day. They have verified these facts from investigations among the historical ruins of Egypt, and from them the hieroglyphists are continuing the rich harvest of truth in these latter days. Where before there was scarcely any information gleaned to show that Joseph or Jacob were ever in Egypt, Brugsch Bey in his "Exodus" presents much that is confirmatory of the touching history of the patriarch recounted in the Book of Genesis.

It is difficult at this distance of time, though we have to some extent the recorded history of the administration of the patriarch Joseph, to decide with any certainty in what consisted the extraordinary policy which many writers have assumed led to the great prosperity of Egypt under that renowned prime minister. If it was the hoarding of the grain during the famine, of which the inspired writers have given us an account, until it became a monopoly in the granaries of the Pharaoh, it would, according to the ideas of our day, be considered a cruel visitation upon the people. It would be questionable policy for a despot to compel his people to sell all their grain, and when necessity was upon them to force that very people to give their money, then their lands, and finally their bodies, in return for the very grain they had sold. It was simply committing robbery under the guise of law, and reducing the people to servitude. When Joseph said, "There yet remain your liberties, sell them to the king," he forced so monstrous an alternative on the starving wretches that this worthy minister of the benevolent king and his philanthropic schemes are not entitled to the least credit. Most writers have measured the prosperity of Egypt by the magnitude and number of her structures and her many destruc-

Head of Menephthah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus

tive wars. Possibly to attain this enviable distinction it was the policy of Joseph to enslave the people and thus enable his sovereign to erect great palaces, temples, and monuments, and to send out huge armies "to overthrow kingdoms and destroy the cities thereof," of which doings the history is visible in their ruins even to this day. We find it pictured and engraved upon their walls and monuments, that they were constructed by slaves and prisoners of war for the glory of the prince and the worship of idols, particular pains being taken to emphasize the fact that these gigantic works were all done under the taskmasters and the lash. I confess, with all the lights before me, I have little respect for the assumed enlightened policy, much less for the greatness, of the patriarch Joseph and the king he served.

The road now followed passes by the pretty little French built town of Ismailia, the home of Lesseps when in Egypt. It lies on the western border of Lake Timsah, which since the cutting of the canal has been filled by the two seas, and forms a part of the canal. At Suez our party embarked in an open boat of twenty tons for a place called Tor, a distance of 140 miles down the dangerous coast of the Red Sea, where at this season heavy storms are encountered. We had been promised a steamer, but it did not come. I was persuaded, against my judgment, to take the small boat, with a party of two others and our servants. Entering upon the waste of waters, in the dim distance eastward could be faintly discerned a beautiful clump of palms, with a range of sandy mountains in the background. These palms mark the spot where the pilgrims of to-day slake their thirst at Moses' wells, like the Israelites in their day. Our Mussulmans prostrated themselves toward the tomb of the Prophet, muttering their fanatical petition for seventy houris promised with such questionable generosity. Soon we saw the majestic range of mountains on the peninsula, of which Mount Sinai (Gebel Musa), the object of our voyage, was the most prominent.

During the first night in our small boat we had a storm. The excitement of scudding through the water at racing pace was somewhat heightened by the possibility of going any moment to the bottom. What added still more to this anticipation was the prayer of the Bedouin who steered our boat, and who was heard in his frequent calls upon Allah to save him. He hoped that Allah would give him the houris that Mahomet promised; but stopping suddenly, as if a bright vision had passed before him, he said that he had a beautiful houri in this world and if it pleased Allah he would like to stay with her a little longer. As we lay sea-sick in our frail boat upon this stormy night, I thought this surpassed all the foolish things I had done in my life.

At last the storm abated, and we passed Cape Aboo Zelimeh, where a sort of wooden hut is in sight, marking the tomb of an Arab saint. It is a singular fact that the more filthy he can contrive to make himself and the less clothing he can wear, the more holy the saint is in the eyes of the Moslem. One of these miserable objects gives his name to this cape. In consideration of having safely weathered the storm, our ries (captain) ordered a fête, consisting of coffee and pipes. While regaling ourselves, the customary cup of coffee having been set aside to be cast into the sea to propitiate the saint, the ries in full Arab dress, cast a wistful eye at the cup, and thinking it too full for the saint, his Arab taste for coffee overcame his fanaticism. Thinking it at best but a pious fraud, he swallowed half of the contents, and then, with great solemnity consigned the rest to the waves.

Tor consists of a miserable little hamlet of three or four Arab houses and a strongly built Greek church for religion and defence. The shore in front is lined with shells, and much red coral is gathered here. It is the site of an old Roman fort, the walls and bastions of which are so crumbling and sunburnt that the ruins hardly reveal its original

purpose. It was not long before the usual haggling for camels and dromedaries commenced with the Bedouins, who were prevented from overreaching us by the military governor, himself somewhat awed by the official aspect of our party. He had lived in this solitary place for many years. Chickens, sheep, and goats shared his house with him and his harem. Upon the arrival of our party it was necessary to drive out some of these animals in order to welcome us into his "Salam-lick." The odor of the place not being fragrant, we hurried through coffee and pipes and pitched our tents by the sea, some distance from this high-flavored family. Mounting our dromedaries on the desert saddle, the most uncomfortable invention ever designed to torment man, we started. We encamped for the night a few miles from Tor, at the well of El Haide, pleasantly situated among gardens of palm-trees. The Bedouin in these deserts scorns the labor of civilized man, and, like the Indian of North America, cannot be tamed. Possessing a like dignity, he is exceedingly amiable, and can be induced to behave himself by very little money. He gossips and laughs, and is by no means a savage unless fired by fanaticism. Content to pitch his low woollen tent in the open desert, he never thinks of sheltering it with a tree or rock, though both may be convenient. Nominally an Egyptian, if asked why he does not settle down and till the soil, he tells you he can never consent to make soldiers of his children. With the fellah, the Egyptian peasant, this is the crowning act of human misery. Once under the yoke, he never leaves it; home, children, family ties are alike ignored by the remorseless military power. No wonder the Bedouin Arab dreads the blessings of civilization. Those with us were without their tents or families. It was after dark, and they were soon grinding wheat between two stones, as the Mexicans do, preparatory to making their solitary meal, perhaps without salt, and with only the few herbs or roots they happen to find upon the desert. They

crouched around the scanty fagot fire, for it was cold, their camel's long neck between them and his nose at the same fire too. Thus camel and master passed the night. Such is the life of the wild man of the desert. If one accepts the distinctions of Pliny adopted by Buffon, where two species of animals are marked by nature with certain permanent peculiarities, there cannot be found such an animal as a camel in Egypt or in the surrounding deserts. Unlike the Bactrian, there is no animal of this kind to be seen with two humps; you never see or hear of but one. Consequently all these animals are of the dromedary species. The name camel is universally applied to the animal with one hump in this country, and it is difficult to draw any distinction between it and the dromedary, also with one, the latter being only considered a peculiar breed. There is scarcely an Arab over these broad deserts who has ever heard of the Bactrian camel. The name *gammeel* (camel) is that by which he designates the most common beast of burden he has—slow and patient, of great size and strength, used in cities and on deserts for heavy loads, capable of great endurance, of living upon the coarse food found upon the deserts, and of going a long time without water. The one of graceful and delicate form, rapid in its motion, smaller and of easier gait, is called by the Arab *hadjin*, and by us dromedary. There are others seen among the Bedouins, stouter and shorter, with more and longer hair of a pale red. We have often seen one of these on the trackless wastes, where there is no living thing, patiently moving with the rich treasures of the East hooked on his back and his master treading by his side in perfect confidence. Were it not that nature had fitted him to endure the heat and sand, without food and water, it would be impossible to cross these immense wastes which separate the human family. Besides such valuable qualities, they are also uncommonly intelligent animals, and are said to be sensitive to injustice, and for the purpose of avenging a

wrong will wait a year, as General Twiggs used to say of the mule, to get a good kick at you.

No one but the Arab will eat camel's flesh, but he considers it a dainty. Camel's milk is his food, and out of the hair he makes his tents, carpets, and clothing.

Having travelled over Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and parts of Arabia and Abyssinia, I will say something about the horse and ass of these Eastern countries. The pure-blooded Arabian is still found in great numbers elsewhere in the East, but Egypt has lost him. The greater cultivation of the land, the destruction of the Mamelukes, those savage freebooters who laid waste the land and who boasted in their horses the blood of those of the Prophet, and the fatal diseases which of late have swept away thousands, have confined the few that are left to the stables of the Khedive and of his family, and a very few rich Pachas, or have driven them into the desert. These hot countries seem to produce a beautiful, nervous horse, with clean limbs, small head and ears, wide nostrils, intelligent and bright eyes, silky mane and tail, great bottom and vigor. Though the stallion alone is used, he is so gentle that he never kicks or bites. Some think he takes his habits from the people around him, who being under a "strong government" are very amiable. If the horse is so elegant an animal in these heated, sterile wastes, his companion, the ass, also thrives. Found wild in Nubia, he attains great beauty and spirit there, and only degenerates as he advances into colder northern climates. If the Arabian horse is not injured when transplanted, it is because he is caressed, and more attention is given in the modification of the breed by a care which is neglected in the others. By the lavishing of minute attention upon the one, he becomes acclimated in all his beauty, while the other, patient and gentle, becomes by ill-treatment an ungainly drudge. Equal care of him and attention to his breeding would make him the splendid animal so much admired in the

East. The ass often attains nearly the height of the horse, and frequently sells at a higher price. Travellers in Egypt are always struck by the animal's well-set head, bright eyes, form, and speed. Like the camel, he will go a long time without water and live upon the commonest food. Capable of greater endurance than the horse, asses are more used for long journeys over the deserts, and are often seen with camels passing over these vast solitudes. The saddle used on them has a protuberance in front which gives the rider an even and agreeable seat. Followed by an Arab boy who keeps the beast at a brisk trot with a sharp stick, the tourist prefers him to any other means of locomotion for sight-seeing in Cairo. When the Empress Eugénie was here she honored one, and the amiable simplicity of the Emperor of Brazil induced him from choice and convenience to make frequent use of this easy-gaited little animal. Even at this day, when carriages are so common, you see bright-eyed women folded in a black silk covering like a piece of goods, riding *en amazone* upon superbly caparisoned asses of high value, preceded by a eunuch mounted on a beautiful-limbed Arabian, glittering in the richest gold and silver embroidered trappings.

But to our journey. Since leaving camp, though on a plain nearly the whole day, there had been a gradual ascent toward a sand mountain in our front, the greater chain looming up in the south-west. After a short ride we camped on the edge of the mountain at the first water we had met. On leaving Tor we were promised a rapid transit over barren wastes, and the time mentioned in which we were to do it was two days. Our Bedouin made it four. "The poor Bedouin and the poor camels" is the eternal plea with all travellers. We heard it throughout our trip, but had to submit. Next day, while mounted on one of those amiable homars (donkeys) which have just been discussed, an accident occurred. I changed the camel for the ass, because of the precipitous ascent before us, my long-

eared steed being a powerful animal and pretty sure of his footing. Losing it, however, on this occasion, he took a five-foot tumble and dragged down not only the rider, but four Bedouins, who on these dangerous roads rush to the rescue as quick as lightning. On getting from under my animal, I took it for granted I was hurt, being the heaviest in the party, and was surprised at not having even a scratch, while all the others, including the homar, were injured. After that I mounted my dromedary. This is accomplished as follows: A Bedouin by divers jerks first succeeds in coaxing or forcing the animal down on his knees, with a snap like that of a double-bladed jack-knife. While one holds his head away to keep him from biting, another ties his forelegs together, and then to secure them stands upon them, inviting you to mount and fix yourself in the execrable saddle. In the mean time the dromedary is uttering the most agonizing cries of distress. Suddenly the Bedouin loosens the strap and bounds from the animal's legs; another terrible grunt and you discover that you are on the top of this living machine, waiting patiently further developments, with your hands grasping the horns in front and rear. The animal raises his fore quarters with a bound, and this sticks the front horn into your stomach, while you are pressing upon it to keep in a horizontal position; that done, up go the hind quarters with another jerk, and this time the rear horn sticks you in the back. You are only too glad to get the rear punch in token of the completed business. While the animal was opening his hinges I was thoroughly impressed with the dizzy height of several hundred feet. It is best not to strike these beasts too much, for if beaten they are certain to stand still and deliberately turn their long necks and try to bite a piece out of your legs. It then becomes necessary to stick to them in order to avoid their fury, until by gently patting they are made to move on amicably again. Their walk is rough, but they trot with comparative ease, carrying the

head up and tail straight in the air and looking very gay as they rapidly move along. With your sack of water and leather thong they can without much inconvenience travel from 50 to 80 miles a day. But in making this swift passage through the heated air reflected from the burning sands you are literally roasted, and this rubbing and twisting your loins and galling your hands in the effort to hold on makes dromedary-riding a painful operation to those not accustomed to it.

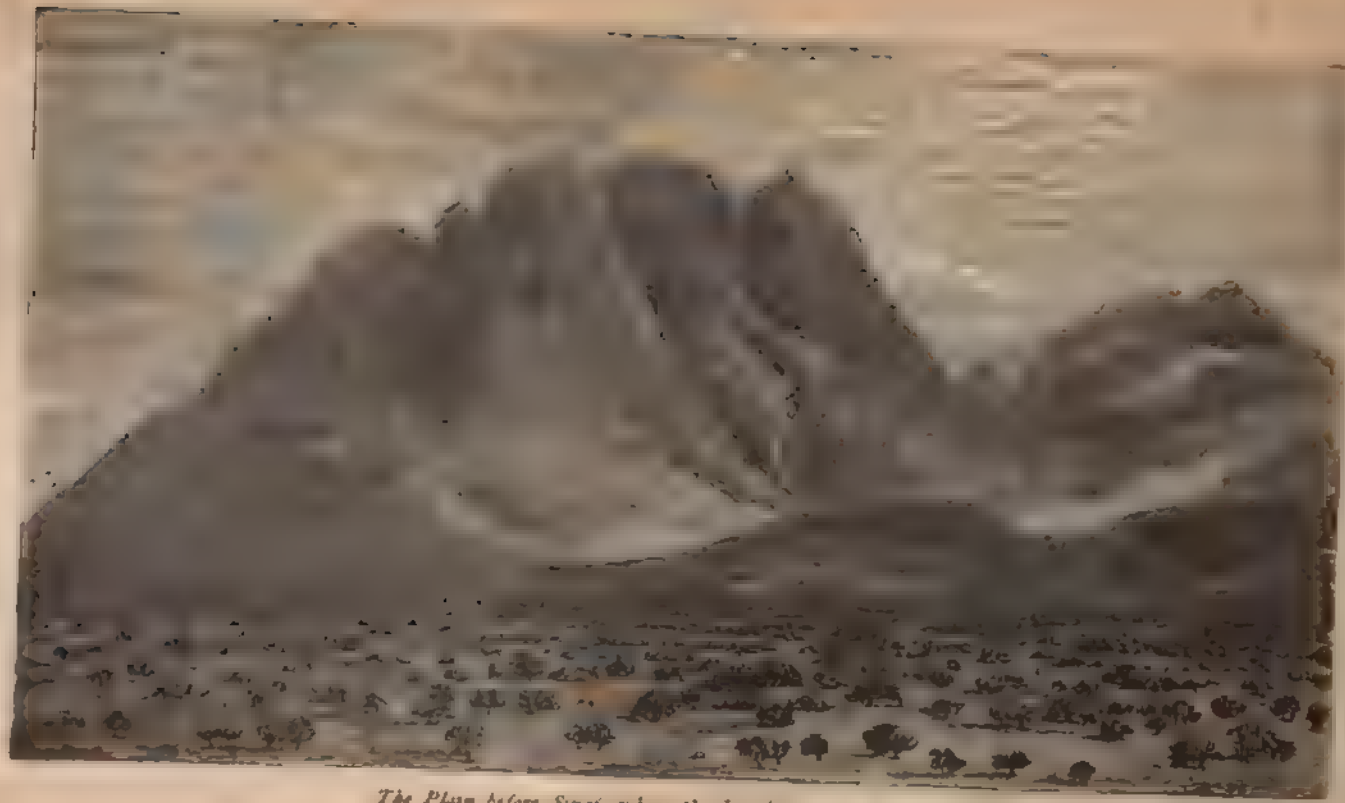
CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN.

Arrival at the Greek convent of St. Catharine—The ensemble of the scene—A sketch of one of the oldest monasteries in the world—Founded by the Emperor Justinian—Successive endowments by monarchs through intervening times—The camp by the convent wall—A thunderstorm at Sinai—Adventure with a jolly friar—Description of the convent buildings—The treasures of the chapel and shrine—Chapel of the Burning Bush—The charnel-house—The ascent of Mt. Sinai—What the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina—Legends of the mountain—View from the mountain-top—The ancient manna—The valley of Feiran—The rival of Gebel Musa—Extreme healthfulness of the Sinaitic Peninsula—Ancient mines—Bas-reliefs and hieroglyphics—Arrival again at Suez.

ANOTHER two days' travel, and we climbed a sandstone mountain road through a desolate waste, destitute of vegetation on every side. The crumbling mountains had clean-cut peaks, like the buttes on the North American plains. Over this void to the convent we saw neither bird, reptile, nor any living thing, until, near Mount Sinai, a little bird with white head and tail and black body flew across our path, when our imaginings taken from the surroundings were startled as though by an apparition. Our last day's ride before reaching the Greek convent at the base of Gebel Musa took us over the Pass of the Winds, which route it is supposed a part of the chosen people took, while the greater number chose a long and better road around. This road is difficult, rocky, and dangerous; and when thrown, as is often the case, upon the neck of your painstaking animal carefully picking his way along the narrow paths over precipices, you fear looking down, it being at best difficult to

keep an equilibrium. It was on this day that we cam
sight of the lofty peak of Gebel Musa (Mount Moses),
and around which tradition fixes the places where the
mentous events so graphically described in the Bible t
place. Nothing could be more exciting than our first
view of the mountain and of the celebrated Greek con
of St. Catharine, which is nestled among these wild
desolate rocks immediately at the base of Mount Sinai.
can never forget how the mountain's clear outline b
upon us, towering above all others, glistening in the m
ing sun, and surrounded on all sides by the uttermost
ceivable desolation. Everything impressed the mind
a great past. The mountain and valley have their wont
ful story to tell. Upon the summit, according to bibl
tradition, Moses tarried under divine inspiration. H
the Law was given direct from Jehovah, while the va
beneath was filled with the chosen people, awed by the
that went forth in the thunders of heaven. On this sce
so awfully consecrated, unimaginable desolation reign
As we neared the convent the eye was relieved by the si
of green trees—the lofty cypress and, strange to say,
orange-tree with its golden fruit, and the pomegranate—
the long garden of the convent, stretching out toward u
if to welcome us to its shade. This garden, filled w
plants, vegetables, and flowers, is tended with great c
by the monks who inhabit the old convent—time-hono
recluses, whose history dates back to a very early Christ
epoch, and who are only moved from their lethargy whe
party like ours journeys so far, to visit the venerated sc
close by. Soon the time-worn outer walls came in sig
These surround and hide the inner buildings. All we co
see were the watch-towers upon the heights. Huge w
they are, mostly built to guard against the torrents in w
ter, which sometimes sweep down in immense volu
carrying portions of both the building and the mount
with them. They were also intended to guard against



The Plain before Sinai, where the Israelites were Encamped.

incursions of enemies, and were erected by the Emperor Justinian nearly a thousand years ago. In the changes of centuries armed hordes have sometimes directed their fury against the venerable pile. Then the outer gate closes, and a chance visitor would have to be hauled up a great many feet through an inclosed way. Upon the occasion of our visit its portals were thrown open to us with a hearty welcome. We witnessed here that which is of daily occurrence—the feeding of large numbers of Bedouins, Mussulmans who are only too glad to accept Christian hospitality to keep them from starving. It is a traditional policy of the monks to keep on friendly terms with the Ishmaelites. Their uninterrupted charity makes these their fast friends, and as the convent is richly endowed it never fails to perpetuate this happy fraternization.

We soon pitched our tent in the beautiful garden of the holy place, and were visited by Monsieur Gregorio, the principal, a good-looking, reserved, and dignified monk, to whom we had letters from his patriarch at Cairo. As usual their hospitality was bountiful, payment therefor being left to our discretion on leaving. Though pressed to enter the convent, we camped out. Though the climate at this season is often dry, on this occasion it looked threatening. One ought always to be prepared here for a storm in winter, as it comes, sometimes as early as the time of our arrival, with great violence. About midnight the gathering of the black clouds made it as dark as Erebus, and soon the floodgates were opened, and such a terrific storm set in as is seldom witnessed in any other portion of the globe. It was the first rain since the previous winter, and pent-up nature, seeming angry with the eternal sun, visited its wrath amid the loudest peals of thunder. Crash followed crash, accompanied by vivid lightning, the thunder reverberating from mountain to mountain until one could imagine he saw Mount Sinai lit up just as it was upon the day when the Mosaic law is said to have been given to

man. If the thunder then was anything like what we heard, it must have made the chosen people quake. This splendid scene was agreeable beyond expression, and fixed forever in our minds Mount Sinai and its surroundings. At the same time the roar of the torrent on either side of us was distinctly heard as it rushed past carrying earth and rock with it. In the midst of the deluge we saw by the flashes of lightning a hooded monk in the dim distance, groping his way on the side of the dangerous mountain, at the risk of being swept away by the increasing waters, holding in his hand a lantern to guide him. He soon came to us with the warning of impending danger. Just then another peal crashed, which made the earth tremble and caused our jolly monk to take a seat inside our tent with a sudden jerk, as if the tumult had scared him a little. We proposed to talk over the subject, but he thought it dangerous to play with forked lightning. He soon consented to be warmed with a little creature comfort, for considering the storm I suggested to him that it was no harm even for a monk to indulge in a little brandy, as St. Paul says, for the stomach's sake. The reverend brother wisely thought so too, and he and I discussed his mission and kept the chilly blast off at the same time. It was long after midnight, and he begged us to enter the convent, fearing the rapidly increasing waters might sweep us away. But as we regaled ourselves and enjoyed a pleasant talk, the holy man forgot the waters and the tempest, and as we smoked and talked of the pleasures of life, our friar proved himself a good fellow, a jolly boon companion of an old-time anchorite, such as Scott introduces to us in his novels. Having a large Oriental tent protecting us from the elements, we promised, if daylight found us alive, to enter the sacred portals and remain during our stay.

The massive walls bear the scars of centuries. Built close to the holy mountain, the convent has an abundant supply of water, an element specially important in the desert.

Within its sacred inclosure is the place where stood the burning bush, still sacred in the eyes of the faithful. Here the Empress Helena built a chapel to commemorate the holiness of the place. The broad entrance soon gives place to low portals and narrow passages, on entering which you seem to be winding up into some old baronial castle or threading your way into the ancient Egyptian Labyrinth. Then you commence mounting venerable and curiously wrought stairs and enter inclosed ways in your tortuous windings, the architecture of different centuries revealing itself during your progress. The medley of buildings, without form or apparent plan, hangs like the nests of birds on the side of a craggy mountain. As you advance you meet monks of all grades and ages, apparently intent, in their hurried walk, upon something important, and yet you cannot imagine what, except that you know that the larger portion of their time is taken up in the solemn duty of prayer and worship. During our stay this was the only occupation of the monks, and the feeling impressed me with great force that these isolated beings, who voluntarily separate themselves from the human family and live in this worse than howling desert, have indeed made a miserable waste of life if they never get to heaven. You hear their pitiful plaints all night, and are often awakened toward morning, when sleep is sweetest, by the ringing of bells and the horrible screeching of their song and prayer continuing from their midnight vigils. We have already referred to the assaults of man upon this ancient convent, and while climbing to its outer wall there were to be seen near the top and running at intervals around the immense structure, numerous little embrasures into which were poked small iron cannon about three feet long, sitting majestically and appearing very fierce upon their diminutive carriages. More dangerous to those inside than any one beyond, it is doubtful whether a monk could be found bold enough to level one of these frail pieces. They are as ancient as the hills, not even

modern enough for their patterns to be found in the museums for the curious. The conclusion is that this effort of the monks to make war, being harmless, is only another pious fraud, to play upon the credulity of the Bedouins, who no doubt are impressed with the destructiveness of these terrible engines of death, high up in the air, sticking out of the sides of the massive walls.

Now we are on the top of the convent, church, and fortification, and on each side, being in a gorge, we can almost touch the mountains, one of them being Mount Sinai, called by the Arabs Gebel Musa, whose peak is 7379 feet above the level of the sea. From the top you look down into this fabric of a thousand years and see the Greek monks, who under the magic power of religion have regularly succeeded each other in all these many years, immured here even in this enlightened time. It is not to be wondered at that, many centuries back, in a more superstitious age, there should have been great numbers of these recluses who filled the convent's numerous cells, and that thousands of hermits were persuaded that they had solved the problem of getting to heaven simply by occupying every glen, dell, craggy hill, and valley in this neighborhood; also that there should have been many incidents and stories of these departed saints handed down for the edification of holy men of the present day. On the summit of this house of ages we were introduced into a neatly fitted-up chamber and salon especially set aside for guests. Wine and coffee with an agreeable collation were placed before us, and the further proffer of hospitality. Next day, the storm continuing, was devoted to exploration of the convent. Entering the church, which is located in its centre, we found the first view of its interior handsome and imposing. Walking upon an extremely rich mosaic floor, in fine preservation and not very old, on either side of its aisle you are attracted by numerous columns, very ancient, with singular caps and cornices. The walls are ornamented with

pictures of celebrated Greek saints. These were decorated and preserved with religious care according to their ecclesiastical style. Approaching the altar, you are pleased with a beautiful mosaic of the Saviour in transfiguration surrounded by Moses, Elias, Peter, John, and James. Behind the altar on either side are burnished silver and gold coffined effigies of St. Catharine, the patron saint of the convent, who died a martyr to her faith at Alexandria early in the Christian era, and whose skull and hand the monks tell you were transplanted hither by a miracle, and are religiously preserved upon their altar. On these gorgeous silver coffins lie the splendidly jewelled effigies of St. Catharine, half raised and attached as far as the waist, after the manner of the Greek Church. Imagine an exquisitely beautiful woman, about half her person in relief and painted to simulate life, with the roseate hue of flesh and blood, and all the color the artist can give her, adorned with diamonds, emeralds, and other precious stones, a rich diadem over her superb forehead, and a necklace of diamonds around her well-turned neck! Nothing can exceed the beauty of her bust and waist, the one adorned with a precious emerald of great size, and the other with a ceinture of large brilliants. Her rich dress glitters with gems, her hands are folded as though in life, and upon one of her fingers shines a gorgeous diamond. The *tout ensemble* dazzles you with its magnificence. Time and place considered, I think I never saw anything more beautiful than these costly and extraordinary pictures adorned with their rare jewels. Both these *simulacra* were royal gifts—one from the Empress Catharine, the other from Alexander, late Emperor of all the Russias. They are kept covered with a golden cloth except when pilgrims like ourselves are entertained. Then, with pious care and great solemnity, they are unveiled for you to admire, under the flash of many brilliant lights. After looking at them we turned and gazed at the monks who were with us, who, with glassy

eyes and shaggy beard and hair, had a wild and furtive look.

One of the interesting sights of this convent is the charnel-house, where repose the bones of departed monks, which stands outside and apart from the monastery. This repository the stranger is allowed to see if he has the desire. Back of this interesting sanctuary you pass through a portal into another, where, like Moses, the visitors are requested to take off their shoes, for like him they are about to tread upon holy ground. Soon they step upon a rich Persian carpet and into the Chapel of the Burning Bush, the precise spot being pointed out where this momentous historical object once stood. It is now covered with burnished silver and gold, and lighted from richly embossed gold and silver lamps, which give, after all, a very poor representation of that effulgence of which the inspired pen of Moses has written.

Passing from these interesting scenes we behold the pictures of the Emperor Justinian and his wife, the Empress Theodosia, the emperor having been the original builder and benefactor of the convent. Near the church, inside the convent, and preserved with particular care, is a small Mussulman mosque. To our wondering question how it came there, where a strange God was worshipped, the smiling answer was given that in the olden time they permitted Moslems to pray to Mahomet within their sacred convent, to show their tolerance for other religions. But the general impression in seeing this curious relic of the past is that if its true history were known it would be that this tolerance of the Christian for the Mahometan was inspired more by policy tinged with wholesome fear than by the mild virtue of charity. In their library are some old manuscripts dating as far back as the fourth century, though not many of value. The best are kept in secret with their valuables. There is, however, a copy of the Codex Sinaiticus here, said to be a manuscript of the Bible of great

value, which had remained hidden among the musty rolls of the convent for ages until the famous scholar Tischendorf unearthed and published it to the civilized world. Calling upon the amiable Superior, we found him far down in the lower regions, luxuriously ensconced in a richly furnished saloon, where it would be difficult for a ray of the sun to penetrate, and a man without a guide would find it difficult to ferret him out. After the Eastern custom, his apartment was surrounded by richly covered divans, and a soft Persian carpet covered his floor. There were many articles of virtu and elegance arranged about him, indicating a man of taste and culture. Seating us pleasantly on the divan after mutual salaams, wine and Mocha coffee were served, followed by jewelled pipes, and soon he brought for our inspection the noted illuminated copy of the New Testament which has a world-wide reputation. Written by a monk on vellum before the art of printing was known, it is ornamented on many pages with pen-pictures of the Saviour and the apostles beautifully executed. Then follows the Testament, written in gold, the cover embossed in silver with scriptural characters. Our pleasure at seeing this relic had scarcely given way before the refined Superior turned over the pages of a book equally remarkable—the Book of Psalms, written by a woman, who, the monk told us, was St. Theela, one of their feminine Greek saints. This pretty evidence of pious labor is the entire Book of Psalms compressed into six pages of writing about four and a half inches long and three wide, exquisitely fine and in perfect regularity, which can only be read with a microscope. The convent garden is luxuriant with foliage—a charming picture of life in contrast with that just seen—an oasis in the midst of utter desolation. The weather being fine, though piercingly cold, I began the ascent of Mount Sinai, filled with the purpose of following the steps of the renowned lawgiver; but before climbing many thousand feet truth compels me to say that I was convinced

that to a patriarch of eighty years of age the ascent to the top was no trifling undertaking, particularly if he attempted the 7000 feet on a short day. The ascent begins in a glen twenty yards in the rear of the convent, and looking up at it the mountain-side has the appearance of being perpendicular. For ages the monks have been making rocky stairs after a fashion all the way up, but the steps are so high that it requires a tall man to mount them without great effort. Time and floods too have made sad changes in these so-called stairways. I venture to say that any pilgrim with my weight to carry calls very often in vain for Moses to help him on the weary way. Before completing the ascent I had struck a bargain and made a fast friend of the good-natured and jolly monk who guided me. As he and I, unknown to the rest of the human family, at each of the holy places where there were gushing springs, took a drink of the limpid waters, it will not do to say that they were mixed with anything else, for the monk's sake; but truth compels the confession that I had a good-sized flask of old *eau de vie* with which to renew flagging strength, but not to tempt the pious man, since any indulgence might, if found out, bring him under discipline. But he was a giant of a man, and often do I recollect with pleasure that after refreshing ourselves at these fountains he renewed his herculean efforts in a way which inspired immense respect. I can say in confidence that we never failed at these many places to renew our friendly relations, and to hope that all those sainted pilgrims who had gone before us were in unalloyed bliss, the memories of many of whom were embalmed in the sympathizing hearts of the occupants of St. Catharine's Convent.

After toiling for some time and coming to the first spring with only breath enough to call a halt, I repeated the old joke between the Governors of North Carolina and South Carolina. This seemed to strike his fancy, and his reply was that such evidence of wisdom greatly elevated Ameri-

can statesmen in his esteem. This spring was the fountain of Moses, and tradition says the great sage watered here the flocks of Jethro, his father-in-law. The monk being orthodox we ignored Moses, and sitting on a rock together, close by the gushing stream, as it came out from under a huge boulder surrounded by beautiful maiden-hair fern, it was proposed that we should drink, in silence, of the pure water to the memory of Jethro, the statesman of the desert. In the course of this interesting episode, having incidentally mentioned another famous personage who dwelt here, known in the annals below as St. Stephen the cobbler, whose skeleton was preserved in their charnel-house arrayed in gorgeous vestments, and being pleased with the opportunity of continuing the rest, I soon learned that the saint was accustomed to patch up weary sinners on their way, which gave him the familiar name mentioned. As the monk did not consider it sacrilegious, we agreed to mention this saint of the calendar, St. Stephen the cobbler, in our next libation, and we drank accordingly. The good-natured guide, under the influence of the exhilarating air of the mountains, went forward with great elasticity, so that in a short time we had ascended several thousand feet and seated ourselves in a pretty little chapel among the rocks, this time erected to a holy female saint. The monk informed me that she passed their convent one bright, beautiful day, and finding the lazy monks terribly worried by those industrious little insects commonly called fleas, she charitably took mercy upon them and miraculously banished the pests forever from their convent. I complained that passing travellers were so stirred up by these little creatures that they thought it necessary to renew the miracle again. That, he said, was a slander upon the pious sanctity of St. Catharine's Convent; but they had great numbers of bed-bugs, and it was these biters that reminded them of the others. Hoping that a miracle might lessen this grievance, we left this hallowed place and our seat by the spring, and

under the agreeable inspiration climbed to an archway in the mountain where our old acquaintance St. Stephen of several thousand feet below used to sit in the olden time and for a trifle shrive the numerous pilgrims. This favorite saint coming to our aid, we soon glided up the rocks ahead and came to a small plain where stood a solitary cypress-tree, the melancholy relic of a fine garden. At this spot was another chapel, where we made a cup of coffee, which helped to keep off the chill of the fierce blast. The monk said it was here that Elijah and Elias came, and to prove the truth of the tradition quoted 1 Kings 19 : 8, 9.

This is a small plateau which answers the description of the place where Moses left Joshua and the elders of Israel when he made his final ascent to the top of the mount, and where he expected them to remain until his return. While here they beheld that wonderful sight, "the God of Israel, and under his feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in its clearness." In the valley of Rahah, which is at the base of the mountain, it was impossible for the multitude to see anything except the "devouring fire," but from this plateau, immediately under the peak, Joshua and the elders had a better view of the magnificent vision, and the fire girding around the mount. The peak of Gebel Musa was so surrounded by other peaks that Moses could not see the multitude in the valley of Rahah, nor the golden calf, nor the dancing there, but only heard the shouting of the people. Though the multitude might have seen the peaks before, after they saw the brilliant fire and glory extending into the heavens from it, it became so enveloped as "it burned with fire in the midst of heaven with darkness, clouds, and thick darkness," that it was impossible to see it.

Somewhat refreshed, though terribly cold, our limbs stiffened and worn with fatigue, I began to despair of ever gaining the height. Commencing again, we came to the footprint of Mahomet's camel. It was distinctly and hand-

somely engraved in the solid granite rock, not far from the spot where Elijah turned back as unworthy to tread the holy ground above. Finally, with the aid of my companion, I succeeded in reaching the summit, and taking the traditional seat of Moses, the monk quoted the Scripture of the occurrences which happened here. While seated on this summit of Mount Sinai (Gebel Musa, the highest peak) we took within the scope of our vision the whole range of rugged mountains, of which immediately under us was Mount Sufsâfeh, believed to be the Mount of the Law. All these mountains lie in a circle of two or three miles, and form part of the same mountain upon which we now stood.

On the north, east, and west are valleys which separate them from the surrounding mountains. On the south these peaks are separated from the lofty peak of Gebel Catharine by another valley. Sloping toward its northern peak is the plain El Rahah, two miles long and one mile broad, gradually rising up the mountain-side, which surrounds it. The plain and mountain-side are capable of holding easily a larger number of people than any figure yet given of the chosen people. Those who have studied the mountains of the peninsula, both from survey and observation, think this one, beyond any doubt, fills the requirements, as it is easy of approach, prominent, and rises abrupt from the plain, so that one can stand under it and touch it. The view from this summit takes in great numbers of peaks and craggy heights, and the scene is unrivalled in beauty and sublimity. The visitor turns from this view with an agreeable recollection, to hear the good man say that where we stand was Mount Horeb, so beautifully depicted by Moses as the place where he stood "when the glory of the Lord passed by" (Ex. 33 : 22); and near where we stood the monk knowingly pointed to the impression of the head of Moses in the solid granite rock when this great event occurred.

Before descending we must not forget to say that on this height are a small chapel and a small mosque, the Mussulman being a believer in the Old Testament, though he makes but little noise over it, confining his pious regards to the Koran, which gives him such a comfortable paradise to contemplate, and makes it easy to arrive at. He never, for the sake of religion, cares to travel far into out-of-the-way places. When the time for prayer comes he prostrates himself, directs his eyes toward Mecca, calls the name of Allah, and proclaims Mahomet his prophet. Even here he tries not to waste his prayers without being seen of men, and rather condemns worshipping in secret.

Having visited all the holy places requiring our stay in the convent, we parted with the hospitable monks, the Superior giving us some of his preserved dates gathered in these mountains, and some of the honeyed manna upon which the Israelites fed, gathered near here from what is known as the shrub *tarfa*, called by travellers the tamarisk-tree. Having collected what few green things are to be found in the mountains and in the valleys, with specimens of rock—these, with the manna and dates, were all that we were able to take away with us. Sending our camels and our servants on the return road through the valley of the Wady El Sheikh, we mounted our dromedaries, and leaving our hospitable friends to their solitude, turned in the opposite direction, toward the Ras Sufsâfeh, on the path skirting the valley El Rahah, in which the Israelites heard the law. An hour's sweeping trot and another of toilsome climbing brought us to several huge granite boulders near the head of a small valley. They looked as though they had been detached from Mount Sinai several thousand years ago and had lain in this gorge for that time partly buried in the earth. One of these immense boulders was pointed out as the veritable rock from which Moses brought the living water. We were all parched with thirst at the time, and regretted to find that at this rock there was not a

drop of water wherewith to slake it. If this was the rock, which I doubt, here, too, another miracle is necessary. We heard of another reputed site of the miracle in the Fieran Valley, which we determined to visit on passing through. On our way back we encountered our friar of Gebel Musa, who crossed our path like a bright vision. I was pleased to renew a pleasant recollection of the past. He led us to another great granite rock, immediately at the base of Ras Sufsâfeh, and our mentor with great glee pointed to it as the renowned rock of the idol. It was more than twenty feet in circumference, and had a huge hole in its centre, running to a great depth. Into this hole, he naively told us, all the gold, silver, and jewels of the people were poured to make the golden calf. Seated on my dromedary near this rock in the valley of El Rahah, the monk with an air of simplicity turned toward me and said, "Do you see that hill? It is there that Aaron sat and watched the dancing around the golden calf." This valley, as I have already said, comes nearer filling all the requisites than any other on the peninsula. It was interesting to believe that near where we stood Moses came after descending the mount and beheld the naked multitude dancing around the golden calf, and that here he dashed into pieces the stone tablets upon which the law had been written. Hidden from him until then, he was ignorant of what had happened (Ex. 32 : 19). The traditions of this rock and the valley were related in the same spirit of earnestness as those of the mountain. In visiting holy places I always carry a kindly spirit. I have thought it the part of wisdom to leave all questions for the antiquarians to dispute over; and on this particular occasion I am willing to think that it was here, or near here, that the stupendous events happened, that Moses and Elijah were on this mountain, and that it is not improbable that St. Paul visited it in his travels to Arabia, in the account of which he makes plain mention of Mount Sinai (Gal. 1 : 17).

It is an agreeable reflection to the pilgrim that he has traversed the path over which thousands have for ages been ascending; that he has been where the grandest figure of that early day stood—the mighty lawgiver who proclaimed under divine inspiration those statutes which for more than three thousand years have been the foundation of all other laws, that he has climbed Mount Horeb by the same path as that followed by Elijah, whose brilliant genius stands so marked among the prophets of the Old Testament.

Having closed our visit to all the remarkable places at and around Mount Sinai, and feeling fully repaid for the fatigue and exposure, we turned our faces again toward the Red Sea. Rapidly passing the magnificent approach to the convent called Nakb-el-Hâwi (the Pass of the Winds), the near way that Moses and his staff took, we entered the valley through which the multitude came, the best and longer route. I have already spoken of our first beautiful view of St. Catharine, the rosy summit of Mount Sinai, and the stately cliff of Ras Safsâfeh, which overlooked other points below. Leaving all these in the rear, we too commenced our return on the road of the people.

The rain had not dried, and our dromedaries slipped badly, for no animals are on wet ground so uncertain and dangerous. Some of them fell, and the height being great, there was always danger of breaking bones. Luckily nobody was hurt. The next day, entering the valley of the Feiran, we found for the first time the manna-yielding shrub tarfa, and a village of the Bedouins with some date-trees and sheep. There are great numbers of these tamarisk-trees in the valley, and the manna exudes during two months in the autumn, being quite an important article of commerce. It is called in the Hebrew and Arabic, *min* (what): "They wist not *what* it was." This valley is called the Paradise of the Bedouin, because from its extreme fertility it will grow the date and tamarisk in spite of all the efforts of the wild man of the desert, who for thou-

sands of years has been allied with nature in destroying this whole peninsular region—in fact, every part of Asia and Africa where he has a foothold. There is no question that there are in Asia vast stretches of country, many valleys, hills, and mountain-sides, which only require the industry of man aided by a little science to make use of water, the one necessary thing—which is found in springs, rivulets, and supplied by the rains—in order to make fertile again these desolate wastes with the terrace gardens and cultivated valleys of the olden time. That these arid valleys once supported a dense population, rich in flocks and herds, is a fact engraved on the monuments of ancient Egypt, and with more certainty stated in the Bible. Not far from the Bedouin village in the valley of Feiran we came to the rock to which Arab tradition points as the Rock of Moses. Here is a spring. The valley of Feiran is thought to be Rephidim, the land of the Amalekites (Ex. 19 : 2), this being the natural approach from the sea after the three days' march of Moses, and the first region supplying an abundance of water. It was here that Moses struck the first blow at his enemy which gave him final possession of the peninsula. This valley is not far from the base of Mount Serbal, two valleys coming into it from that mountain. This prominent granite peak was for many centuries the rival of Gebel Musa, in its claim to be the true Mount Sinai, and its sides were lined with convents, the abodes of hermits, who, it is said, were in such great numbers in front of their cells that they looked like rabbits in front of their holes. Careful investigations, however, settled the point in favor of Gebel Musa. At Mount Sinai there is abundance of water, there being no less than four rivulets near it capable of fertilizing an extensive plain, and enough to irrigate lands for grazing purposes. The almost entire absence of this element from Mount Serbal and the contracted valleys contiguous to it has established the weight of authority against it. These are among the important

reasons which have induced learned observers to give up Mount Serbal and its immense nest of mountains as the real Mount Sinai, though the fertile valley of the Feiran is near by. The peaks of Mount Serbal in their wild grandeur are so sharply defined, without soil or vegetation, that few persons are able to climb to their tops as they stand, glittering in the clear sky of to-day. The mountain is majestically grand, and in striking contrast with the soft and gentle scenery of waving palms, shady acacias and tamarisks which skirt the beautiful rill where we are now seated, the waters of which, sparkling and limpid, flow with a musical ripple at our feet. The Bedouins who live here are in conversation with us while man and camel are slaking their thirst after a long and desolate ride over the desert. How welcome the gushing water of even a small rivulet is, only those know who have just travelled over a weary waste for many hours without it! To-day we commence taking leave of the network of granite mountains, their rocky glens and desolate valleys, with few open spaces to let us out. The scenery as we ride along is enhanced in beauty by the light and clear atmosphere, and the party-colored rocks reflected in the noonday sun are very beautiful. The climate is dry and healthy. Man lives here without disease to extreme old age. But there is not much game—only a few gazelles, hares, leopards, ibexes, porcupines, and quails. Soon after leaving this valley the next attraction is the ancient inscriptions on the eternal rock, so long an enigma. Exhaustive researches of late have proved that they are not Hebrew writing, as was at first thought, confirmatory of the passage through here of the chosen people. They are an old form of Arabic, with many of the letters obsolete, supposed to be of an antiquity prior to the time of Moses. The pilgrims gaze upon them in their ignorance as one of the mysterious links connecting them with the great past. They look old enough to have been written by Job with his iron pen. Arriving in the sandstone re-

gion, we are warned of our approach to the Red Sea again. The transition is startling, the variegated tints of the stone and the magical purity of the air bringing out in great beauty streaks of white, red, blue, violet, and yellow in exquisite combination. We encamped near the noted turquoise mines, and toiled to a height of over 200 feet, to be entertained on reaching them, not so much in gathering the precious stones, an operation which requires considerable labor, as by the beautiful rainbow veins of sandstone in which they are found. It is here that Mariette Bey read the hieroglyphics which give the history of the working of these very mines by Cheops of the fourth dynasty, 4235 years B.C., and the Pharoah who constructed the great Pyramid of Ghizeh, near Cairo. There are bas-reliefs in these mines of Ouady Magharah picturing this great warrior as chastising the people called in that day On (Bedouins), who troubled the Eastern frontier of Lower Egypt. Buying a few specimens of turquoise as they came fresh from the mines, we gathered some of the rock of ages in which they were imbedded, to bring home with us. The next day the descent was abrupt. Sandstone and limestone were mixed in peculiar and fantastical forms, so that the imagination could picture any object in art or nature it pleased: a pretty cottage, massive fortifications, or many-steepled cathedrals could be conjured up. Discharging our Bedouins and camels, we started on our eighty-mile trip before daylight. A rain-storm, however, coming on, the boat returned to the same old Arab saint again. Some of our party, in despair of getting to Suez, and fearing our dwindling supplies would fall short, thought it advisable to go upon the desert to hunt up the Bedouins and their camels to take us through by land. I had no idea of sharing this folly, and advised either that we divide our supplies, pack them on our backs and foot it for three days—the time necessary to go through the desert, a weary way between us and the Wells of Moses—or else, which was better, to

stick to the boat and take our chances of a fair wind. I insisted that hunting Bedouins in the desert was a chase to which I could not consent to be a party. So I called for a division of the supplies. This settled the question, and our boat again sailed. It had not got fairly into the middle of the Red Sea, before there was a perfect calm, and as the boat made no movement it was determined to hail the first ship which came along. Three or four steamed past, out of hailing distance, but finally a huge Dutch ship came near enough to see and hear us. In the mean time the ries had placed his flag at half-mast, and all our guns and pistols were in requisition for firing minute-guns as though we were in distress; and though the whole party made all the noise they could, the old ship went pitching on under steam in the calm, without deigning to take the slightest notice, and not a living thing was to be seen from either deck. That night a fair wind struck us, and the next morning we took the train at Suez in time to catch that going to Cairo, arriving there in time for dinner the same night.

De Lesseps.

[redacted]

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

Historic anticipation of the Suez Canal—The considerations that deterred the ancient Pharaoh, Necho, and the modern Pharaoh, Mehemet—Lesseps's first conception of the canal—A project forty years in hatching—Said's enthusiastic acceptance of the scheme—Ismail comes into power saddled with Said's pledges and a heavy debt—The *corvée* or forced labor system and its abolition at the instance of England—Ismail accepts the retrocession of the sweet-water canal and its adjacent lands—Extraordinary claims for indemnity—Napoleon III. as arbitrator gives a judgment of 84,000,000 francs against the Viceroy—The magnificent fêtes on the completion of the canal—England as a factor in the present status of the Suez Canal.

THE connection of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea has interested the world in all ages. As early as the time of the great Pharaohs of the nineteenth dynasty a canal connected Lake Timsah and the Pelusium branch of the Nile, there being evidence of it engraved upon the walls of the great banquet-hall in the temple of Karnak at Thebes. About 650 years before the Christian era the Pharaoh Necho attempted the connection, and after expending vast sums and causing the death of many thousands of his people he abandoned it, giving as a reason that he had consulted the oracle, which sagely told him that if he pursued his progressive ideas too far the Phœnicians, those famous old mariners, would be precipitated upon him and swallow up his country as in a vast maelstrom. His counsellor added that Egypt with her dense population had originated her own prosperity, and was marvellously gifted for duration, having stood the shock of time for thousands of years, and it was best that he should turn his progressive

ideas in another direction. The result was that his surplus energy was expended in circumnavigating the continent of Africa.

These undertakings were followed by similar schemes of the Persians, Greeks, Romans, and Arabians, all being limited to the connection of the Nile with the basin of the Red Sea, to facilitate the traffic between Egypt and Arabia. In supplying the only requirements of the age in this simple manner they opened a navigable route between the seas. That which antiquity did not need—a short and direct communication — became a paramount necessity in the present century. At an early day, after all traces of former canals had disappeared, Mehemet Ali, an illiterate Greek Mahometan, then Viceroy of Egypt, was besought to expend the life and money of his people to construct a ship canal, one commensurate in magnitude with the enormous navigation and commerce of the world. Without knowing history, but possessed of strong sense, the modern Pharaoh adopted the sensible policy of the old one, and he too consulted the oracle, which informed him that it was best not to precipitate the barbarians upon him by any such act of folly, and he wisely resisted the speculators and Consuls-General. Time passed, and Sâïd Pacha, when a prince, came under the magic influence of De Lesseps and was beguiled into promising him the authority to connect the two seas through the Isthmus of Suez—a promise which was faithfully kept upon ascending the throne. M. de Lesseps has received great credit for his astute diplomacy in forcing the Egyptian to violate a sacred tradition of his family, and still more for carrying it through to a successful result in defiance of the powerful influence of England. De Lesseps, coming to Egypt in 1831 as an attaché of the consulate of France, studied the scheme, and satisfied of its practicability, he soon met with Linant Bey, a distinguished French engineer, then residing in Egypt. The latter, through many years of reconnoissance, was pre-

pared to demonstrate that the two seas were on the same level, and that there was no difficulty in cutting through the sands of the desert. This settled it in the mind of the young diplomat that he had a theme worthy of profound consideration. Laboring for nearly forty years, his enthusiastic advocacy won the support of Napoleon and his government, the sympathy of scientific men, and the promises of the capitalists of the world. It is not to be wondered at that, witnessing the fulfilment of his prodigious work, he should come to consider it as his individual property, and set himself up as a dictator, and to dispute with nations any interference with his vested rights. The monuments of Egypt declare the isthmus to have been always the highway to Asia, the larger area of which was lakes separated by strips of land, upon which were famous fortifications during the reigns of the Pharaohs of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties. Near where Port Said is now situated, at the mouth of the canal on a small island at the eastern end of Lake Menzaleh, is the track of the great road over which all the travel, traffic, and military expeditions entered Egypt in passing the narrow neck of land lying between the Serbonian Lake and the Mediterranean. It will be recollected that it is over this strip of land that Brugsch Bey thinks the Israelites made their successful journey when the hosts of Pharaoh were overwhelmed by the waters of the Mediterranean. The distance across the isthmus is one hundred miles, and the immense basins of the numerous lakes saved much labor in cutting, those known as the Bitter Lakes being 24 feet below the sea. With the exception of two heights, one of which, El Gisr, is 52 feet above the level of the sea and five miles wide, requiring an excavation of 18,767,000 cubic yards, and another hill of 40,000 cubic yards, there was no obstacle in the shape of great elevations. Some soft limestone, shells, and crocodile teeth were excavated, but the cutting was mostly through sand. As it is sunk to the depth of 26 feet,

the breadth of surface varies from 50 to 150 yards, and the width at the bottom 24 yards. There was a basin of 570 acres, a prodigious work, excavated 26 feet deep, for the harbor of Port Said. The estimate of M. de Lesseps was that the cost would be 200,000,000 francs; in this he was greatly mistaken. Failing in the estimate at the outset, he certainly was equal to the emergency in devising ways and means to raise not only the amount originally proposed, but the many millions besides that the canal required for its completion—in the aggregate over 450,000,000 francs. By this success he added to his reputation as a diplomat wonderful ability as a financier. When Said granted the concession the canal was to be excavated by an organized company, four fifths of the labor to be Egyptian. Egypt was not to contribute any money, but to receive fifteen per cent of the net profits. Subsequently there was a further concession of the right to cut a sweet-water canal from the Nile to Ismailia, and branches to Suez and Port Said, and the land bordering it becoming fertile by irrigation was to belong to the company. These concessions were for ninety-nine years, at the end of which time everything was to revert to Egypt upon paying the value. These concessions, like all other schemes for public improvements when yielded to foreigners, were made nominally subject to the approval of the Sultan. A project of such portent as the separation of Egypt from the Asiatic possessions of the Porte became a matter of more serious consideration, and therefore great effort was made to get the Imperial sanction. There was no question that in person and through his Grand Vizier the Sultan favored the scheme in principle. The support in Constantinople was of such a character as to warrant De Lesseps and European capital, always sensitive, in embarking in the scheme. The Viceroy, when once fully enlisted, became, like De Lesseps, enthusiastic, being thoroughly persuaded that Egypt would by force of circumstances hold the key of the world, affect the equilib-

rium of Europe, and thus play a grand rôle among the powers. The canal becoming as important as the Dardanelles, Egypt must necessarily become what she had been in the past, the leading power of the East. When De Lesseps presented his matured plans in 1854, they were at once accepted, and Said professed himself ready to give the labor and, if necessary, to advance money to carry it on. Fixing the shares at 400,000, at £20 sterling each, it was found difficult to dispose of them all so as to obtain the requisite amount of capital. Said was only too willing to subscribe for 177,662 shares of the company, particularly as he had only to give the bonds of Egypt in payment. These liberal negotiations, made in 1860, were of great importance, and the work begun in 1858 was pushed with great vigor, not only on the isthmus but on the sweet-water canal which connected it with the Nile. Said Pacha died in 1863, and left as a legacy to Ismail not only vast complications, but a debt of £8,000,000, most of it arising from this canal. This was a crisis in the interests of the canal, and the new Viceroy, a liberal and progressive prince like his predecessor, was anxious to be noted as one of the founders of so great a work, and he too became a willing instrument in furthering the plans of De Lesseps. The canal had progressed so far that machinery became necessary to continue excavations, besides there was the labor question to meet. This was easily disposed of, and the happy expedient of a grievance presented itself. The fellaheen, who hated the work, for it did not compensate them, were driven in hordes from their rural homes under the corvée (forced labor) system; change of diet and climate brought on disease, and thousands perished in the sands of the desert. England, always hostile, saw in this treatment of the fellah an outrage upon humanity, and protested to the Sultan, who really was in no way concerned, and cared little to put a stop to the practice; but other considerations, so often made influential in the East, probably had

their effect. An order came to Egypt against this forced labor system, and the dredges of the company went at once into successful operation. Ismail, appreciating the extraordinary grant already made to the company to cut the sweet-water canal, and Said's cession of over a hundred miles of desert land on each side of it, which must become fertile, in addition to the many rights which in his ignorance he had conferred, became at an early moment alive to the vast political and financial questions growing out of this immense tract of his country in the power of the foreigner. So he agreed to the retrocession of the sweet-water canal and the fertilized lands, promising to complete the canal and to leave many of the rights in the water and isolated spots of land to the company. These negotiations were no sooner arranged than indemnity claims and demands unexpected and unheard of connected with this and other concessions were brought to the consideration of Ismail. Startled at their dimensions and believing them unjust, he protested and refused to accede to them. There were several important matters pending before the Sultan at this time in which Ismail felt a deep interest: among other things he was desirous of the approval of a large loan; the title of Khedive, which he had set his heart upon; and the firman fixing in his own family the right of descent. These induced him to moderate his tone and listen to the appointment of his much-attached friend, Louis Napoleon, as an arbitrator. The business had not proceeded far before Ismail realized that a great calamity had befallen him. Upon the ground that he had deprived the company of the forced labor by order of the Sultan, that he had secured the retrocession of the canal and the land bordering it, and that a compensation was due for the work of the company upon a portion of the canal, his great friend Napoleon mulcted him in the round sum of 84,000,000 francs. Without going into circumstantial detail, such were the reasons assigned for this enormous extortion. A small portion of the claim

was probably just, but the rest was manufactured to meet immediate demands, and finally enabled De Lesseps to consummate the magnificent work of his life. But this is only one of the many evidences of the so-called humane policy meted out to Ismail by the enlightened nations of Europe. This is part of the sum of £16,000,000 which Mr. Cave in his report states was expended for the public improvement of the country, and for which Ismail had given the bonds of Egypt.

Notwithstanding the oppression to which Ismail, now Khedive of Egypt, was subjected by extraordinary exactions, that helped to lay the foundation of his ruin, he opened wide the door of Egypt and paid with a liberal hand for the inauguration of the Suez Canal, which took place on the 16th of November, 1869.

The Empress of the French, the Prince of Wales, and other dignitaries of the North paid court to Ismail on the occasion, and right royally did he diffuse his hospitality. The magnificent festivities, elsewhere referred to in this work, are authoritatively stated to have cost no less than £4,200,000, or $21,000,000.

The final success of the scheme so greatly anticipated has surpassed the most sanguine expectations, and England, which so strenuously opposed it, has become one of its chief owners. Owning more than three fourths of the enormous amount of shipping which navigates the canal, she finds it, vast as are its dimensions, unequal to her necessities. When she proposed another on the same isthmus, M. de Lesseps disputed her right to interfere with his franchise, but finally agreed to enlarge the present one on such a scale as to meet any contingency that may arise in the future.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CLIMATE OF EGYPT.

Prevalent winds—Influence of the configuration of the country on the climate—Desert oases the most salubrious parts of the country—Changes of temperature—Ranges of heat in winter and summer—Differences between Alexandria and Cairo—Dangers to the invalid in going up the Nile—Sudden changes at night and in the early morning—Foreign and native physicians in Egypt—Anecdote of Dr. Warren Bey.

In Egypt the north wind prevails as a rule from June to February, during the rest of the year the winds are southerly. The latter are of course land breezes, and, as in all countries, they are very unequal in force. The narrow strip of land which borders the Nile, hemmed in by mountains, breaks the force and changes the direction of these winds. They often rush with great violence through the passes of the hills, creating whirlwinds which raise in their course great columns of sand. They are called *meresi*, sometimes *khamseen*, and are very disagreeable at all seasons. These land breezes are also frequent in winter; and as the mornings are seldom without clouds, sometimes dense enough to hide the sun, they are keenly felt as they sweep down the valleys. The clouds fly rapidly, even when there is no perceptible wind, and as a rule disperse by ten o'clock with the rising sun. Clear during the rest of the day, at sunset the horizon is filled with vapors, which give place to a beautiful starry night, followed by clouds again at dawn. These peculiar changes of wind and cloud have much to do in forming the winter of Egypt. There is a destructive wind which blows with violence over the desert during summer, and particularly during the spring months of March and April, called the khamseen. It is terrible in

its visitation, filling the air with blasting heat and with volumes of impalpable dust from which there is no escape. It lasts from two to three days, during which time the sun is obscured, and gloom almost amounting to darkness comes over the country. The Nile, which gives existence to Egypt, materially influences its climate. Nature has so arranged that the vast deserts which border its rich land regulate it by the absorption of its vapors and of the heavy rains from the coast in the winter, before they reach the rich lands of the Delta. This is a wise provision, as the lands are dependent upon irrigation, and the rains are a calamity when they come out of season. The great basins of water created by the Suez Canal have thus far not increased the rains in the interior, though it is said they have affected the coast. Nor are the heavy fogs, so frequent in the autumn, any oftener condensed into rain. With all their immense absorption of humidity, the deserts still continue to have the same pleasantly cool temperature and healthfulness as in the days of ancient Egypt. There is no place on earth so conducive to longevity as an oasis, or Mount Sinai for example, which stands in the heart of an arid desert. Neither has the desert received any increase of rain from the planting of the immense forests for which Egypt owes so much to the beneficence of Ismail.

The maximum of heat in the shade in the Delta of Lower Egypt during summer is 95°, in Upper Egypt 100°; at Cairo it is sometimes 104°. In December, January, and February the temperature at its lowest is 35°, in Upper Egypt 40°, though now and then in the valley there is found a thin coating of ice. The highest temperature is felt at from one to five P.M., and the lowest two hours before sunrise. The mean temperature at Cairo is 55° F. in winter, 80° in spring, and 89° in summer and autumn. At Alexandria it is cooler in summer, but the heat is more oppressive from its humidity, and it is also warmer in winter; but the continuous rains make the climate of Alexandria

more unpleasant than that of Cairo. The thermometer rarely goes below 50° in winter, but the cold is felt more uncomfortably than when the temperature is much lower in northern latitudes. Though it is called hot 30 miles from the coast, and undoubtedly is so at times during the day, if you seek the shade suddenly the chances are that you are chilled, and sickness often follows. The nights and mornings are very cold, and those afflicted with rheumatism and pulmonary affections suffer from the sudden changes. Travellers go to Egypt in October when the Etesian is the prevailing wind, but sometimes it changes to the south, and rushing through the passes and over the deserts it brings with it cold that is felt intensely. Attracted by the country's biblical history and wonderful ruins, numbers go to Egypt on that account alone; but many also seek there a hospitable climate. As the climate is more genial in the south than at Cairo and Alexandria, and the historic ruins are so attractive, invalids always go up the Nile. Those who can afford it and have the time to spare take the luxuriously fitted smaller boat called the diahbeeyah. There is no arrangement more perfectly devised to expose delicate people, particularly in the night and early morning, to the sudden changes of temperature. Egypt is not like Florida, where the days and nights are generally of nearly equal warmth. That which is said of the diahbeeyah applies to the steamer. The latter is preferable simply because the voyage by it is shorter, and the return to the comforts of a hotel at Cairo earlier. For pleasure-seekers who are not invalids there is no more delightful trip on earth than up the Nile. There is no day which is not filled with interest, but under the best conditions people often return with severe colds or other ailments. Acquainted with all the best southern climates in the world, I do not think there is any that is comparable with that of Florida. There are many foreign physicians in Egypt of ability and experience, and the

Arabs have a number of their own educated in Europe and many trained at the medical school at Cairo. The Arab doctor (hakeem) as a rule bows to the Mahometan idea of a modicum of medicine and a large reliance upon Allah. It is rarely that Arab physicians are willing to brave public opinion and act according to their European training. A remarkable illustration of this took place a few years ago at Cairo. Kassim Pacha, then Minister of War, had an attack of strangulated hernia, and was attended by a large number of prominent Arab doctors, who permitted the malady to progress until the patient's life was in serious danger, only giving such remedies as the Pacha chose to take, and neglecting to prescribe those so commonly used in extreme cases in Europe and America. They finally believed a surgical operation necessary, which in the patient's condition was almost certain death. Just at this crisis Dr. Warren, an American, who had recently come to Egypt, appeared upon the scene, whither he had been invited by General Stone. It so happened that Stone came from the Khedive, who was solicitous for his minister, at the instant that Warren had promised, if any one would administer chloroform, to afford immediate relief. The Arabs objected to both chloroform and the manipulation, declaring it would cause a collapse. The Pacha hearing Stone mention the Khedive, imagined it was the wish of his master that he should submit to the treatment of Warren, and at once consented. A French doctor present agreed to give the chloroform without being held responsible. Upon this the Arab cavalcade solemnly folded their arms and silently stole away, leaving the doctor master of the situation. A few minutes of dexterous work and the life of the Pacha was saved. This was the signal for a general "inshallah" (thank Allah) throughout Cairo. The grateful Khedive made the doctor a Bey, and since then Tewfik has sent him a high decoration.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FUTURE OF EGYPT.

English policy in Egypt—Excuse for retaining her army there—England responsible—Soudan and equatorial regions—Mehemet Ali conquers the Soudan—Central Africa and slave-hunters—The bloody trail of the slave-trader and kourbash—The touch of infamy by Abbas Pacha—Policy of Said Pacha—Effort of Ismail to extend his empire—Baker appointed Governor of the Dark Region—Chinese Gordon appointed—Explorations of English and American staff-officers—Elephants introduced—Gordon resigns—Reappointed with extraordinary powers—The Soudan in debt and boundaries diminished—Gordon retires again—Money legitimately expended—Rich lands and untouched treasuries—Untold possibilities for commerce—Vast acres for cotton and cane—England's opportunity and Egypt's hope—Assouan and Philæ the ancient boundary-line of Egypt—The camel and his carrying power—The Athara River and its wonderful work—The town of Cassalla—Railroad scheme of Khedive—Greatest scheme of modern times—Teeming millions of "Les noir les negres"—Abandonment of Soudan—Wild pandemonium of slave-hunters—Ismail only man to govern—Ismail great loss to Egypt—Tewfik England's tool—Humiliating position—England refuses "to carry her own skin to market"—England's responsibility—Khartoum centre of trade—Title of Khedive—Backsheesh and Divine right—No sympathy for the slave—Ismail opposes slavery—Opinion in letter of General Stone—Disorganization of Soudan and El Mahdi's opportunity—Ruin of Egypt—The shadow of the stranger—History of El Mahdi—Birth and concealment—Last judgment and trumpet blast—El Mahdi takes advantage—Wahab, reformer and puritan of the desert—El Mahdi conquers Yusef, Hicks and Baker Pachas—Political importance—El Mahdi as a prophet—Mahometan belief in El Mahdi—Fired the Arab heart—Now called Kâdirlyeh Dervish—Holy men and mystical signs—Ex-Khédive's opinion—Influence of another Mahomet—Suez Canal insecure.

SHOULD England so shape her policy as to establish such a protectorate over Egypt as would insure the administration of just laws over that country, there can be no ques-

Bedouin of the Desert and his Camel.

tion that the terrible ordeal through which the unfortunate land has passed will inure to its permanent benefit. As the Egyptian people are no doubt excited and discontented, and now that they have a new war to deal with, England has a plausible excuse before the civilized world for retaining her armed force there to preserve tranquillity. The safety of the Suez Canal, as dear to her as the mouth of the Thames, and her immense commercial interests throughout the East, with many other political reasons of paramount importance, are considerations which must induce her, through her diplomacy and by other means of a peaceful character, to retain her forces in the country, until by wise government the people of Egypt and of Europe will come to look at an armed occupation as a matter of necessity. Now that she is free from the entangling alliance with France, and is entirely responsible, the world must await the quiet settlement of the question with patience. To understand the problem we must not study Egypt from the Mediterranean to Assouan, 650 miles above Cairo, alone. It is necessary to look also into that vast region which fifty years ago Mehemet Ali annexed to Egypt, including several extensive provinces added by his successors, now called the Soudan, including the provinces of Nubia, Dongola, Sennaar, Taka, Berber, and Meroe, and all the country extending along the Blue and White Niles for great distances east and west of them, and several degrees beyond the Equator.

The energetic old man who commenced the conquests discerned the wonderful resources of Central Africa, and as early as 1839 visited the Soudan and tried to instil into the teeming millions there some idea of commerce and the cultivation of the soil. He spared no pains to try and turn the trade in ivory, ostrich feathers, gums, and spices down the Nile, but unfortunately he was deeply concerned in the slave trade also, which was a certain though temporary means of filling his coffers. Weakened with age, he could

not control the inborn savage instincts of his officials, who at that immense distance from the seat of government influenced by no law but that of might, took advantage of the situation to turn all Central Africa into one grand preserve of slave-hunters, with the government as its chief factor and supporter. This accursed traffic interrupted intercourse, drove back the explorers and scientific men who were making the geography and resources of the Nile Valley known to the world, and spread war and death throughout the whole territory, at first so peaceful.

But little was done for many years, either in exploration or commerce, and there was no thought but of the slave-trade and the kourbash which left a bloody trail through Central Africa. One more touch of infamy was subsequently added to this benighted region by Abbas Pacha, the nephew and successor of Ibrahim, in ordering a state prison to be fixed by direct command in the most poisonous and deadly locality, in case Fazougli, already established, did not prove pestilential enough; to that point he had already taken great delight in consigning his political prisoners, with perfect certainty of their never returning. Fitful efforts were made by Said Pacha in person in 1859 to increase the power and commerce of Egypt in Central Africa, and a grandiloquent order was promulgated for all abuses to stop. This decree denounced especially the odious traffic in slaves; yet its effect lasted only until his return to the lower valley.

Something else amused this singular child of fortune, and the Soudan with its crimes was forgotten in the receipts from onerous taxation and the profits from a continuation of the slave-trade. There was at the close of his reign a revenue of $1,500,000 from taxation, and a large amount from the slave-trade which came as a legacy to his successor. Upon the accession of Ismail a more strenuous effort was made than at any other period to bring within Egypt's control the country beyond the Soudan, extending around

the headwaters of the Nile, including the great lakes which border the Equator and several provinces east and west of the Nile and its tributaries.

In order still further to illustrate the extent of Egyptian territory and the slave-trade, it is necessary to speak of those who have explored and governed there, their exploits and their failures, and the difficulties which in the future need to be overcome. Sir Samuel Baker, the renowned traveller, who had done so much toward the exploration of the equatorial region, being in Egypt, Ismail, pleased with his good judgment and experience, appointed him governor over the indefinite limits of the Dark Region, with a salary of $50,000 per annum. Accepting the responsible trust, there was nothing from "a tin pan to a steamboat" that was not freely given him with which to carry to a successful issue the great enterprise of increasing the commerce and extending the empire of Egypt. After several years of adventure in that splendid hunting region of the lion, the elephant, and especially the wild man of the jungles, Baker left this region gallantly fighting his way with a small force against large odds.

He tells us in his very interesting narrative that his "well-directed shots" and the regular force of Egyptian soldiers he then had with him were not sufficient to continue the fight with the slave-hunters and their black crowd who aided them with their sympathy. This distinguished man, after four years' service, retired, leaving the field in the equatorial region to the undisputed possession of those monsters, the slave-dealers. Then it was that the "besotted people, without the knowledge of even a God," as Baker tells us, were left again to fetish worship in their solitudes, only to be aroused when the crack of the kourbash informed them that they were under new masters, and were destined on the instant to quit their jungles for more favored lands. This extraordinary expedition, planned with so much cost and as ably conducted as it could have been

by any man, ended leaving a scene of the fiercest turbulence behind it. Notwithstanding the enormous expense to which he had been subjected, Ismail still clung to this idea of equatorial empire. Then another distinguished Englishman, "Chinese Gordon," came, recommended, it was said, by the Prince of Wales. An American by the name of Ward organized an army in China against the rebels there, and fought with great success and distinction. After his death Gordon commanded his force, and is represented as having been very much distinguished in suppressing the Tae-Ping rebellion. Beginning in 1874 in the embryo empire, Gordon was able to ascend the Nile beyond Khartoum and establish new forts and stations there, the "Sudd"—a dense matted marsh and great obstruction in the river—having been removed by Eyoub Pacha, a native Egyptian, before his arrival. Gordon had with him several able and accomplished Englishmen, together with numbers of scientific and able Americans of the Egyptian staff, who were assigned to his department.

Chiefly through the zeal, energy, and courage of the Englishmen and Americans, under his command there was opened a wide field of exploration and survey in the first years of Gordon's control, extending to the great lakes on both sides of the Equator and far to the east and west of the Nile and its tributaries. I have taken occasion elsewhere in this work to speak of the officers who served in the Dark Continent, and who, necessarily left to their own discretion and intelligence, penetrated into the deserts and jungles of Central Africa. In these immense solitudes they lived for months without orders, guides, or advice from any quarter. Directed entirely by their compasses and their own good judgment, they worked amid savages and, worse still, the deadly malaria. The wonderful services of these devoted men in that hidden region, which they explored and mapped, have been supervised and in part published by General Stone, late chief of staff at Cairo. Gordon, failing

to carry out the designs of the Khedive or to equal his own expectations in the first years of his service, demanded in 1876 extraordinary powers, and again returned to strive for the coveted prize. His plenary power virtually removed him from under the authority of the Khedive, with a sort of quasi support of England. It was said at the time that the advice to put him there was equivalent to a command. The whole Soudan and the country beyond the Equator was given him to rule, with extraordinary powers. In a word, this whole region was placed under him in absolute control; he was independent alike in civil, military, and financial government, there being no interference from Cairo even in matters involving the disposal of life. The Khedive disliked granting this power over such an immense territory, but he was pressed at the time by his creditors and feared to antagonize the anti-slavery feeling which Gordon was supposed to represent. It was said of Gordon that he would enter the Dark Continent "with the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other," and this plea induced Ismail to bow to fate, and convinced that it was the desire of England to send Gordon there, did so with an "inshallah" (God willing) to carve out his new empire.

It is well to state that in former times the wild elephants of Africa were tamed and utilized. And in order to assist Gordon in passing through the jungles and marshes of Central Africa, Stone Pacha interested the Khedive in the importation from India of six tame elephants, which, it was said, could be used to domesticate the savage animals. Upon their arrival they were forwarded to Gordon as a means wherewith to experiment with the numerous herds found wild in the interior. The result of their visit to their savage fellows I have never learned.

Gordon Pacha entered the Soudan with great hopes. Holding a power greater than any official who had ever preceded him, with ample means at his command, the whole resources of the equatorial region to draw upon, and

with no one to question him, much was anticipated from his government. Upon taking command he found the country not only self-supporting, but paying into the Egyptian treasury over half a million dollars per annum, besides carrying on a large commerce with Lower Egypt amounting to several millions more. After three years' experience Egypt was surprised to hear that Gordon Pacha had determined to abandon its vast possessions. And when his chief reason was announced, the Khedive was startled to learn that it was because he had not money enough to carry on his government. The question was asked what has become of the fabulous sums which, judging by the past, the Soudan must have yielded? Why was it that under Gordon's administration the Soudan was $1,500,000 in debt? In lamenting the deficit of 1879, the year in which he proposed to take his leave, after stating that the deficiency would amount to $850,000, he innocently asked the question, Where is the money to come from? Unfortunately the answer given was that he had broken up the ivory and ostrich-feather trade, and that the virtual abandonment of Darfour and the Bahr-el-Ghazel, which had previously yielded considerable revenue, with the general disorder of his whole command and his extraordinary expenditures, had destroyed all hope of securing the money from any source. It is proper to state that this money was legitimately spent in the Soudan in carrying out his policy. A letter from Egypt written at this time by one high in authority says: "Gordon's service in the Soudan was an entire failure. It needed a great governor, but with all his immense power and resources he was unequal to it. Gordon found the Soudan out of debt and with a surplus in the treasury; he left it encumbered by a heavy debt with diminished boundaries."

It is thus that another renowned explorer was compelled to leave this part of Africa by the slave-traders, in this in-

stance turning his back upon acquisitions of Egypt, made before he went there.

The situation on the return of Gordon was that Egypt had lost control of Darfour and the greater part of the White Nile and the river region of the Bahr-el-Ghazel, nominally controlling Taka, Sennaar, and Kordofan. Her other possessions are Souakim and Massowah on the Red Sea, Zeila and Berbera on the Gulf of Aden, and much of the coast of the Sommali, with the province of Harrar taken from them, and Bogos and Gallibat on the frontier of Abyssinia. These well-intentioned efforts under the auspices of the Khedive, though ending in discomfiture, succeeded, through the energy and ability of the staff of Americans and Englishmen, and in many instances of the native officers, in opening much of the equatorial region, and of the higher Nile and its tributaries. The fact has been demonstrated that there are vast tracts of rich lands filled with untouched treasures lying fallow and covered with millions of human beings who can easily be brought, with capital and a vigorous government, under the influence of that higher Western civilization in which it is our privilege to live. It is estimated that there are five million acres of arable land in the valley of the Nile extending from the Mediterranean to Assouan—much of that used by the ancients having become desert. Some of that has been reclaimed, and there is no difficulty, with modern facilities and by means of canals, in reclaiming all that in former times was cultivated and even vast tracts besides. But that to which particular attention is now called is the extensive region beyond the borders of Egypt proper—those provinces over which there has been a semi-military government claimed by Egypt through conquest and exploration, and of which there are now about two hundred thousand acres partially cultivated in doora, corn, and vegetables. Without exaggeration there have been explored over a hundred

million acres of fertile lands inhabited by great numbers of people who at one time professed to obey the orders of Egyptian officials and for that reason were called civilized; and innumerable savages under still more uncertain control, who are called semi-civilized. The whole population of this region, with which Egypt came in contact, was kept under subjection by military power alone. In the many millions of acres of fine land is not included much that is beyond Gondokoro on the Nile or in the equatorial region, nor that about Harrar and the Sommali country bordering the Red Sea. That which has been already described opens a wide field for the imagination to survey, of both the country and its inhabitants. The ivory, ostrich feathers, gums, precious woods and minerals, of which there are untold quantities, add to its importance. When it is remembered that there are at least ten million acres of the richest land on the Upper Nile and between it and its tributaries where good cotton and cane can be cultivated, and a population of docile savages who can be made to work, it is well worthy the profound attention of the civilized world. When the immense quantities of rich lands and the vast population that live on, and wander about them, are considered, it can be seen what a mighty future is possible for Central Africa, under a well-directed government. Egypt is the natural channel whereby to reach its immense resources, but it is only a great power that can consummate so great a design.

It was expected that England, dismissing all questions of territorial right and commercial jealousy, and having in her power the long-coveted prize to which her policy had led her, would continue her march toward the centre of Africa. Occupying "the seat of the Faithful" in Lower Egypt, it is an easy task to pacify the beasts of burden who live there and to elevate them by disseminating education. An amelioration of their condition and religion would soon follow a just administration of law, and the Egyptian

Remains of Small Temple at Phi[illegible]

people would joyfully assist with their labor to extend Egypt's fertile lands into the deserts which border them. England has within her grasp an empire equal in magnitude to that of the Indies to civilize and to add to the world's family of nations. The only hope for Egypt from the source of the Nile to its mouth is in England. If she relegates Egypt back to despotism, it will be a trebly refined cruelty.

In the light of recent events it is necessary to give a more detailed account of the Soudan, its lands, people, commerce, and its approaches.

Assouan and Philæ were considered by the ancients as the boundary line of Egypt; but in these latter years, since the day of Mehemet Ali, the founder of the present dynasty, and more particularly during the reign of Ismail Pacha, the boundary of Egypt has been extended so as to include the equatorial basin in the south, Darfour and Wahday on the west, and the provinces of Gallibat, Bogos, and Harrar on the east; and it was even claimed by Ismail that he had the right to extend his borders as far as the Juba River on the Indian Ocean. It is more particularly the region watered by the Nile and its tributaries, and known as the Soudan, that we shall now notice, with only a casual reference to more distant provinces as of less importance in considering the future of Egypt

Travellers up the Nile, after entering the gateway at Assouan and Philæ, have often wondered, while observing the narrow fringe of soil in feathering their way through the province of Nubia, with its scattering date-trees and impoverished people, how it could have been possible for the Ethiopian empire, whose history is written in hieroglyphics upon its monuments and those of Egypt, to have sustained so great a population, and one of such power as to conquer Lower Egypt, establish its own dynasty, and carry its arms into Asia. On arriving at the village of Semneh, above the Second Cataract and thirty-five miles

above Wadi-Halfa, we find what some Egyptologists regard as a solution of the mystery. This was a boundary under the twelfth dynasty of the Pharaohs, and a formidable fortification was erected here.

Much of it still stands, after 4000 years, for the antiquarian to marvel at. Mariette Bey tells us that near the village of Semneh there are some rocks bearing hieroglyphic inscriptions twenty-one feet above high-water mark. These inscriptions record the fact that during the reigns of the twelfth dynasty, forty centuries ago, the Nile level was twenty-one feet higher than it is to-day. How so great a change has occurred we do not know, and scientific men have not been able to solve the problem. As the kings of the twelfth dynasty accomplished some of the most extraordinary things ever undertaken by man, the question has been asked, Was the change of the Nile level a hydrological enterprise, intended to create a natural rampart at the Second Cataract, between Egypt and her redoubtable enemy, by rendering the river unnavigable, and preventing ships from descending the stream, from the Soudan to Lower Egypt? On the other hand, the obstruction may have been the work of the Ethiopians, for like reasons. However that may be, a study of the surrounding deserts shows that the region of fertility in the time of higher level must have been much broader than it is now. Not only are there many great ruins indicating that what is now desert was once a thickly populated country, but rich deposits of alluvial soil are found in the midst of the sandy wastes, and these could only have been formed there by the inundations of the Nile when its level was much higher than it is at present. The gigantic ruins of Dakkeh and Abou Simboul are convincing proofs that once a great and prosperous people lived here. When the grand obstruction, natural or artificial, which thus crossed the path of the Nile and raised its level gave way, we do not know. The event is unrecorded in history, but its results

Ancient Rock cut Tomb.

are traceable at Assouan, a hundred miles below, where there are marks of a great deluge which at some remote period tore away the soil and ploughed great gullies in the rocks.

Leaving the miserable little village of Assouan on its sandbank, soon the diminutive, picturesque island of Philæ is in view, its ruined temples covering its whole extent. On either side of the river there are rocky hills 250 feet high, with evidences that here too the ancients had formidable fortifications. With the thermometer at 100° and the eternal sun glittering upon rock and ruin, though it all looks exceedingly beautiful the impulse is to move on, though going up the river is simply passing out of one glowing furnace into another still more heated.

The long line of poor mud villages and still more miserable people are strewed along the Nile a distance of 136 miles to Korosko. This place, in lat. 22½° N., is situated on a bed of sand, a few mud huts giving it rank as a village, and its view is the long vista of desert on the east and west. The place is important as the starting-point in cutting off the great bend in the river, to Abou Hamed, and thence along the Nile to Berber. The distance is 230 miles, across a most frightful desert, and there is but one watering-place at four days' march called Moorad (Bitter). The water is found in an extinct crater near rocky cliffs, and is a mixture of salt and bitter, execrable for man, but drunk by camels. It is by means of the camel alone that the journey can be effected. Filling himself with water before starting, it lasts him to this station. Each camel carries 400 pounds, a part of which is water, and it is in this way that man and horse are enabled to make the journey with him. But for this patient animal it would be impossible to have commerce with the Soudan except by the long, circuitous route of the river or by the way of Souakim. In the summer, as in the winter, the thermometer ranges, in the intense heat, as high as 115° or 120°, and as the

poisonous (simoom) blast sometimes comes, it is difficult to keep the little water carried from evaporation. The whitened skeletons of camels and horses mark the route and tell of the conflict of life and death that these companions of man have to fight in their march over the heated sands of this desert.

Another four days' march over burning plains must be made, and the traveller is often deceived, when suffering with parching thirst, by the fascinating and constant mirage. It happens at times, in spite of the warning of the Arab guide, that men rush into death in pursuit of this phantom. When the caravan reaches Abou Hamed, another mud village, it is enabled once more to drink the delicious water of the Nile.

Following the course of the river it is 143 miles to Berber. Notwithstanding the agreeable fact that the Nile is close by, the extreme heat, and often the burning simoom, causes intense pain and weariness, and though water is poured down the parched throat, while it sustains life, yet it does not slake thirst.

Berber is a large military station under a governor. It is a good-sized mud village, with well-cultivated gardens of palm and lemon trees. In contrast with the desolation of the deserts over which caravans have recently crept with the slow-moving camel, these gardens filled with vegetation appear to the suffering Arab like Mahomet's Paradise. Shaded under the palm-tree near the river, his constant exclamation is, "Alham dehllah" (Thanks be to God) for creating water whose magical power converts deserts into flowery gardens.

Berber has recently become important, being on the Nile in the most direct route of travel to Khartoum, which is at the junction of the White and Blue Nile and the capital of the Soudan. It is 300 miles from Souakim on the Red Sea, and the distance is travelled in twelve to fifteen days by camels, the route being rough and scantily supplied with

Interior View from Temple Roof at Philæ

water. The route to Berber and Khartoum from Cairo is much the best by the way of the Red Sea and Souakim. It is only by means of wells, the principal of which is Kokreb, that the military and caravans are enabled to make the journey from Souakim to Berber, and thence by steamer it is 200 miles. Twenty miles above Berber is the mouth of the Atbara, the first river in 1200 miles which empties into the Nile. Half way between Berber and Khartoum is the large village of Shendy; other smaller villages are along the river on both banks, and scrubby mimosa and date trees fringe it. As along the river below, the cultivation is by irrigation by means of the assékiah and the still slower shadoof.

Khartoum, in lat. 17° N., is at the end of the Nubian Desert; a short distance above it the fertile lands commence, and the equatorial rains, so copious above, terminate. It is here that the two great rivers, the Blue and White Nile, unite and form the main river, which 180 miles below receives immense impetus from the Atbara, which like the Blue Nile is laden with the fertilizing alluvium that is carried over 1500 miles through the great desert, to enrich in its course the banks of the river as far as the Mediterranean.

Retracing the route to the mouth of the Atbara, it is proposed to follow the course of that stream and rapidly describe the country bordering it. This river is even more prolific in rich mud than its great competitor, the Blue Nile, and like it takes its rise in the Abyssinian mountains. The bed of this river is partly dry, and the water stands in great holes during a portion of the year. Like the other large branches, it rises periodically, nature having so ordered that they all harmonize in the season of the flood. In the summer, becoming turbulent in its rapid descent from the mountains with its great volume of water, it adds its swift current to the onward flow of the main Nile. Scientists say that without its aid there would not be

sufficient water and force to send the rich matter so far down into Lower Egypt to perform its wonderful work there. A mountain stream in a country of copious rains, it has numerous branches in its long course. It is in the midst of these streams, particularly the Settite, and the main stream, that there is found a great area of uncultivated and fertile land, extending north and east to the river Gash or Mareb in Abyssinia. West of the stream is the rich delta between it and the main Nile, and a large domain between it and the Blue Nile and its tributaries. It is more than 100 miles from the mouth of the Atbara to Gos Regeb, the end of the desert and first permanent settlement. The scarcity of water makes it difficult for man or beast to travel over this desert region. With proper hydraulic appliances during the time of the flood it could be irrigated and its fertile lands utilized. As it is, only the Jalyeen and Sheikarian Arabs on the west side and the Hadendowa Arabs on the east side, with their numerous herds, frequent it. The Bishareen Arabs extend along it and the Nile to Berber and also in the direction of Souakim. The rains commence in the mountains of Abyssinia in the months of April and May and reach here in June. The river then becomes a torrent, sweeping through the rich and parched soil, the stumpy mimosa and date trees begin to bloom, and the plains are soon covered with nutritious grasses. It is then that the numerous nomadic pastoral Arabs flock to the rivers with their thousands of camels, cattle, sheep, and goats for the rich pasturage which lies along their banks for hundreds of miles. From the important village of Gos Regeb it is about 100 miles to the village of Gorassé, a trading station on the caravan road from Khartoum, the rich provinces of the Soudan and Gallibat, to Cassalla, in the Province of Taka. This place is the second in size and importance in the Soudan.

Cassalla, which is 50 miles from Gorassé, is situated at the head of the Abyssinian river Gash or Mareb, is distant

350 miles from Berber, 300 from Souakim, about 250 from Massowah, and is a strongly fortified town of 10,000 inhabitants. North and south of it the country is open prairie. Under Ismail it greatly increased in the cultivation of *dourra* and cotton, and in its trade in hides, senna, and gums. The same general features continue about 100 miles to Tomat, another of Ismail's stations, at the junction of the River Settite, which comes from the east. Baker, who hunted in this region several months, represents it as not only rich in soil, but a splendid hunting-ground for the elephant, lion, rhinoceros, buffalo, giraffe, ostrich, and great numbers of birds and smaller fauna. The nomadic tribes of Hamran Arabs and the savage Basé are on the east side, and the powerful tribe of Daibaina Arabs on the west. About 40 miles from Tomat, *en route* to Gallibat, which is 140 miles distant, the road is intersected by the great caravan trail, which passes through Katarif to Abou-Harraz on the Blue Nile, a distance of 250 miles. At Gallibat, which is on the Abyssinian frontier, Ismail always kept a large military force to guard against invasion and to keep in fear the numerous strong Arab tribes which frequent this rich country. It is the home of the Toukrouris, who migrated from Darfour, and also of the remnant of that tribe which burned to death Ismail Pacha, the favorite son of Mehemet Ali, of whom account has been already given, and who fled hither, as this region was then in the territory of Abyssinia, to escape the persecution of the old warrior who had determined upon their extermination. Fifty-five miles from Gallibat is the Rahad, a branch of the Blue Nile, which runs parallel with the Dinder, another branch, both taking a south-westerly course 240 miles to Abou-Harraz. The country is a level prairie, covered with fine pasturage and thorny bushes, and abounding in game. There is a large population living in idleness, who could be easily brought under subjection by the strong arm of civilized man. From Abou Harraz it is 118 miles to Khar-

toum, where the heated sands of the desert are again encountered.

Before leaving the possessions of Egypt in the eastern Soudan, it is necessary to speak of acquisitions of Ismail still more distant, near the mouth of the Red Sea. Just before the Abyssinian war in 1875 it was said that Ismail had purchased the seaport of Zeila, on the Arabian Gulf. Once in his possession, it became easy to march a sufficient force to Harrar, a good-sized town and the capital of the country, and there depose the authorities, subsequently declaring that the place was a part of Egypt by right of conquest. It was in conjunction with this movement that Munzinger Bey marched into the interior, bordering Abyssinia on the east, to capture the noted salt-mines, where he met his untimely fate. Both of these expeditions were a part of the policy that really dictated the war with Abyssinia, which the reader will understand when he follows the writer into the second part of this book. The movement upon Harrar was successful. This province has a docile people and fertile soil, its great advantage being in its tropical productions, but particularly in its coffee-plant, which is equal in every respect to the finest Mocha. Egypt has no more valuable province, nor one more capable of wonderful development, and if Ismail had not been forced from his throne by the "reformer" he would have added, through his enterprise here, no little to aid in paying the interest of the bondholders.

Coming again to Khartoum, with the view of ascending the White Nile, or Bahr-el-Abiad, which is undoubtedly the main river, it is a happy thought that at least in a short distance the "frightful desert of interminable scorching sand," as Baker calls it, will be left behind, but at some future day it is hoped that the same journey may be made on the return trip, following the same mighty river which pierces the sterile, parching desert for nearly 2000 miles to the sea, spreading its fertility on both sides, with

so much regularity that they have been the uninterrupted home of man in all recorded time. The country which is to be penetrated, so long the land of mystery, is now well known. The pluck and energy of Baker, Stanley, Gordon, Long, and Mason have not only explored but have mapped the Nile and its tributaries and the water system of the equatorial basin. Stanley navigated the Victoria Nyanza, and passed around the head-waters of the Nile, which takes its source in the mountains beyond the lake, and he is still developing a mighty work on the Congo River; Mason and Prout, with a steamer, which was with great difficulty carried piecemeal over rapids and around the falls of the upper Nile to Albert Nyanza, navigated the entire lake; and Long who first sailed upon the Victoria Nyanza, has brought to geographers the knowledge of Lake Ibrahim, heretofore unknown as one of the reservoirs of the Nile.

The White Nile is navigable from Gondokoro to Khartoum, 1400 miles, running northerly through a country of swamps, marshes, and tangled grasses, with few trees of any size; it winds its way through water plants, and is sometimes obstructed.

This great river takes its rise in the equatorial mountains; after coursing through the great lakes, at an elevation of 3700 feet above the sea, it frequently descends in rapids until finally it becomes a navigable stream some distance before reaching Gondokoro. Its greatest branch, the Sobat, joins it on its eastern side in lat. 9° 21′, and the Bahr-el-Ghazal on the west just below. The Sobat takes its rise in the Galla country, is well timbered and very fertile, but still in its greater part unexplored. The Bahr-el-Ghazal rises in the province of Darfour. Both these rivers are in the region of copious rains, a country thickly inhabited and very fertile, which when cultivated yields abundantly.

Enough has been written of this country, of its great river and its tributaries, to give an idea, with the aid of a

map, of the vast tracts of rich land, much of it fertilized by copious rains, and the large population which inhabit them. It will be seen by examining a map of the country described (the information having been obtained from the best authorities, much of it from personal intercourse with numerous explorers, and a part of it—that in Egypt proper, on the Red Sea, and in Abyssinia—from my own observation) that the equatorial basin lies between lat. 5° N. and as many degrees south of the Equator, and between 20° and 45° E. The numerous provinces south of this, including the provinces of Gallibat, Bogos, and Harrar, which are east of the Nile, and those of Darfour and Wahday west of it, lie between lat. 5° and 24½° N. and between 20° and 37° E. lon.

It was into this extensive region that Ismail, the late Khedive, intended in his railroad scheme to penetrate, with his mind particularly on "the equatorial region." He meant not only to reap immense advantages for his country in agriculture and commerce, but also to civilize the teeming millions who inhabit its soil, whom along the whole line he distinguished as Les Noirs and Les Nègres, the former of mixed blood and in many instances the ruling class.

Under Mr. Fowler, of London, an able engineer, he had projected a railroad 1100 miles long, 200 miles of which he had completed before his overthrow, to aid in his far-reaching policy.

As a part of his plan, he had expended no less than $10,000,000 in explorations into Central Africa, extending them beyond the Equator and to the Juba River on the Indian Ocean. A portion of this large sum was expended in his Abyssinian campaign, that country coming within the scope of his grand enterprise.

The railroad, it was thought, would soon develop the country and increase the traffic in cotton, sugar, grain, gums, senna, dates, ebony, skins, ivory, ostrich-feathers,

gold, wild animals, and birds. The traffic southward would be in cotton goods, cutlery, tobacco, coffee, beans, rice, and earthenware.

It matters not that he may have been inspired, as his enemies have said, by vaulting ambition. His scheme had the merit, at least in its conception, of being the greatest undertaking in modern times for the amelioration of the millions of human beings living there—a people who, Baker has written, "are living in a condition of such besotted ignorance that they have not a knowledge of even a God." And now we are told by one of the great Christian nations that not only is this great work to be abandoned and Central Africa to be turned back in the course of civilization, but the whole equatorial region is again, unrestrained, to become a wild pandemonium of slave-hunters. The loss of life and the labor and the millions of dollars expended are hereafter to be considered as of questionable necessity and very doubtful utility. England having determined not to fulfil the German saying "of carrying her own skin to market" makes the problem a "tangled web."

It is well to recall the fact that Ismail, the late Khedive, among all his sins made a strong effort to elevate his country and give it some vitality. With wonderful power he not only peacefully controlled his ignorant and superstitious people, but guided them, against their will, in the path of progress. Under his government Lower Egypt became more populous in proportion to its extent than any country in Europe. Increasing in material wealth, after supplying her people with her own productions she had a large surplus for exportation, and at the same time more than doubled her importations. It was unfortunate that this ruler, the only one who had the sense and influence to govern the country, should have been persuaded that it was an easy thing to attain his greatness by lavish expenditure from an already depleted treasury.

It was unfortunate that in pledging large sums for his

grand constructions he was deceived, by the applause which greeted him, into the belief that he was on the road to fame.

It will be understood that Khartoum is the centre of this extensive territory, to which the entire traffic of the rivers mentioned concentrates, and all the routes to the Red Sea and Lower Egypt point. Though a miserable, sickly place, it is of commercial importance, and must from its situation always continue so.

In the abandonment of the Soudan, in accordance with English policy, this too is included in the cession of territory. Unless events should change this determination, it will be a breach of good faith for a great nation to enter a country over the dead bodies of its people, professing to be a reformer, after they had previously by an arbitrary and unheard-of act removed its rightful ruler, and in his stead placed one whom they knew was weak and vacillating and utterly helpless in the hands of his Western masters. Tewfik is England's tool, and by no fair interpretation of facts can he be held responsible for the misfortunes of his country, and especially for its dismemberment and the undoing of all that Ismail did to add Equatorial Africa to Egypt, and thus to form an empire worthy of transmission to a line of Egyptian kings. But for this strong ambition Tewfik would not have been placed in the humiliating position he now occupies. Ismail would not have impoverished and embarrassed himself by paying enormous bribes to the Sultan and his ministers to secure the succession for Tewfik and his line, in contravention of the old law which gives it to the senior male descendent of Mehemet Ali. Neither would he have involved himself in bitter quarrels with his uncle and brother concerning this matter of the succession, which resulted in their banishment. The title of Khedive would not have been thought of but for English suggestion. Meaning little less than king, its adoption was simply a step toward independent sovereignty. Another huge back-

Modern Nile-Boat on the Nile

sheesh and Ismail might have worn the purple, and then the respect for "divine right" would of course have kept him on the throne. Ismail never would have attempted all these additions to his importance, to remain as a simple Viceroy. The dignity was not worth the enormous sums he expended for it.

It is not the loss of domain simply, nor the breaking up of commerce in ivory and other objects in the Soudan, but it is the abandonment of that splendid sympathy which the great power has always shown for the manacled slave throughout the world that is to be considered in estimating the course of England in giving up Egypt's authority over the Soudan. How can England reconcile her course in thus helping the traffic in human beings, because of their race and color, with her well-known policy in the last century? Has she considered that in giving up the Soudan she opens again the business of slave-hunting beyond her reach in the jungles of Africa, and that Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan, on the withdrawal even of the despotism of Egypt, will be turned into a pandemonium of slave-traders busily plying their infamous traffic in human beings?

Ismail Pacha, the late Khedive, was denounced throughout Europe as a despotic tyrant. In all his official acts, at least upon the subject of slavery, he was very positive, not only in denouncing the slave-trade, but equally in dealing with domestic slavery. Having lived in Egypt for many years, I know it was understood there that both were abolished in the Soudan. It is now asserted, however, that slavery had not been interfered with. The publication of the following letter from General Stone will show how the Khedive regarded not only the slave-trade, but also the making of merchandise out of human beings because of their color in any case:

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: The newspapers of New York, *The Sun* included, published this morning a portion of the proclamation issued by General Gordon

to the inhabitants of the Soudan on his recent arrival at Khartoum as the representative of the Government of Great Britain, and, nominally, as representative of the Khedive, Tewfik, though we all know that he does not at all represent the Khedive. The extract from General Gordon's proclamation is as follows:

"I desire to restore your happiness, and so I have decided to permit slave traffic. Every one having domestic servants may consider them his property and dispose of them."

Now mark well the above, as part of a proclamation made by General Gordon on his arrival there, fresh from conference with and instructions from the humane and Christian Government of England. Then go back just ten years and mark what happened then. On the 21st day of February, 1874, Colonel Gordon left Cairo to proceed to the Soudan to take charge of the Egyptian provinces of the Equator. In those days Egypt and its dependencies were firmly ruled by the Khedive Ismail, whom the English newspapers never weary in calling tyrant and oppressor when they desire to excuse their intervention in Egypt.

This kingly ruler, Ismail, had invited Colonel Gordon into his service, and appointed him Governor of the provinces of the Equator with a view to establishing, under a firm and honest hand, regular and just government in that remote region which had recently been under the command of Sir Samuel Baker. The latter had returned thence in September, 1873.

I have the best of reasons for believing that the following formed part of Colonel Gordon's written instructions, signed by the hand of the Khedive Ismail, and which Colonel Gordon carried with him when, ten years ago to-day, he left Cairo as an Egyptian official, to assume the government confided to him.

I give the extract in the language in which it was written and delivered to Colonel Gordon:

MONSIEUR LE COLONEL: Au moment de votre départ pour les provinces dont je vous ai confié le gouvernement, je désire appeler votre attention d'une manière plus particulière sur les points dont je vous ai déjà entretenu.

La province que vous allez organiser et administrer est un pays peu connu. Jusque vers ces derniers temps elle a été exploité par des aventuriers qui y faisaient le trafic de l'ivoire conjointement avec celui des esclaves. Ainsi, que vous le savez, leur mode de procéder consistait à établir des comptoirs, à y entretenir des hommes armés, et à y faire avec les tribus environnantes des échanges forcés.

Mon gouvernement, depuis déjà nombre d'années, et lorsque ces provinces

n'étaient pas incorporées au Gouvernement-Général du Soudan, dans le but de faire cesser un commerce illicite et inhumain, a cru devoir indemniser les chefs de ces établissements et acheter leurs comptoirs.

Une partie de ces chefs quitta le pays, mais d'autres, sous l'engagement formel de ne point se livrer au trafic des esclaves demandèrent et obtinrent de mon gouvernement l'autorisation d'y trafiquer sous la surveillance des autorités du Khartoum et sous certaines conditions. Mais la surveillance des autorités du Khartoum ne pouvait que s'exercer faiblement sur ces contrées éloignées, de communications difficiles, et sur des bandes qui, jusqu'alors, n'avaient reconnu aucune loi.

C'est cet état de choses qui m'a amené naturellement à séparer le gouvernement de ces provinces de celui du Khartoum, à leur donner une administration propre, et à décider le monopole des échanges.

C'est en effet le seul moyen efficace, le seul possible pour faire cesser un trafic qui s'est fait jusqu'à présent à main armée, qui s'est exercé comme le brigandage, et de rompre avec des habitudes séculaires.

Votre premier soin, donc, Monsieur le Colonel, est de veiller strictement à l'application de ce principe, car, je vous le répète, pour le commencement c'est le seul moyen de mettre fin au trafic barbare qui s'exerçait jusqu'à présent. Les habitudes de brigandage une fois perdues, le commerce libre pourra s'exercer sans danger.

Je pense que vous devez accepter les services et utiliser selon leur caractère et à des travaux auxquels ils sont propres ceux qui consentent à abandonner leur métier et à vous faire leur soumission, mais vous devez poursuivre et appliquer toute la rigueur des lois militaires à tous ceux qui, d'une manière ouverte ou détournée, continueraient leur ancien trafic et ne rompraient pas avec leurs habitudes de brigandage.

Ceux-là, Monsieur le Colonel, ne doivent trouver en vous ni rémission ni merci. Tout le monde doit enfin comprendre que les hommes, parce qu'ils sont d'une couleur différente, ne constituent pas une marchandise, et que la vie et la liberté sont choses sacrées.

Translation.

COLONEL: At the moment of your departure for the provinces whose government I have confided to your care, I desire to call your attention in a special manner to those points on which I have already conversed with you.

The provinces you are about to organize and administer is a country as yet little known. Up to recent times it has been worked by adventurers for their own advantage, who there joined the trade in ivory to the trade in slaves. As you are aware, their mode of proceeding consisted in founding trading stations, in occupying these stations with armed men, and then carrying on trade by force with the surrounding tribes.

My Government saw fit, some years since, and before these provinces were incorporated among those of the Governorship-General of the Soudan,

with a view to put an end to illicit and inhuman trade, to indemnify the chiefs of these establishments and purchase their trading posts.

Some of these people left the country, but others, under a formal obligation not to engage in the slave-trade, asked and obtained from my Government the authority to trade there under the surveillance of the Khartoum authorities, and under certain conditions.

But the surveillance of the Khartoum authorities could be only feebly exercised in those remote countries, where the communications were difficult, and over bands of men who up to that time had recognized no law.

This state of things has naturally led me to separate the government of these provinces from that of Khartoum, to give them a local administration, and to decide on a government monopoly of trade there.

In fact, this is the only efficacious, the only possible means of causing the cessation of this traffic, which, up to the present time, has gone on by armed force, which has been conducted as a robbery—the only way to break up old-time habits.

Your first work, then, Colonel, is to watch strictly over the application of this principle, for I again repeat to you, it is the only means of putting an end to the barbarous traffic which has been going on up to the present time. The habits of brigandage once done away with, commerce will again enjoy free scope without danger.

I think that you should accept the services of such as consent to abandon their trade and make their submission to you, and make use of them according to their character and the work for which they may be fit, but you should pursue and apply all the rigor of military law to such as in any manner, whether open or evasive, may continue their old traffic, and shall not abandon their old habits of brigandage. Such, Colonel, should receive from you neither remission nor mercy.

Everybody there must be made to understand that men, simply because they are of a different color, are not to be considered as merchandise, and that human life and liberty are sacred things.

Such were the instructions given by the Moslem Khedive Ismail ten years ago to Colonel Gordon when he sent him to the provinces of the Equator. Colonel Gordon, as an honorable officer, endeavored to carry out these instructions, and in carrying them out he received the applause of the whole civilized world. The world gave him credit for not only doing the work of a civilizer, but for having initiated it. It is easy to see from the above who initiated it.

Now, General Gordon (the Khedive Ismail gave him the rank of General for carrying out vigorously his above quoted orders) has again gone to the Soudan after receiving his powers and orders from the humane British Government, and he is no doubt carrying out his orders as faithfully as before. It may be doubted, however, if his faithful execu-

tion of orders which make him declare that tens of thousands of human beings, because they are of a different color, are merchandise, by order of Queen Victoria, will bring him as much applause from the civilized world as did the carrying out of the Khedive Ismail's order that human beings are not merchandise.

Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

CHARLES P. STONE,
Lieutenant-General.

FLUSHING, L. I., February 22

The unnecessary war with Egypt and the consequent disorganization of the government and the disbanding of the army left the Soudan to the adventurer El Mahdi, without the force to hold him to account. The writer has recently said that "Egypt had been rendered helpless by these numerous episodes in her recent history; and that the chief actor in bringing her to ruin, while dictating her policy, should refuse, without an effort, to save an integral and important part of her possessions, is without doubt inexplicable." Is it that the lion's skin is too short to be eked out by the fox's? "The shadow of the stranger has darkened her history with spoliation and ruin, and we see her to-day in one of those crises which have so often beset the unfortunate country, in a desolation which makes her the object of pitiable commiseration, while it increases our amazement in witnessing the extraordinary spectacle of a great nation, guided by her own interests, coldly administering upon the little that is left, without the slightest regard for its victim."

It seems to be true that England intends to narrow Egypt into a very small compass, so that with a small force she can hold it, and while giving perfect protection to it, by the aid of her navy she can secure a safe transit for her shipping through the Suez Canal to the Indies, and at the same time inclose in a circle enough of the rich lands of the Lower Nile to pay the interest as it becomes due to her people who are holders of Egyptian securities.

The author will be excused for giving some account of the history and tradition connected with the name of El

Mahdi, and of the adventurer who has assumed the name and is now interesting Egypt and the English in the Soudan. Gibbon, vol. vi. pp. 280, 281, ch. l., says: "The twelve Imams or Pontiffs of the Persian creed are Ali, Hassan, Hussein, and the lineal descendants of Hussein to the ninth generation. Without arms or treasures or subjects, they successively enjoyed the veneration of the people and provoked the jealousy of reigning caliphs. Their tombs at Mecca or Medina, on the banks of the Euphrates or in the province of Chorasan, are still visited by the devotees of the sect. The twelfth and last of the Imams, conspicuous by the title of Mahadi or the guide, surpassed the solitude and sanctity of his predecessors. He concealed himself in a cavern near Bagdad; the time and place of his death are unknown; and his votaries pretend that he still lives and will appear before the day of judgment, to overthrow the tyranny of Dejal or the Antichrist."

D'Herbelot ("Bibliothèque Orientale") says that "this Mahadi or Mehedi was born at Semeuroi 225 years after the Hegira, and when he was nine years old his mother concealed him in a cavern, whence he should come at the end of the world. The Persian says that this Imam will join Jesus and unite the Christian and the Mahometan Law. There is in Chaldea a little place called Haf'n-Mahadi, where the Shiites (the followers of the family of Ali) pretend that the Mahadi will appear.

The appearance of El Mahdi (El Mehdi) in the minds of a large sect of El Islam (or subjection to God), known as the Shiites, has particular reference to the resurrection and the last judgment. In the Arabic library at Cairo, founded by Ismail, late Khedive of Egypt, are several thousands of volumes. Among numerous illuminated copies of the Koran, written through the centuries of its existence, there are many erudite and copious disquisitions by the learned writers of the different sects, and many wise sayings in them from the Koran and tradition in support of their

practices and superstitions, in contradistinction to those of their rivals. This sect has its vagaries recorded, which confirm the statements of Gibbon and D'Herbelot. That generally understood in the present day is as follows.

It is from the large sect known as the Sunnites (tradition) that the Shiites at a very early age separated, and under the auspices of the Fatimite dynasty soon spread over all Persia and a great part of Egypt, including the Soudan in Central Africa. They believed that Ali, the son-in-law of Mahomet, was of equal if not superior rank to the Prophet. They thought him "the impersonation and among some of the believers the incarnation of Divinity, and they further believed in the divine mission of the Imams who descended from him." El Mahdi (El Méhdi), the last of these and the twelfth Imam, is believed by them not to have died, but to be awaiting in concealment the coming of the last day.

Mahomet, who no doubt got his idea from the Christians, announces in the Koran the doctrine of the resurrection and judgment, and refers to the office of Issa the son of Mary upon the great occasion; and where he has not satisfied the Mahometan mind, tradition comes to his support and completes the work for him. The tradition as it is generally understood is that upon the great day Christ will appear and declare El Islam as the true religion of the world; that with him will come El Mahdi "and the beast of the Earth, while the peoples Gog and Magog will burst the barriers beyond which they were banished" (Koran). At this time the trumpet blast of the angel Asrafil (Gabriel) will proclaim the end of all things; the first will kill every living being; the second will awaken the dead; then follows the judgment.

Mahommed Achmet, who is now of middle age and has been represented as dark-skinned with Arab blood, though he claims to be a full-blooded Arab and the regular male descendant of Mahomet through Fatima his daughter and Ali her husband, was born at Abou, a small island on the

White Nile about 200 miles above Khartoum. It is well known that for several years the idea of the early coming of the last day has generally prevailed among Mahometans. Mahommed Achmet, aware of this dim belief, noted as a fanatic and living as an ascetic, has, as it is said, prepared himself in the silence of his retreat to answer the description which tradition gives him of El Mahdi the twelfth Imam, and circumstances favoring him, he now proclaims himself as the true El Mahdi, so long and so carefully hidden away in the desert sands of the Soudan of Central Africa.

The Mahometan world has not been stirred up so much as now since the advent of Abd-el-Wahab in Arabia during the latter part of the eighteenth century. This Puritan of the desert, who was no doubt a reformer, believing in the early teachings of Mahomet, determined to bring back El Islam to its ancient simplicity. With a great following, after denouncing the superstitions and corruptions of those who professed his religion, he commenced by "destroying the tombs of saints, even those of Mahomet and Hûsén, inculcating at the same time a higher state of morals. The Sultan, alarmed at the progress of Wahab, whose followers were designated as the Wahabees, with the double object of dealing a heavy blow at this formidable sect and at the same time, if possible, destroying his satrap, Mehemet Ali, then Governor-General of Egypt, whom he equally dreaded, ordered Mehemet to march with his whole strength against them. Mehemet Ali, unlike his weak descendant, was a great man. Sending his illustrious son Ibrahim against the Wahabees, he remained in Egypt and foiled the designs of the Sultan so carefully planned for his destruction during his absence. The result of this movement into Arabia is well known to history. Ibrahim not only vanquished the Wahabees, but began his brilliant march upon the Sultan himself at Constantinople, and was only arrested by the interference of the great powers, who established the present dynasty, whose end seems much nearer than does El

Mahdi's last judgment. There is little question that in their ignorance, during the centuries through which these traditional sects passed, they mixed up what they learned of the Saviour with their own Mahometan belief, and in this way produced this superstition, which has been handed down in various versions.

The tradition as to who El Mahdi was in the past and what is expected of him in the future as given in the above statement, is gathered from history, and verbal accounts of intelligent Mahometan devotees of the present day. The new Prophet, who now calls himself El Mahdi, the "Messiah of the Scriptures," taking advantage of circumstances, as already stated, imposed himself upon great numbers of the credulous, backed by interested parties, until his fame and following extended to Egypt and Arabia. Up to this time he was considered a simple adventurer; then followed his victories over Yusef Pacha and subsequently those over Hicks and Baker Pachas. Since these victories his adherents have increased, not so much because of any religious enthusiasm his followers may possess as because they have given him power. Success has had more to do with making him a *real* prophet than all the asceticism he has practised. Then, again, his prominence and the fear that hereafter it may give trouble has elevated him into the position of a political leader, who now requires great judgment in handling. His political importance is not confined to the deserts of the Soudan and alone to Egypt, but it is seriously agitating the councils of England, and particularly those of the Sultan of Turkey. The question is now asked, How far does his influence extend? While some sects are more deeply interested than others, there is an indefinite but universal belief in El Mahdi or Shia (Guide) among, it is estimated, more than 200,000,000 souls. These millions, with few exceptions when compared with Western civilization, are an uneducated, superstitious people, in no way to be considered favorably with it in its profoundly religious

or social characteristics. In estimating the effect that the teachings of El Mahdi may have upon this enormous mass of human beings, it must be considered, that while appealing to Mahometans throughout the world, his influence is yet confined to the Arab race, and it must depend upon circumstances to be developed hereafter whether it will go beyond this race or no. In forming an opinion it must be understood that no movement can succeed which rests solely upon fanaticism as a religious conviction, but may become an element in Oriental politics when combined with some deep-seated cause of excitement.

Starting from a corrupt and insignificant beginning, it has fired the Arab heart precisely as it did a few months since when Arabi raise the standard of revolt. It is really a deep-seated hatred of Turkish rule, a government of centuries of misrule and painful oppression, that rouses into activity their profound sympathy. It matters not what sect gives birth to the leader—all they care to know is that he is an Arab and has the symbol of success.

Another important element has of late entered into the mind of the people of Egypt, which is also felt in the Soudan: it is the act of the *reformer*, who humanely enforces upon the people of Egypt at the point of the bayonet the most onerous taxation known, to pay an enormous interest upon bonds which they honestly believe were founded in fraud, and for which they never received one cent of benefit. The writer four years ago, after many years' residence in Egypt, and knowing her people from intimate relations, published the statement that there would be serious difficulty there in consequence of the removal of Ismail Pacha growing out of this very bond question, and that England, France, and Egypt would come to grief. This opinion has been verified by subsequent events. Though the Soudan may be abandoned, and England may narrow her circle around Assouan and the Suez Canal, with the addition of

the littoral of the Red Sea, yet there will remain as before the same burning hatred, and trouble will crop out, even if this one shall be smoothed over, which is not likely. The writer still adheres to the opinion then expressed, that the only hope for Egypt, from the mouth of the Nile to its source, is that England should take possession and govern by her own laws.

Except what I have already given, very little is known of the antecedents of El Mahdi. Recently it has been stated that he belongs to the powerful order of dervishes known as the Kâdirlyeh. This society has several colleges in Cairo, and its disciples are scattered over Africa and Asia. Its mendicants move in all Mahometan countries, notwithstanding the Koran denounces the Christian monastic system. Like other orders of dervishes, it has a vast number of adherents. It is through these dervishes that information concerning El Mahdi is spread and credited, and as religion is their business, it does not lose by repetition. It comes through holy men, who have mystical signs and secrets between them, and they traverse regions where newspapers never penetrate. There is very little sympathy between the Arab race and those who live in the Indies and Persia, or where the real Turk lives. There is also a difference of opinion in matters of belief, and really the same utter ignorance of what Mahometanism means; and of course they are all indifferent to its dogmas. What little there ever was of pure or elevated monotheistic faith was long since so hopelessly corrupted that what they call religion is only degrading superstition, and, as correctly said, they are influenced in their ignorance "far more by the mysterious power of some local saint than they are by any religious doctrine." Yet these considerations are also an element with which statesmen have to deal.

Ismail Pacha has recently said that the great event in the Eastern problem is the creation, the organization of a great

Arab nationality. Notwithstanding England's attitude now, the days of the Turk are numbered in moral, material, and martial power.

There is no question but that Ismail had in his mind, when in power, the organizing this Arab nationality of which he speaks, and ambitious of empire, by slow and certain methods he was laying the foundation in Egypt for the consummation of this design through this very nationality. He was aware how degraded and ignorant were the masses he had to deal with, and that the worn-out creed called a religion is but a degraded superstition which must be reformed. Engaged in building up the country and inspiring industry, he provided largely for the education of the masses. The writer in this work has demonstrated the progress which was made under his auspices, and the large amounts he expended for that purpose. He knew that the entire people were but a degree above savages, without thought, and incapable of governing themselves. Throughout the various episodes of his reign, he never lost sight of one absorbing thought—the education of the people. Their education he believed would result in the amelioration of their religion, and thus by slow movements he expected to accomplish the object he had at heart. With Egypt as a nucleus, he knew that it was an easy matter to extend it over the entire Arab race. His fame had favorably spread, before his fall, throughout Arabia and Syria, and caused serious concern to those who were propping up Turkey. Had he remained on his throne a few years longer he would have been a far more dangerous element in causing alarm to Turkey than the movements of Russia, or even Austria backed by Germany, in their designs upon the Porte.

It is extremely doubtful whether El Mahdi will be able to organize the Arab race, even those in the Soudan, for any useful purpose, as his fitful rule, after creating great

excitement, must eventually end in turbulence and anarchy. Even if he had an intelligent material to work with, it would be equally necessary that he should be, as Ismail Pacha says, "a great apostle of their faith and a great soldier of their affection" in order "to combine the crescent and the sword" in creating a nationality or to become a benefactor of the Arab. The abandonment of Khartoum will give El Mahdi an opportunity. In this new arena he will be both prophet and political leader. His people a wild horde of savages, without thought, brought in contact with civilization, he must at once prove whether he is equal to the great work promised by his devotees. If another Mahomet shall wield an iron despotism over their minds and bodies, and be at the same time capable of organizing and directing the vast numbers of savages who surround him, very similar to those in the earlier day, the small force at Assouan will not be able to secure that perfect safety expected to the Suez Canal.

PART II.

MILITARY EXPERIENCES IN ABYSSINIA

CHAPTER I.

THE KHEDIVE'S ANXIETY FOR AFRICAN CONQUEST.

Ancient relations of Ethiopia to Egypt—The modern Pharaohs perpetuating the traditions of their predecessors—Ismail's first step toward gaining the key of Central Africa—The suppression of the slave-trade made the plausible excuse for conquest—Ismail's dream of including in his kingdom all the land of the Nile—Armed exploring parties sent out—The daring adventures of Colonel C. C. Long—Other exploring expeditions—Annexation sought under the plea of science and humanity—Arrendrup's expedition against King John of Abyssinia in 1875—His officers and the composition of his force—His little army cut to pieces by King John in the valley of the Mareb—Escape of scattered detachments under Majors Dennison, Dorholtz, and Raif—Melancholy end of an unfortunate expedition.

THERE had been from time immemorial, or at least from the time of the twelfth dynasty of the Pharaohs, constant wars between the Ethiopians and the people who lived in the lower valley of the Nile. These continued to the time of Mehemet Ali, the founder of the present dynasty of Egypt, and of his successors, and culminated in these latter days in the formidable expedition it is proposed to notice now, which was sent to Abyssinia in 1875 by the Khedive of Egypt.

In 1866 the Khedive purchased of the Sultan of Turkey undisputed title to the city of Massowah, and subsequently to that of Zeila, unless a fitful claim to them by the Abyssinians may be mentioned as a bar. These are really the only two important points where Abyssinia can reach the sea. Abyssinia would therefore seem to have some right to them. In order that quiet might be secured between these ports and the interior of his extensive terri-

tory; that his people might not be interrupted in their trade, commerce, and agriculture, the Khedive ordered Muntzinger Bey, a Swiss in his service, to cut the Gordian knot and take military possession of the entire province of Bogos, intermediate in this line of commerce, immediately on his frontier, and separated from Abyssinia by a desert. As Egypt then stood, she had her iron hand on three sides —along the entire seacoast of the Red Sea bordering Abyssinia, and wherever the extensive frontier of the Soudan touched it. Egypt being the most enlightened commercial nation in north-east Africa, and the Abyssinians being given up to war, turmoil, and the slave-trade, it was right that Egypt should thus hold the more barbarous nation in check. It was also to some extent in the interest of humanity, inasmuch as Egypt was a responsible government, which could be held to her promises to check and eventually stamp out the horrible slave-trade, which was unblushingly carried on by Abyssinia, even to the selling of her own dark-skinned daughters. These were some of the reasons given at Cairo why the Khedive determined upon sending an expedition to Abyssinia. As soon as it was determined, other expeditions were fitted out, it was said to distract the enemy and induce him to come to terms by treaty rectifying the frontier, and conceding the other points which were sought to be attained. I was not in the secret of these movements, and only give my opinions. Notwithstanding these plausible statements, the extraordinary preparations indicated that more was contemplated than appeared on the surface.

Beyond the borders of Egypt proper, where the Nile and its branches take their rise and subsequently extend through several degrees of latitude, there are extensive and rich valleys. These valleys are inhabited by numerous tribes of savages. This immense zone of fertile land lying waste, formed by the river and its sources, had always been claimed by Egypt as far as the Nile ran, according to the

Arg. Jahn

King John

old Pharaohs' traditions. It was but natural that barbarous tribes of divers races, engaged in constant and bloody wars, incapable of governing themselves, should give way to the great law of peoples and yield to some regularly constituted authority. It seemed but just in the mind of the Khedive that he, following the tradition of his ancient predecessors, should claim as a right all the domain watered by the fertilizing river.

Here we may find some *raison d'être* for these portentous expeditions to establish title, according to the method pursued by the most enlightened nations on the continent of Africa, and like them, if necessary, to use military force as a last resort to attain possession. Therefore it was that Colonel C. C. Long, of the Khedive's staff, planted the Egyptian flag on Lake Victoria Nyanza, he being the first white man who ever sailed upon its waters, Speke having merely seen the lake in the distance. This energetic young American with two negro soldiers visited at this time the King of Uganda, living at the Equator and on the lake, having passed through a country from which Baker was driven with over 500 men. Colonel Long subsequently, suffering from disease and starvation, and naturally a delicate man, dragged the slow length of his march on his return through the malarial swamps of Central Africa, and after many months arrived at Gondokoro, emaciated and a mere shadow of his former self. The wonderful experience of this youthful explorer in this and subsequent successful expeditions into the Niam-Niam country are graphically pictured in the published narrative of his expedition. The interest is heightened by vivid accounts of conversations held and tragedies witnessed at the court of M'Tesa, King of Uganda, whose possessions lie on both sides of the Equator. Not the least striking episodes are the descriptions of the picturesque surroundings of the sable monarch. The discovery of Lake Ibrahim, which he named, ranks Long among the discoverers of the sources of the Nile, and his

terrible conflict, aided by two negro soldiers, with a large body of savages on the lake adds a brilliant chapter to the record of American pluck and sense, and we read the story of his adventures with intense interest, though it includes much that is painful.

Following is an account of another expedition made by Colonel Long, of which no narrative has been published. It shows how extensive an empire Ismail contemplated, and how his schemes were thwarted by the selfish policy of his professed friend, Great Britain.

As part of the scheme by which an equatorial empire was to be secured, it was determined to open a road from Juba River through to the great lakes of the Equator; and Long, who had so daringly acquitted himself in his various expeditions into the equatorial basin, was selected for the very dangerous and important duty. The following is the letter of instructions from the Khedive, which is given in the original language in which it was written and given to Long, at Cairo, in September, 1875:

"MONSIEUR LE COLONEL: Conformement à l'ordre que je vous ai donné verbalement vous devez partie pour Suez, ou se trouvent déja les trois compagnies les munitions, etc., que vous devez mener à Berber sur les bateaux Tanta et Dessouk. . . . Je n'ai pas besoin de vous repeter que le secret soit gardé sur la destination de l'expedition. . . . Je compte, Monsieur le Colonel, sur votre zèle, sur votre activité et votre intelligence de vous acquitter de la mission qui vous est conferée.

"Croyez, Monsieur le Colonel, à mes sentiments d'amitié.

"ISMAIL.

"PALAIS DE GÉZIREH, le 17 Septembre, 1875."

Translation.

COLONEL: In conformity with the order which I gave you verbally, you will leave for Suez, where are already the three companies, the ammunition, etc., which you are to take to Berber on the ships Tanta and Dessouk. . . . I need not repeat to you that secrecy be maintained upon the destination of the expedition. . . I rely, Colonel,

upon your zeal, upon your activity, and your intelligence to acquit yourself of the mission which is intrusted to you.

Believe, Colonel, in my sentiments of friendship.

ISMAIL.

PALACE OF GEZIREH, September 17, 1875.

Long, who was at this time on leave, was called back to carry out the instructions contained in the above communication, which he furnished me, together with all the statements I have written with regard to this interesting expedition. Long says his conquests were to be on the east coast of Africa extending from Berbera to Cape Guardafui, Socotra Islands, and thence southward in the Indian Ocean to Ras Hafoun, Brava, Kismayu, and, if need be, Zanzibar itself. Ismail Pacha dreamed of making Said Burgasch, the Sultan, still his guest, his vassal, and Long was chosen as his agent. How well his scheme would have succeeded but for the interference of Lord Derby, then minister of Her Britannic Majesty's Government, the despatches of that day indicate.

Long sailed from Suez with a command of picked men 1000 strong, of all arms, two men-of-war, the Mehemet Ali and the Latif; two transports, the Tanta and the Dessouk; provisioned and ammunitioned for six months or more. Ras Hafoun, Brava, and Kismayu were quickly seized and garrisoned, and Long's first despatches to the Khedive reported these facts and were dated from his camp on the Juba River, whither, having in prospect the rainy season, he had marched, surrounded by the hostile and warlike Somali. He had built a fortified camp whose heights swept the great plains on every side. Here, awaiting impatiently his promised orders, he made a reconnoissance of the mystic River Juba from which the gallant and daring Vonderdecker had never returned, having been treacherously massacred by the natives. Leaving his camp, now strongly constructed of dom-wood and palm and

garrisoned by a force numbering one thousand men, Long embarked on the 24th of November, 1875, in a steam-launch, accompanied by his faithful officers Captain Hassan Wassif and Mohamed Effendi, with fifteen picked men, a small gun and six days' rations, to make a reconnoissance of the river in anticipation of the orders he hoped to receive which would soon permit him to plunge into the interior. He ascended the river as far as the land of M'Kowd M'Woli or the land of Sheik Ali, 150 miles from the mouth. He was saluted on all sides by the wondering tribes, awakened by the shriek and puff of the engine of the exploring party, with cries of "Yambo! yambo! yemani" —Salute you, O friend. Sugar-cane, Indian corn, bananas, melons, and the date were found. The natives, strangely mixed in color and speaking various idioms, made it sufficiently clear that here is the great passage-way of the slave-trader. The swift current of the river shadowed by the thick overhanging foliage made the voyage delightful, to which was added the perfume exhaled from a thousand plants. The river is fully a hundred yards in width and varies from twelve to thirty-five feet in depth. The hippopotamus and crocodile abound and afford diversion in shooting at them. The report of the gun awakens the slumbering echoes of the forest from whose depths come back the song of birds, the hoot of owls, or the defiant, half-human scream of monkeys of every species.

Before returning Long was informed that in the interior and upon his projected route westward there was a great negro monarch whom the negroes of M'Woli called Kori, representing him to be greater than all other African kings. Long was introduced to a captive from that country, and thought he saw in her a resemblance to the Uganda race; but though he plied her with questions in the Uganda language, he could not secure from her a reply, the captive in disdainful silence refusing to answer.

Long returned to his camp on the Juba resolved to use

the river at least to this point in his projected journey to the lakes.

On the 1st of December he was visited by the brother of the Sultan Abdallah, King of the Comoro Islands, the Johanna or Hinzonan Islands in the Indian Ocean, not far from Madagascar. Knight's Geography thus speaks of them: "A group of four islands in the Mozambique Channel, between Africa and north-west coast of Madagascar. Comoro, the largest, is about 30 miles long and 12 miles broad; abundant supplies of water, bullocks, sheep and goats, oranges, lemons, and plantains. Mohilla and Mayotta are the smallest of the group. Johanna or Hinzonan is the only one frequented by European ships on the passage to India. The town of Mochadon has good anchorage; the inhabitants trade in slaves and the produce of the island with the coast of Arabia, from which they carry back Indian goods. Small fat bulls, poultry, rice, yams, sweet potatoes, pineapples, oranges, guavas, and other fruits are given to ships' crews in barter for red and blue cloth, nails, iron, razors, knives, beads, mirrors, muskets, cutlasses, gunpowder, flints, etc. The Sultan of the islands resides at Mochadon, which has 3000 inhabitants. The population of the island is said to be diminishing in consequence of the incursions of pirates from Madagascar, who carry the people away into slavery. The group is of volcanic origin, and contains several peaked mountains, one of which, in Johanna, is 6000 feet high. Except at their summits the soil is very fertile."

Here indeed was the climax of adventure. Ali was the Sultan's Grand Vizier; he had travelled in Europe and spoke fluently the French language. He had conceived the idea of making these islands the resort of merchant ships and Europeans. He desired a change, and to that end he folded his tent like the genteel Arab that he was, stole away laden with treasure, and with a suite of eight or ten men had found his way into Long's camp on the Juba,

where he appeared on the night of the 1st of December. He was clothed in gorgeously worked vestments, while upon his person glittered many brilliant stones. He begged Long to accept the sultanate of the islands, describing his brother Abdallah as cruel, rapacious, and ignorant. The commandant of the Juba camp was perfectly amazed. He received his guest politely, and sent him to rest with his retinue in the tents near his own. In the morning Ali, when he saw the magnificent force and equipment which composed Long's command, as they marched in the bright light of the morning upon the plain below, exclaimed, "Accept, O Bey, the government of these islands. With one hundred of such men the conquest is doubly assured, while with your entire command you can hold the islands against the world."

It was at this time that Lord Derby addressed a letter to the Khedive protesting against his scheme of conquest and asking the immediate recall of the Juba expedition. Of this Long, of course, knew nothing. Unwilling to accept Ali's proposition, he placed that schemer on board one of the steamers intended for mail service between Kismaya and Suez, and sent him to Egypt as the guest of the Khedive. It is impossible to say where Ali is now.

Long was soon afterward prostrated by a malignant fever, and his command was returned to Egypt at a time when general bankruptcy and disorder prevailed. He had obeyed his orders, and executed the Khedive's commands faithfully in every particular; and he complained bitterly of the fact that when the Khedive was taken to task by the British Government he evaded responsibility by saying that the conquest of the coast and the invasion of Burgaschi territory were due to an excess of zeal on the part of his officers.

While writing of these expeditions into the region of the slave-traffic I may fitly take occasion to say something of slavery itself as it exists in the East, and especially in

Egypt. The institution there differs in many ways from slavery as we knew it in this country. I believe that, notwithstanding the attempts made for its abolition, slavery still exists in Egypt, as well as throughout many other parts of the East. It will continue as long as the harem system remains, where men consider their wives as slaves, and their authority in their abodes superior to any law other than that which the word of the Prophet sanctions. The harem is a sanctuary into which no one but the lord and master thereof can enter. Slavery is, however, much more humane there, as a general thing, than it is in Cuba, where its existence is a crying shame to our civilization, where licensed cruelty is permitted at the very doors of the freest government on the earth.

The negro in Egypt is used entirely for domestic purposes. He acts as doorkeeper (boab), looks after the horses, and in his picturesque dress runs before the carriage of his master, and is called his *syce*. He cleans, fills, and lights his master's pipe, and always takes the first puff; brings him his coffee, drinking the first cup; he is his pet familiar, and generally has little to do. He rarely or never is a laborer or works in the fields, and is the shiniest, sleekest specimen of mortality in Egypt, unless we except that unhappy class denominated the neuter gender, the special guardians of the abode of bliss. The hard-working cultivator of the soil is the native Egyptian, the brown-and-yellow man, the fellah, who in no way physically or mentally resembles the black man, and who, now as in the day of the Pharaohs, rarely or never mixes blood with him. People of all nationalities in the neighborhood of Turkey and Egypt have been enslaved; the principal judge of the mixed tribunals, a Greek by birth, now a Mahometan, was a slave in his boyhood, having been taken prisoner in war. The mothers of many of the Viceroys of Egypt were slaves, and nearly every wife of the older Pachas was purchased for a small sum. It is a theory often reduced to practice that

every woman there is a slave, and can only be had by purchase. A lady, the wife of a well-known ambassador, was not long since a Greek slave bought in Alexandria for a small sum, and reigned as a leader of fashion in one of the most brilliant courts of Europe. A recent Minister of War, Kassim Pacha, one of the most noted ministers of Ismail, was born a Greek Christian in the island of Cyprus. He was taken prisoner in his youth and sold into slavery. Many other persons of high position who are known to me personally are of foreign origin and were slaves in their youth.

The reader will perhaps pardon the digression with which I have thus broken the thread of discourse, in view of the importance of the subject. I now renew the record of exploration and conquest.

Lieutenant Colonel Mason and Colonel Prout navigated and surveyed Lake Albert Nyanza, discovered by Baker in 1864. General Raleigh Colston, formerly an officer of the Southern Confederacy, was more recently one of our American explorers in the interior of Africa. His geological and botanical collections, maps, and reconnoissances add much to the interest of a visit to the Citadel at Cairo. Devoted to duty, he penetrated into the comparatively unknown region between the Debbé, Mantoul, and Obeyail, and far into the provinces of Kordofan and Darfour in Central Africa. His services involved great labor and reflect credit upon his sense and determination. Always willing to face the turbulent savages, and, worse still, the malarial cesspools of the Dark Continent, he was eventually stricken with disease while toiling through the heated deserts of the Soudan. The Khedive highly appreciated his services and complimented him with a high decoration. Before leaving Egypt for his home he was compensated in part for his broken health by a gift of £1000.

Colonel Beverly Kennon, before coming to Egypt as colonel of ordnance, had seen service in the United States and

Confederate navies. Though he did not penetrate far into the interior of Africa—not beyond the first cataract on the Nile—he was one of those engaged in the task of mapping out the empire of Ismail. For a number of months in the heated season he was employed by water and land in surveys and in hydraulic and hydrostatic observations of the hidden wonders of the waters of old Father Nile. While engaged in these duties he rendered no little service to the Egyptian Government. He elaborated able and extensive plans for the coast defence of Egypt. One was by means of a system of railroads circling Alexandria, which had great merit. A system somewhat similar was used by the English in the war with Arabi Pacha. That upon which he prided himself above the rest was a plan for innumerable single-gun forts along the coast, and which were intended as a mutual support. They were to be sunk in the sand-hills and so hidden as entirely to escape observation. By means of ingenious machinery, of his own invention, these guns were to be suddenly raised to the surface, the fire delivered, and as suddenly disappear into the earth. Kennon completed one of his forts and was progressing satisfactorily when unfortunately the bottom of the Egyptian *caisse* fell through. Money became scarce; Ismail turned his attention away from war and its accompaniments to the sober reality of devising ways and means to meet the demands of urgent creditors, and these undertakings of Colonel Kennon, like other valuable experiments, necessarily came to an end. Kennon, full of energy and ability, soon wearied of the monotony of a life of ease, and left Egypt for the United States.

I shall speak of one more of those laborious officers engaged in extending the area of Ismail's empire, who penetrated far into the jungles of Central Africa. General E. S. Purdy served with distinction in the Union army, and went to Egypt as a colonel at an early day. By constant and dangerous service he won his promotion to the

Upon marching into the interior about thirty miles to a place called Guinda, Colonel Arrendrup addressed a letter to King John of Abyssinia, which stated in substance that he had come to fix the boundary between him and Egypt, to claim indemnity for past outrages upon the Egyptian people, and that unless his terms were immediately accorded he would march upon King John's capital. To this letter the King made no reply. Arrendrup then began his march to the Asmara Mountains, but finding these mountains steep and difficult, they being 8000 feet above the level of the sea, he changed his course of march to the Khaya Khor and Godofélassee route (see the map annexed), placing Dorholtz at Sangareit, two days' march south of Khaya Khor, in the province of Okulch-Gousai, with two companies of infantry, while Major Raif was stopped at Khaya Khor and there fortified with four companies of infantry and two pieces of artillery. Count Zichy, with six companies of infantry, two pieces of artillery, and two rocket stands, was ordered to a place called Addi-Huala, which was over a day's march from Khaya Khor, an elevated position overlooking the valley of the Mareb River, and here rested five or six days. This movement threatened Adua, the capital of King John, which was only about two days' march away. Colonel Arrendrup, with the remainder of his command, went to Godofélassee, and there intrenchments were thrown up by Major Dennison. Hearing that the Abyssinians were on the move in the direction of Count Zichy, the colonel hastened to Addi-Huala. In the mean time the Count had gone to the bottom of the valley beneath the elevated height of Gundet, where he had encountered a small party of the enemy. Getting this information, Arrendrup hastened to Gundet with four companies of infantry and two mountain pieces in search of Zichy. Dennison, an experienced officer, taking in the situation, begged the colonel not to jeopard the command by going into the valley, as the King in force was no doubt feeling

his way along the Mareb River under cover of its thick growth of vegetation and the mimosa-trees, which were large. Not heeding this wise counsel, Arrendrup moved into the valley. From the heights of Gundet, looking to the south, the meandering Mareb River unfolded itself, its thick and tall vegetation indicating its course. In the distant horizon of two days' march, the mountains of Adua stood out in bold relief, their peaks sharp and piercing, to be compared only to the irregular teeth of the crocodile. During the night the King was in the valley with a large army, encamped on the opposite side of the river; his camp-fires were seen for miles up and down the stream as he lay in wait when Arrendrup arrived. Before the colonel left Addi-Huala he moved Dennison to the right and front of the position there, and Major Ruchdy correspondingly on the left flank. Each of these officers had a small command. Orders were sent to Rushton Bey, who had been left in command of Addi-Huala, to move at daylight with five companies, two pieces of mountain artillery, and two rocket stands and occupy Gundet. Dennison, on the departure of Rushton, was ordered back to Addi-Huala, where two pieces of artillery had been left, to hold possession of this place. It is sad to read of these studied dispositions of the small force scattered in still smaller divisions over a mountainous country, about which little was known, in the face of a powerful and wily enemy of whom less was known. These arrangements being made, Arrendrup, with eight companies, four pieces of artillery, and two rocket stands, advanced early next morning, the 15th of November, down the precipitate and winding path to the Mareb River, with the intention of attacking the King, whose people unseen were then thickly scattered on both sides of the stream awaiting his movements. He had scarcely marched into the rugged and wooded valley of the Mareb and commenced his dispositions, with barely time for a few volleys from his infantry and discharges from his

While these events were occurring a letter came to Dennison from King John demanding his surrender, and in the name of humanity calling upon him to spare any further effusion of blood. If he gave up his arms he was assured that he and his command would be given a safe-conduct to Massowah, or they could stay in the King's service if they pleased. Dennison replied that he would refer the matter to his commanding officer, who was absent. A large force of the enemy was near him in a threatening attitude at this time, and the whole army within four miles of his position.

With all these facts before him, Dennison became satisfied that if he remained longer (and perhaps he had stayed too long already) his command was doomed to destruction. Spiking his cannon, therefore, he marched away with light baggage. Coming to Major Raif, at Khaya Khor, he too gathered up his forces, and taking command of the whole, turned his troops toward Massowah. Major Dorholtz, wise in time, had already taken flight. Thus the fragments of an expedition, a few days before full of the pride of war, now thoroughly alarmed, went stampeding and straggling toward the coast, with the enemy at their heels. The details of this march cannot be imagined, much less described. Count de Sarzec, the French consul at Massowah, in a published account now before me, says that he found Count Zichy lying wounded among the dead, in a most horrible condition, too painful to describe. Being compelled to go to the King, with whom he had arranged an interview, he did all he could for the unfortunate man, placing him at the house of a Greek to await his return. Upon coming back he was informed that Zichy had been taken away by order of the King. He supposed that he had been killed. It was subsequently stated in Cairo that he died while going with these people to Adua, and was buried there.

Abyssinia is almost a *terra incognita*, even to a majority of those who are well read in history and ethnology, in

spite of the remarkable traditions of this most interesting of semi-barbarous races. I shall be pardoned, then, if I devote some space to the country and its inhabitants before proceeding to what more properly forms my subject, the campaign made by the large expedition sent out in 1875 after the sad news of Arrendrup's fate reached Cairo—an expedition in which I served as second in command and chief of staff. The military experiences of that most interesting but disastrous campaign will be far more intelligible if once the reader understands the character and antecedents of the people against whom it was made.

CHAPTER II.

ABYSSINIA—ITS HISTORY AND INHABITANTS.

The geography of the country—Vegetable life—Races in Abyssinia—Characteristics of the climate—The origin of the Blue Nile—Government and social features—Abyssinia a feudal monarchy The fauna of the region—The finest hunting ground in the world—Agriculture and slavery—Relation of Abyssinia to ancient Egypt—Ancient monuments Traditions of the people—Curious facts about their religion and its history.

THE short epitome which I shall give of the geography, climate, history, and customs of the people of Abyssinia is founded on trustworthy information from those whom I think best informed, and on my own observations. I am greatly indebted for much that is valuable to Monsieur Abbé Duflot, a highly cultivated gentleman who lived in the country for nine years, and mixed socially and as priest with the people.

Abyssinia is a rolling and rugged country; its mountains are like "Pelion piled upon Ossa," with numerous grand plateaus very much like the table-lands of Mexico, from 3000 to 6000 feet above the level of the sea. In a march of eighty miles you ascend 3000 feet to the mountain of Khaya Khor. The ascent is gradual from the coast, but on the other side it is only a step from the top of the mountain down to the level plateau of Gura. The boundaries of Abyssinia are uncertain. Some place them between 8° and 16° N. lat. and 31° and 43° E. lon., and this seems to be the most probable estimate. It claims control of the country contiguous to the Soudan on the one side of Egypt, a vast stretch of country west of the Blue Nile inhabited by the Gallas, a people who do not speak the same language nor profess the same religion, "consisting of

numerous tribes that extend to the Indian Ocean as far as Zanzibar;" and on the other side to the Equator. Shoa, a large province, is sometimes independent under its own king, who bears the traditional, hereditary name of Menelek. This descendant of King Solomon, as he claims, is now a vassal of King John. Shoa is inhabited by the same people and has the same religion and language as Abyssinia proper. The people are of the original Abyssinian stock, and are naturally a part of the same nation. From this sketch it will be noticed that it is difficult to determine the population of Abyssinia. It is variously estimated to be from five to ten millions. The country is divided into two principal parts. In one are the mountains of Hamzen, Augaie, Angassie, Tigre, Amhara, Semien, Agaos, and Ambas.

One of the finest views in all these mountains is obtained by ascending from the little town of Abbi-Addi, the capital of the province of Tembien, to the summit of the Ambas Mountains, a distance of twenty miles. Here dwell the monks of whom I shall write. These mountains appear to have been terribly shaken by tremendous convulsions of nature. Cut and torn into fantastic shapes, they present to a lively imagination well-nigh every conceivable form—cathedral towers, battlements, castle fronts, and what not—giving to the whole the semblance of some great panorama of nature's creation for the amusement of the looker-on.

There are defiles and gorges, where a handful of resolute men can defy an army, and these natural defences have many a time served the turbulent people well in war and revolution. These mountain defiles have also served the purposes of vengeance on occasion. It was in a fortress here that King John doomed Obei, his rival, to die after his eyes had been put out. In the midst of the mountains lie the beautiful and rich plateaus lying from 2000 to 3000, others from 6000 to 9000 feet above the level of the sea, and having a fine climate.

The other part of the country, in grand contrast to this mountainous region, is made up of the immense plains of Tembien and Shoa, from 1000 to 1500 feet high, and much of them a sandy, burning, and unhealthy region. There is great difference in the people, climate, soil, productions, and animals. In the high lands you find a hardy, bold, and comparatively rich Christian people, of lighter complexion than most other tribes; handsome, intelligent, and thickly settled in numerous cities and villages. In the lower lands you find a portion of the people Mahometan, with a much darker skin, disposed to be nomadic and turbulent, more scattered, and with fewer villages. It is a country which borders chiefly on the Red Sea, in which also live the Dankils and Taltals. Throughout Abyssinia the productions are in many respects the same, but it is in the low lands that you find cotton and the tropical fruits, such as oranges, bananas, and citrons. It is only here that you see the curious, unsightly, and knotted boab-tree, so often seen in tropical and torrid Africa. It is of immense size, and though its trunk is comparatively stumpy, it takes fifteen men to span it, while it spreads over considerable ground with its enormous and fantastically twisted branches. The bark is rough and warped like the skin of the elephant, and in vegetable life it is what he is in the animal—the grandest production in Africa. Covered by many knobby protuberances which are its succulent matter hardened by the air, its fibrous substance crumbles to dust under the influence of water and air. The vegetation of Africa, like its great deserts, is sombre. Though many of its trees, like the boab, are of great size, in beauty and magnitude they are unlike those of America. Nor are its flowers as varied and beautiful or as highly perfumed as they are in the new world. Natural forms of all kinds are heavy and inelegant; and the soft, crumbling boab and kolkual take the place of the symmetrical and grand old oak and the tall, graceful fir, with its airy and beautiful nodding plume.

Though there is apparently great diversity of races in Abyssinia, of which we shall speak more fully hereafter, this is the effect of accidental causes and of proximity to the African tribes. It is generally understood among competent ethnologists that the people who inhabit northeastern Africa, called Abyssinians—the Gallas and Somalis and those who have sprung from them, like the Taltals, Adils, and Dankils, and many of the Nubians and Bucharis—belong to one family under the name of Cushites, not limited to Africa, but extending to southern Arabia, even to the Gulf of Omar and the lower Euphrates. In the low lands bordering the Red Sea, from November to March, owing to constant rains, it is comparatively pleasant. For the rest of the year it is without a drop of rain; there is no breeze, and it is hot and sultry in the extreme, with fatal epidemics. From thirty to forty miles distant, on the table-lands, during the winter months there is no rain, and from its altitude, 3000 to 6000 feet above the level of the sea, this region enjoys the perfection of climate. Beginning in April, there are rains in these table-lands every day, accompanied by thunder and lightning, the sky about two o'clock in the afternoon opening its floodgates, and closing them at five o'clock. The mornings are bright and sunny, the nights clear and brilliantly lighted by glittering stars, of which the Southern Cross is the most resplendent constellation. Though, like Mexico, in the tropics, the climate of a large area, by reason of its altitude, is very temperate and equable. There is no country where one day is so like another, and where there is more of what may be called eternal spring. If this region has any winter, it is our summer. When the sun passes into the northern hemisphere, and sends its rays more perpendicularly, nature so provides that rains come and temper the otherwise burning heat of the tropics. As already stated, the winters are dry, and scarcely a drop of rain ever falls, which makes it the "poetry of seasons," better than that of Egypt.

On the plateaus of the interior, for a month before the rains come, there is constant and vivid lightning at night, apparently with a clear sky, and often during both day and night there is rumbling like that of the thunder accompanying an earthquake; again at times like the discharge of cannon in the distance. Some time before the fighting between the Egyptians and the Abyssinians began, during our campaign, this noise was heard in the direction of Bahr-Rezza, on our line of communication with the coast, and Ratib, the commander of the Egyptian army, listened to its mutterings with great anxiety, thinking it might be caused by the disturbance of his troops in that direction. Another phenomenon consists of frequent whirlwinds, which portend rain. I remember one passing from the south over the valley of Gura, accompanied by great volumes of dust, carrying with it our tents, clothing, and papers. These winds spend their force usually against the Khaya Khor mountains in the north. In the desert, where they have free scope and last for hours, they are very much dreaded, particularly by the superstitious Arabs, who believe that the Evil Spirit thus takes the form of a sand-cloud.

The rains early in the summer cause torrents, tearing the mountain-sides and bringing along with them soil, rock, and trees. The numerous dry beds, so universal at this season, are so suddenly swollen into deep rivers that the inhabitants and animals are sometimes caught in them and drowned. Lake Tzana, in lat. 11° and lon. 55°, about the centre of Abyssinia, is one of the basins kept full by these summer rains, or rather by the streamlets running into it from the mountains, 6000 feet high. Here the Blue Nile takes its rise. This is the great river of Abyssinia, which, as it flows in its raging course through the mountains and valleys, carries the disintegrated matter which it collects, and that of a greater number of smaller streams which empty in it. Joining in the great desert of the Soudan, in lat. 16°, lon. 51°, with the White Nile as it comes from the

Equator, the two now one periodically flood the banks of the Nile in its immense length, and finally deposit their surplus water in the Mediterranean. In Lower Egypt science controls their waters by a simplified system of canals, used from the earliest Pharaonic times to the present day. The other important rivers are the Atbara, an affluent of the main Nile, and Tacazze, a branch of the Atbara. These streams also assist in the great work of furnishing soil and flood for the Nile. There is another river, called the Mareb, which loses itself in the sands of the desert. It is in these mountains of Abyssinia, 10,000 to 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, that great numbers of small streams take their rise, and through which is precipitated the immense mass of moisture condensed on them which comes from the Red Sea, Arabian Gulf, and Indian Ocean. In the late spring and early summer the mountain streams and rains flood the greater arteries beneath with such force that it is not surprising that they tear the soil and disintegrate granite, filling the rivers so rapidly that the people of the country are often drowned in their wild flood. These waters roll over vast deserts on their way to the Nile of Egypt, swelling the dry beds of the rivulets so suddenly that the flood rises in a single night from twenty to thirty feet.

Among the Abyssinians there are few regular merchants, tradesmen, or shopkeepers. Each *ras* or great man has among his attachés people who do his bidding and furnish him with most that he requires. The women make nearly everything used in the family. They make the pottery and clothing, grind the grain, cook, wash, nurse the children, and labor in the field. The men manufacture weapons, fashion the granite stones with which the women grind the grain, work in wood, and are always ready to use the lance.

Abyssinia proper is divided into several grand divisions—Tigre, the richest, most populous, and powerful; Amhara

Lake Tsana.

and Semien, the next in strength; Shoa, Hamzen, Ogoulo-Goussai, Gojam, and Agaos next in order. Besides these are many minor dependencies. Each of these provinces has at its head a *raz* or prince, who inherits, or, as is often the case, seizes power. These powerful princes owe a sort of feudal allegiance to the king. They pay tribute in men and money, unless military service is required, in which case the king is supreme. His call is instantly obeyed or they feel his sword.

In the absence of the *raz* these grand divisions are managed by a governor, called a *meslannts*. The next high officer is the *dagatch*, who is a general of an army corps or governor of a smaller province. A *shoum* is the chief of a still smaller district; *alaka* is the name of lieutenant, and *bashar* is equal in rank to a corporal. The government being, as I have said, feudal, the king is the central figure, around which all others revolve in case of war, when military service is required. In war the *raz*, who furnishes the men and money, commands the troops from his own province. As he sits nearest the king in peace, so he rides next to him in battle; the most powerful, Welled Sellassie, *raz* of Amhara and Semien, taking precedence. Differences are settled among themselves by a resort to arms, though the king often interferes and decides according to his judgment. So long as the chiefs give men and money the king has nothing further to say. But claiming power by descent (almost all have had an ancestor on the throne), these feudal lords are constantly mixed up in bloody insurrections. The king, knowing that fear and force are his surest friends, is always on the *qui vive*.

Innumerable small game like guinea-fowls, quails, pinnated grouse, bustards, gazelles, deer, and various species of antelopes are found everywhere, while over vast stretches of country the grander fauna roam in undisputed possession. The elan, wild boar, ostrich, eagle, giraffe, buffalo, rhinoceros, wild cat, leopard, hippopotamus, lion, and ele-

phant offer to the sportsman the finest fields in the world. The birds and animals are all easily approached by man, as the natives rarely hunt them or use firearms when they do. I have been in most of the fine hunting grounds of Florida, Texas, the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and California, but I have visited no country where there is such a variety of game and so much of it to be found without hunting for it as in Abyssinia.

For ages, with the exception of a few striking episodes of a short bright period when the Portuguese introduced the germs of civilization, about the middle of the fifteenth century, Abyssinia has been the home of a semi-barbarous people. Claiming to be Christians since the third century, they have villages and towns such as they are; huts to live in, but only a degree above those of the savages of North America. They raise a small grain called *teff* (*Poa Abyssinica*), very nutritious, and the *doura* (*Sorgo panicum et Indicum*), barley, and Indian corn, and cultivate them for a bare subsistence. They have numerous horses, broad horned, hump-backed small cattle, goats, and sheep; the latter animal is impeded in its walk by its enormous fat tail. The cattle, sheep, and gaots are used for food. They have little poultry, and raise few or no vegetables or flowers.

Internal dissensions frequently ending in bloody wars furnish the Abyssinians with excitement. They carried on at one time a brisk trade in slaves with Egypt, now to some extent stopped; a similar trade with Arabia and other provinces of Asia is still prosperous. They doom any Mahometan enemy or pagan who falls into their power to the most fearful slavery. They do not hesitate to take the life of the slave belonging to them when it suits their caprice, and their galling servitude is worse than death. They often sell their own people into slavery, particularly their young women, who are famous for beauty of face and form. Brave and adventurous in the past, they carried

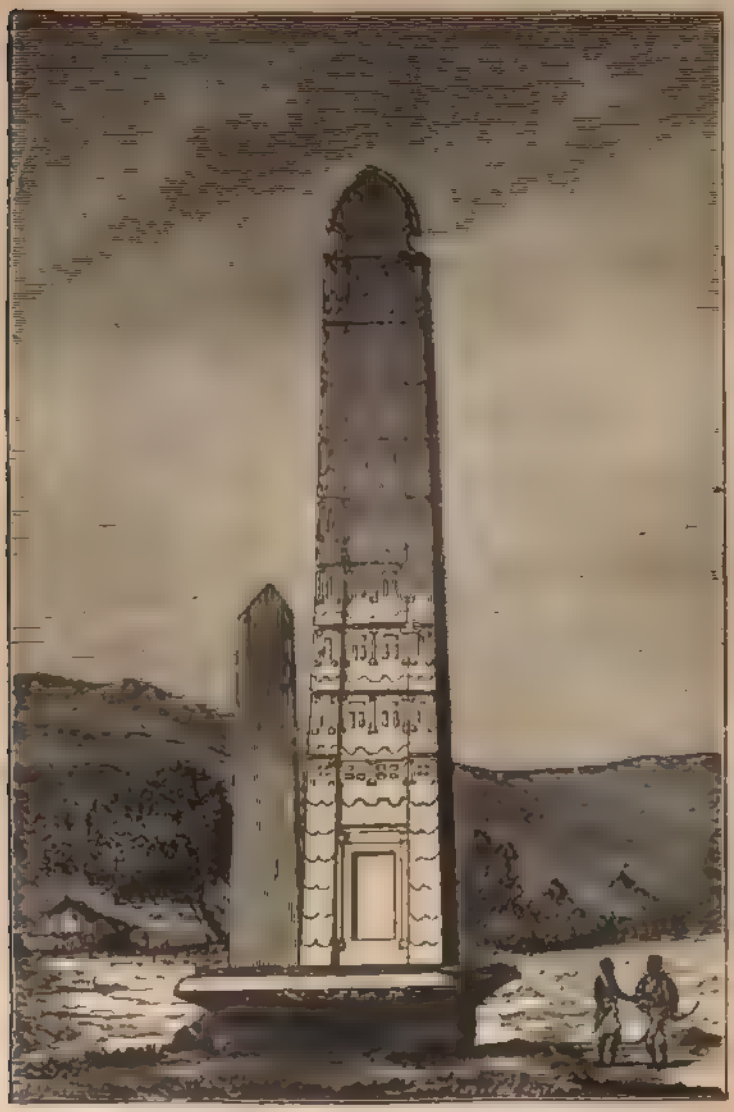
their victorious arms into Arabia, and successfully defended their mountain homes against the Saracenic hordes.

Mariette Bey, the learned hieroglyphist, tells us that as early as the twelfth Pharaonic dynasty, about 3000 B.C., the country was the scene of bloody wars, in one of the most brilliant epochs of ancient Egypt. It was under the powerful monarch, Osurtarsin I., that the Egyptian way extended beyond the First Cataract, the site of Assouan, "unto the utmost limit of Abyssinia." After that Abyssinia was to ancient Egypt what the Soudan is now to modern Egypt. The hieroglyphics tell us that "it was part of the country of Cush or Ethiopia, without precise limits." It is so now as then. Without unity of organization or territory, Ethiopia nourished a numerous population of diverse origin and race, but the bulk of the nation was formed by the Cushites, people of Semitic blood, who at an epoch unknown to history crossed the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb (the mouth of the Red Sea), and possessed themselves of the Upper Nile. Thothmes III., than whom no Pharaoh merits more the title of great, according to the poetic idea of the time, "placed his frontiers where it pleased him," extended his empire over Abyssinia proper, and appointed a governor-general there. Though it is true that the Cushites and Ethiopians are not mentioned on the monuments, yet as early as the sixth dynasty, not long after the building of the great Pyramid, they speak of getting negroes from the wild and turbulent tribes of the upper Nile and of bringing them into Egypt to drill them as soldiers to invade Asia. Lord Valentine, a noted man who travelled in Abyssinia, thinks that the people of Ethiopia were colonists or refugees from Egypt, who conquered and mingled with the aborigines.

The obelisk now at Axum, near Adua, the capital of Abyssinia, and a few stones with Greek inscriptions are the only monuments remaining, so far as has been discovered, of the ancient people. The obelisk is of granite, and much

resembles those of ancient Egypt. Salt, another traveller in Abyssinia, thinks it was erected in the time of the Ptolemies, as its order is strictly Grecian. It is an elegant shaft of solid granite, sixty feet high, and compares favorably with monuments of the kind that are to be found elsewhere in the world. All its ornamentation is in bold relief, and the hollow space running to the top makes it unrivalled in lightness and elegance. The Abyssinian tradition is that it was erected after the Christian era, but it is thought that the workmen then were not equal to so chaste and highly finished an undertaking. In Abyssinia was found an old chronicle called the "Tari-Naguensti," which gives a long list of ancient kings, and mentions the name of Queen Makéda. Many learned scholars believe that it is intended for the Queen of Sheba. The tradition is that Makéda went to Jerusalem, made the acquaintance of Solomon, and gave birth to a son whom she named Menelek, and that this son returned with her to Ethiopia. To this day the name is preserved in their royal family, and Theodore, whom the English fought, though really a plebeian, it is said claimed his descent from Solomon. He was probably as much entitled to it as any Abyssinian monarch. There is no question that the Queen of Sheba had her kingdom on both sides of the Red Sea, that she resided in Arabia, and got her gold which she carried to Solomon from either Abyssinia, where it is now found on the Atbara River and its branches, or in the Galla country, where the Abyssinians say it is to be found.

It is entertaining to hear the bareheaded and barefooted Abyssinian princes express their indignation that the powerful Christian monarchies of the world permit the Mussulman to outrage them in their weakness. They say that Solomon was their great progenitor, and that they too were once strong. They glory in the belief that theirs is the oldest royalty in existence, and that all others compared with them are *parvenus*. There seems to be some evidence



Obelisk at Axum.

of the fact that they were Jews before they became Christians. It is a strange fact that a number of them, who live by themselves, workers in brass and gold, are Jews. They pretend that Menelek brought from Jerusalem, together with the laws of Moses, the foundation of their laws and religion. As evidence they cite the fact that, though Christians, a part of their faith is the choice of meats, the veil of the temple, and circumcision.

There is still another monument in Abyssinia which dates back to the sixteenth century. It was originally a Catholic, but now a Coptic church—a splendid work of those famous Portuguese explorers. Though not so ancient as the obelisk, it still calls forth the admiration of the traveller, as a fine relic of the past. It differs from all others in Abyssinia as much by its form as in its dimensions. It is vast in extent, and twice as long as broad. It is massive in its construction and entirely of stone. The façade is ornamented in its front by a broad gallery, which is set off by colonnades surmounted by a triangular front. It is approached by broad granite steps. It bears evidence of strength, while all its parts are in just harmony. Like everything the Portuguese touched in that day, it bears the impress of a strong and vigorous people. This church has within it several pictures, among others a tolerable one of St. George, their patron saint. They also pretend to have in it the "table of the law," which Menelek Solomon, the son of the Queen of Sheba, stole out of the temple and brought with him to Ethiopia.

It was in the fourth century that Abyssinia was Christianized by St. Frumentius. Following subsequently the teachings of St. Eutychus, the apostle of the Coptic religion of Egypt, and acknowledging only the Patriarch of Alexandria as the head of their Church, they receive to this day their bishop or abouna, which means "father of the people," from the patriarch who resides at Alexandria.

There is a MS. still preserved among the Abyssinians,

which states as an historical fact that in the sixth century they conquered lower Arabia. Subsequently, however, they were driven from Arabia by the Mussulmans, who followed up their success and established on the coast of Abyssinia the kingdom of Zeila, but never conquered the seat of Abyssinian power, though it lies only 200 miles from Mecca. In the tenth century a colony of Jews crossed the Red Sea, conquered the country, and reigned for more than two centuries in Abyssinia. It was then that they got their Mosaic rites and the impress of Jewish features so distinctly marked among the people of to-day, which particularly distinguishes many of their leading men. During this Jewish era the Solomonian dynasty took refuge in Shoa. The usurpers being subsequently driven from the throne, many changes followed, all the pretenders claiming descent from Menelek up to the time of Theodore, who occupied the throne when the English invasion took place.

CHAPTER III.

HABITS AND CUSTOMS IN ABYSSINIA.

The Portuguese in Abyssinia—Interesting remains of their occupation—Terrible religious feuds—The rise of Theodorus and his defeat by the English King John's accession to power—Physical type of the Abyssinian—Costume and ornaments—The Abyssinian women—Law and its administration—Punishment for homicide, theft, etc.—The function of the Abouna or Metropolitan—The religious creed—Monogamy and marriage.

In the age of mediæval romance, soon after the discovery of America, about the middle of the sixteenth century, Portugal, then the great navigating nation of the world, sent Christopher de Gama, brother of the illustrious Vasco, to aid Abyssinia, a Christian country at that time, in a death struggle with the Saracenic invader. The brave adventurer, taken prisoner by Granier, the Sultan of Adal, in the midst of victory, perished a martyr to his faith and chivalric devotion. Remaining in the country, the Portuguese constructed the famous church at Axum, the great palace at Gondar, the bridge across the Blue Nile, and other stone buildings scattered through Abyssinia, now suffered to go to decay. But little is left of the work of that extraordinary people. The Blue Nile, or, as the Abyssinians call it, the Abbai (the Father of Waters), is about 1200 feet wide where it leaves Lake Tzana. Like the lake it is bordered by several miles of fertile valleys covered with umbrageous trees and vegetation. Then it shoots into the bottom of an escarped valley formed of basaltic rock, where the waters rush, foaming with a loud noise, bounding from one fall to another until finally the river becomes a raging torrent dashing from side to side against its rocky inclosure.

It soon enters a narrow and deep defile, its mural precipices at times not more than eight or ten feet apart. Across this raging stream the Portuguese, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, constructed a massive stone bridge. Though sadly torn by time and the effect of water, and its crevices opened by creeping parasites, it is still standing, patched though scarcely repaired, and connects the important provinces of Amhara and Godjam. The architecture is massive and bold. It has proved indispensable to the military necessities of the Abyssinian kings in keeping distant provinces not only united but under complete subjection. On the Amhara side is a massive round tower, built of the same blackish rock used in the construction of the bridge. This tower is situated on a point of rocks near the bridge and defends its approaches on either side. Though the tower and bridge are of immense strategic importance, the savages, who give but slight heed to the future, have for ages allowed the work of the Portuguese gradually to fall into ruin.

From the heights of the Nile the mountains of Godjam are seen looming in the distance. At the head of a small stream which takes its rise in these mountains, and is one of the sources of the Nile, not far from the town of Mota, stands an isolated peak called the Devil's Mountain. There are numerous legends of its being the abode of evil spirits, and few dare scale its wall-like precipices. Theodorus, the former king, who had fits of insanity, determined upon one of these occasions to storm the citadel of the devil and his imps, in due form, with cannon and shot. He bombarded the rock for several hours in the presence of his army, sending his men to count the dead. They reported that there were none on the field. In consequence he proclaimed the death of his Satanic Majesty, and declared that the dead had been carried off, perfectly satisfied that he could not only destroy men on earth, but the darkened inhabitants of another world.

Bridge Across the Blue Nile.

The residence of the Portuguese in Abyssinia resulted in bitter religious controversy between the Catholics and the followers of St. Eutychus. First Rome and then Alexandria held the reins of power; one or the other had to fly to inaccessible mountain cliffs for safety. After one hundred and forty years of desperate struggling the Catholics succumbed, and the abouna sent by the Patriarch of Alexandria, whom they acknowledged, has since been the head of the Church. The Portuguese either perished or were driven from the country, and with them disappeared the advance that had been made in civilization.

Their constant religious wars had so weakened the kingdom that it became the object of dispute between rival chiefs—Ali at Adua as Raz of Tigre, and Obei at Gondar as Raz of Amhara. In the midst of their lively controversy, Theodorus (called Kassa), a man without pretension, but bold and audacious, entered upon the scene of action, and very soon cut the Gordian knot. Heading a rebellion, he began with Ali, Raz of Tigre. As a stroke of policy he captured Ali's mother, and then compromised with him by returning her and receiving in exchange and in marriage the sister of Ali. This was followed by a revolt in which Theodorus was captured; but, always fertile in expedients, he assassinated his conqueror. This gave him at once great power and influence, and enabled him, in 1855, to proclaim himself king of kings, under the name of Theodorus. The king of Shoa dying, he annexed that province and silenced all other opposition, and for the first time in many years the sceptre of all Abyssinia was wielded by a single chief.

Theodorus, who more than any other modern Abyssinian monarch except King John attracts our attention, was crafty and cruel. When free from his occasional fits of insanity, he was politic, able, brave, and determined. Thinking his power greater than that of any potentate on earth, he seized and imprisoned the English, French, and German consuls and all Europeans within his kingdom,

without any pretext. He made outrageous demands as a condition for their release. Feeling secure in his inaccessible mountain fortresses, he thought the chastisement he so richly deserved could never reach him. The English made friends with Kassa, afterward King John, and other leading men who were tired of the cruelty of Theodorus. They marched upon and captured the rock of Magdala, where the king in fatal security awaited them. Rather than fall into the power of the English he shot himself through the head, and was found dead when the fort was entered. After the English left, Abyssinia had three claimants for the throne. For the following account of the success of King John I am indebted to General K., an Englishman who remained near him.

The first of the claimants was Kassa, now the Raz or Prince of Tigre, a bold and determined chief, young and ambitious, who resided at Adua, his capital. Though his people did not speak the same language as those of the greater portion of Abyssinia, yet he claimed the whole country. Menelek was in declared independence at Shoa. Gobassie assumed all the prerogatives, and called himself King of Gondar, the ancient capital, and lived in the old palace built by the Portuguese as an evidence of his royalty. Boasting of the immediate command of 60,000 soldiers, he thought it an easy matter to crush his weaker opponents. He soon confronted Kassa, the most formidable, at a round mountain, near Adua, well situated for defence. With the aid of the Englishman already named, Kassa placed his small army of 12,000 or 15,000 men on the side of the mountain, one line above another, concealing them behind rocks and trees so as to let his entire army have "full sway" (to use the expression of General K.) upon the army of Gobassie on the plain below. Gobassie, at the head of his army, charged this position. His horse was killed in the attack, and fell upon him. His army, thinking their chief had succumbed, were seized with consternation. Kassa charged and routed

them, making their king a prisoner. The humane punishment of filling his ears with powder and at once blowing his head to pieces was proposed; but Kassa, to commemorate his accession to the throne by an act of generosity, as he styled it, merely ordered his eyes to be burned out. This unfortunate man, chained to a rock, died on the eve of our coming to the country. Thus the triple sceptre fell into the hands of Kassa under the name of King John.

The Abyssinians are tall and wiry, with complexions ranging from that of a bright mulatto to ebony black; regular features, with the lower part of the face somewhat prognathous. The hands end in finely tapered fingers. Innocent of shoes, their feet are small and well shaped, often cambered. The hair, which is disposed to be straight, is dressed with butter. This peculiar use of butter is not confined to the Abyssinians. The wild Arab and the African savage do the same thing. The observer who visits this distant country will find not only in this but in many other things, habits similar to those attributed to the people of the Old Testament.

Nothing delights the Abyssinian more than to feel the melted butter with which he so copiously anoints his head, coursing with its unctuously softening influence down his naked back and shoulders. There is sound reason for the custom. Exposed to the broiling sun, it prevents his skin from cracking and gives it a glossy appearance. With neither hat nor shoes, and with back and legs bare, he wears simple cotton drawers around his loins. Over his person the Abyssinian chief or man of wealth throws the *kauriæ*. This is made of white cotton, in form like the Roman toga with a broad red stripe through the middle. In this graceful drapery he looks as dignified as an ancient Roman. He is never seen without his sharp-pointed lance and his shield of rhinoceros skin embossed with silver and brass. He wears a heavy curved sword, like a scythe, sharp on both sides, and often carries an old-fashioned shotgun and pistol.

He wears his sword on the right, mounts his horse on the same side, riding with the big toe in the stirrup. An Abyssinian on the march is never seen out of a dog trot. Starting at daylight at the rate of four miles an hour, he finishes his uninterrupted march at twelve o'clock, making thirty miles. The commissary and forage supplies are brought in daily. The army feeds upon the country. If the people hide or refuse provisions, or, if they happen to be opposed to the king, they are treated to the torch. The women wear numerous silver and brass anklets, and very large silver rings in the upper part of the ears. The young belle who would be particularly coquettish dyes her gums a lead color and her nails a reddish brown. The women are handsome, with large liquid eyes, which light up their delicate features. They have small, pretty hands and feet, and are in form symmetrical and in color lighter than the men. Admirers of the fair Abyssinians have said that they are like "rich bronze statues," and "that their pretty hands would arouse the jealousy of many modern belles." The woman is the beast of burden, as among all semi-civilized and barbarous people.

The warrior scorns labor, and, in consequence, his wife cultivates the soil, carries the young braves upon her back, bears the pots and kettles, and cooks the dinner for her liege lord; goes into battle with him, sings the war-cry, and urges on the fight. If he is wounded or killed, she bears the warrior from the field singing the song of triumph.

The Abyssinians administer justice in a measure according to the Mosaic law. When murder is committed or one kills another, it matters not in what manner, his life as a rule pays the forfeit. If punishment is not inflicted by higher authority, the village to which the dead man belongs claims the right of vengeance.

The result is that there are blood feuds between villages, so that in many instances they have no intercourse. When a case of homicide comes to trial, the Raz sits in judgment,

Abyssinian Girl.

and the last appeal is to the king. For minor offences the rhinoceros hide, made into what the Arabs call a *kourbash*, a terrible instrument of torture, is applied. The parties appear and plead their own cause with great vehemence and violent gesticulations. Dr. Johnson, who was attached to the staff under me, and whom I knew well, gives a ludicrous description of the Abyssinian who captured him in battle, and who had the right to take his life in accordance with Abyssinian laws. While his captor was explaining the affair to Raz Welled Sellassie, an Abyssinian prince to whose tribe he belonged, the doctor, though his life hung upon a thread, could not help laughing at the tremendous activity and gesticulation of this individual. The Raz, surprised at the doctor's merriment, caught his eye and smiled sympathetically. Dr. Johnson thinks he made the Raz his friend and thus saved his life. The case being decided, it matters not which way, the one that loses gets the *kourbash*, the Raz being always determined that justice shall not be cheated. For stealing and for treason, when life is not taken, the punishment is to have the hand amputated at the wrist and the foot at the ankle. Officers always attend to inflict these punishments, and the skill and rapidity with which they unjoint with a rough knife is wonderful. The wounded members are dipped immediately into boiling butter, and in a few days a cure is effected. For debt and other offences of a like character a fine is imposed. It often happens that the mulcted one cannot pay. The successful suitor takes no promises, and the only chance of the other for escaping a fearful punishment is to find some one to become his security. The bondsman becomes one in reality, and is chained to the debtor. The twain then beg through the country until the merciful give them enough to pay the penalty.

When a prisoner is seized his clothes are tied to his person; if he slips out of them and runs, it is proof positive of his guilt. Salt thinks this shows why Potiphar put

Joseph in prison. Madame Potiphar had his garments: proof positive of his guilt and of the justice of Judge Potiphar in his decision.

Some of their religious rites, as nearly as they could be learned, are as follows: The abouna, of whom something has been said, is always appointed from the monks of Egypt by the Patriarch of Alexandria. One poverty stricken is generally chosen to wear the mitre. He is a powerful prelate, holding the thunder of excommunication in his hand, and no people are more superstitious about their faith or stand in greater awe of the bolt. The abouna has an assistant bishop called *etchakia*, always a native, who shares the power of anathematizing with him. The people consider these persons holy. Even the law and the vengeance of kings deem them sacred and bow before them. Their vestments are said to be rich and gaudy. The only part described to me was the head-dress of the abouna, seen by Dr. Johnson while he was with their army. From its enormous size and *outre* appearance, in color and form, it must have resembled one that the distinguished adjutant of my regiment had made many years ago, on the Columbia River in Oregon, for his drum-major. The poor drum-major wore it once and then deserted. He was caught and pleaded guilty, giving what he thought a sufficient reason—viz. the fear of wearing that hat again.

The Abyssinians declare that they are under the special protection of the Almighty, and that the Holy Virgin and Saviour will never let the foreigner conquer and take possession of their country. Baron de Cosson gives the following idea of their creed as represented by Gregory, an intelligent Abyssinian priest who visited Europe in the seventeenth century, and in his opinion their catechism does not differ from that of two hundred years ago:

"*Question.* What God do you worship? *Answer.* The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, three persons in one Deity.

"*Q.* Of these three persons, which is the first, which the last; which

the greatest, which the least? *A.* There is no person first or last, no person superior or inferior, but all equal in all things.

"*Q.* How many persons? *A.* Three.

"*Q.* How many gods? *A.* One.

"*Q.* How many kingdoms? *A.* One.

"*Q.* How many powers? *A.* One.

"*Q.* How many creators? *A.* One.

"*Q.* How many wills? *A.* One.

"*Q.* Is God limited by time? *A.* No; for He is from all eternity and shall endure to all eternity.

"*Q.* Where is God? *A.* Everywhere, and in all things.

"*Q.* Is not the Father God? *A.* Yes.

"*Q.* Is not the Son God? *A.* Yes.

"*Q.* Is not the Holy Ghost God? *A.* Yes.

"*Q.* Dost thou not therefore say there are three gods? *A.* I do not say three gods, but three Persons, and one only God.

"*Q.* Who begot the Son? *A.* God the Father; but the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father, and takes from the Son.

"*Q.* Pray show me some similitude how three persons can be in one Deity? *A.* The sun, though but one substance, yet in him are three distinct things, rotundity, light, and heat; thus also we believe that in one God there are three Persons, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, equal in all things.

"*Q.* Of these three Persons, which was born for our redemption? *A.* The second Person—viz. the Son of God, our Lord Jesus Christ.

"*Q.* How many nativities had He? *A.* Two.

"*Q.* Which were they? *A.* His first nativity was from the Father, without mother, without time; the second from the Virgin Mary, our Lady, without father, in time and always remaining a virgin.

"*Q.* Is Jesus Christ our Lord a man, or is he truly God? *A.* God and man both in one Person without separation and without change, without confusion or co-mixture."

I would call attention to the curious illustration of the sun to instruct uncivilized man. St. Patrick is said to have used the three-leaved shamrock to illustrate the Trinity to the pagan Irish. Abyssinians believe, as I have written, in circumcision, the choice of meats, and in the veil of the temple. They administer communion with leavened bread, sometimes with the old, but generally with freshly squeezed juice of the grape. All present press the forehead against

Coptic Church at Adowa.

CHAPTER IV.

START OF THE EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION FOR ABYSSINIA.

The author ordered to Cairo to take command—He is afterward replaced by Ratib Pacha and made second in authority—Debates over the expedition in the Khedive's council—Sketch of Nubar Pacha, the Prime Minister—Cherif Pacha, his rival—The injunction impressed on Ratib Pacha—Organization of the forces—Preparation for the campaign—Off for the field—Transport over the Red Sea—Turmoil at Massowah—Description of the town.

THE writer was ordered to Cairo about the 1st of December, 1875, and informed that he was to command an expeditionary force into Abyssinia, caused by the unfortunate affair of Arrendrup, an account of which had just been received.

This was at night, and I was instructed to be in Cairo the next morning. Upon my arrival I was informed that the commander was changed, and that I was to go as second in command and as chief of staff, for the reason that it was thought that, the army being all Mahometans, it was more prudent to have one of that faith in command. Having been a long time in the country and never in war during my service there, I was not disposed to make factious opposition, now that there was prospect of active service.

But I was surprised, upon reading the statement relative to the command of this expedition, which was new to me, and not believing it to be true, I wrote to the chief of staff of the Egyptian army for the facts, and received the following reply:

"As for your selection, it was in this wise. Arrendrup had been defeated and killed. It was necessary to send a new force and a new commander. I proposed you as the commander, and at first Nubar Pacha supported this; but after several of the ministers had talked in Turkish, Nubar told me that a Mussulman Pacha must go as chief in command, and you must go as adviser. Then I demanded that you should have the distinct position of chief of staff of the expeditionary corps and be second in command. Thus it was arranged. I urged that you were accustomed to mountain warfare with savage tribes, and that your advice must be acted on when once in the field."

In the short interval before setting out there were several meetings of the high officers of the government, to which General Stone, Colonel Dye, General Field, and myself were invited. There was little said. General Stone presented a short plan of the campaign proposed. The Khedive said that the object was to punish King John for the injury done to Arrendrup's command and for other outrages. Nubar Pacha, Minister of State, made reference to fortifying in the vicinity of Adua, the capital of Abyssinia. He was very urgent that as soon as the chief object was gained, the punishment of King John, the war should end and the expedition return to Egypt. With his usual caution, he said that we should be particular in the observance of international law. Nothing was said of conquest, and my impressions were that this distinguished minister was opposed to the war. He said that Egypt was already in sorrow for the losses in the Arrendrup affair, and that his household was in deep distress. Arrikel Bey, the accomplished young governor of Massowah, his nephew, who had accompanied the expedition, had been killed.

Nubar Pacha, the head of the ministry at this time, was no ordinary man. Born an Armenian Christian, and living amid great temptation from his earliest youth, he never swerved from the faith of his fathers. Inheriting a large fortune, he had added greatly to his wealth. About fifty-five years of age, of medium size, with a round full face, large black eyes, and olive complexion, he was in the full

Hassan Pacha, Son of Ismail.

vigor of manhood. Rapid in thought, he was independent in action and blunt to a fault. At the risk of royal displeasure he never swerved when the truth should be told. Nubar consequently earned the frowns of the ruler he served. Commencing when a boy under Abbas Pacha, and speaking and understanding all modern languages, he became the head of the ministry under Saïd Pacha, and for many years continued under the régime of Ismail. No Eastern man had a more exalted reputation among European statesmen. No real benefit has ever come to Egypt in the last thirty years to which he did not give his powerful aid, and which through him was not carried successfully to its results. The establishment of the international courts came about through his instrumentality. These, while they curbed the arbitrary power of the sovereign, and I think in some respects did him wrong, placed a check upon the unlimited sway of the consular agents, and gave the Egyptian at least, as between him and the foreigner, a court to which he could safely appeal for justice.

I noticed the Khedive's bearing in the debates on this Abyssinian war, to which Nubar was evidently opposed, and was not surprised when I heard that the minister had left the Cabinet. I have been with him in social intercourse, and have felt that if there was any Eastern craft in him, he had left it in the Cabinet. I found him ever charming in conversation, wearing upon his placid, smiling face no look of care. As he sat in easy Eastern indolence, you could never believe, if the fact were unknown to you, that there lurked beneath his seeming indifference an ability and an independent energy in which no man in the East was his equal.

As I shall incidentally refer to the slave-trade in the course of this narrative, it is well to show how Europeans aided in it, and how the Khedive appealed to them to aid him in stopping it. When the Khedive was in Europe, accompanied by Nubar, and visiting London, the chief

General Stone, chief of staff of the Egyptian army, the proper official to confer with, that men, material of war, commissaries' and quartermasters' supplies, and, above all, transportation—camels, horses, and mules—should be furnished in the shortest possible time. I had a full and complete understanding on all these matters. During these conversations General Stone stated that the force was to consist of—

	Men.	Horses.	Mules.
Four regiments of infantry of three battalions each, aggregating	9,600	68	720
One regiment of cavalry of the Guard (sabres)	800	900	..
Two field batteries, one of brass and one of steel, of six pieces each, calibre about seven centimetres; two mountain batteries, and one rocket battery	474	54	334
One company of sappers and miners (afterward increased to five companies)	150	66	100
The general-in-chief, chief of staff, two generals of brigade, two colonels, three lieutenant-colonels, six majors, two captains, five lieutenants, and fourteen soldiers, constituting general headquarters	36	30	50
Total	11,060	1,118	1,204

One of these regiments, that of Kourchid Bey, was composed of blacks. There was to be added to this the remains of the command of Arrendrup, then at Massowah, which would increase the force to twelve thousand men. In addition to this was a command of twelve hundred men at Sanheet, on the frontier of Egypt and Abyssinia, which was expected to act in concert with us. I will mention here that there was in Egypt an American officer, Colonel Lockett, whom I knew to be a man of rare ability, one of the most accomplished engineers in any service. From his close study of the mountainous country to which we were going,

I felt that he would be a valuable acquisition. As he was anxious to go, his detail was applied for, and when ordered to join the staff, he put his high scientific knowledge to great use during the campaign. The staff, which was placed under my orders as chief, in most instances was acceptable. I was not consulted; had I been, I should have requested some changes, but as it was I had no alternative but to serve with just such officers as were ordered to report for the purpose.

Colonel Lockett had been graduated from the Military Academy at West Point, and was in the Engineer Corps of the U. S. Army before the Confederate war. Casting in his fortune with the "lost cause," he was distinguished in that war for many achievements in his profession and for great courage on occasions when called upon to execute his important duties. There was no officer who rendered more valuable services to Egypt during his stay there, and none was more appreciated by the Khedive or more regretted when it became necessary for him to leave for his home in America. I had looked forward, in case of a fight with the Abyssinians, to having the assistance of Colonel Lockett; but like General Field and Major Dennison, officers whose services were much needed, and upon whom I relied for valuable aid, he was unfortunately detained with the troops expected to join us.

General Stone had received a long communication from Abbé Duflot, a Catholic priest who had lived more than nine years in Abyssinia. It furnished a perfect picture of the country, delineating its trails, mountains, and rivers, its defiles and passes. There was nothing left for military men to desire in order to select the proper road through which to enter Abyssinia; and before leaving Cairo, General Stone and myself had thoroughly studied the country and had determined upon the road that ought to be taken, of course leaving it to me to make further inquiry on my arrival in the country. I found upon reaching Abyssinia

and studying the country that the conclusions reached at Cairo were right.

On our departure several of the royal family, ministers, and the relatives of those who were going, came to say their last farewell and wish us *bon voyage*. Receiving final instructions from General Stone, who bore the Khedive's last orders at Suez, we embarked in the steamer Dehaliyah with Ratib Pacha, the staff, and a portion of the command. I left in the fervent hope that the sanguine wishes of the Khedive, who had so much at stake, might be gratified.

We were now upon the Red Sea, sailing gayly over the track that tradition marks out as that which the Israelites took in their exodus. A bouquet of date-trees distantly defined the Asiatic shore and pointed us to the "Well of Moses," the camp thus celebrated people made at their final crossing.

It was not long before the Mahometans on board, prostrating themselves at their evening prayers with their faces in the direction of Mecca, warned us that we were passing the theatre of their great Prophet's action. Rising on the distant horizon we could clearly distinguish the lofty peaks of the Sinaitic range of mountains. Passing along, our attention was called to the site of the ancient city of Tor, with the remains of its old Roman fort, which at that time held the Bedouin, the wild man of the desert, in awe. On the African shore was Berenice, built by the Ptolemies, once a great *entrepôt* of commerce and Eastern travel, now with scarcely an object left to tell us where the famous city stood.

After four days' broiling "under a heaven of fire" we arrived at Massowah. The harbor is good and the water clear and deep, yet it would be difficult for a large-size merchant ship of modern times to swing round in it. Piræus was said to have held all the navies of the world in the early days of Greece: it is likely that the bay of Massowah held all that of Ethiopia. The town is built on a

small coral island about one mile in length, and is connected with the mainland by a causeway of the same length. This answers the purposes of communication, and serves to conduct water for the supply of the islands from a place called Matoumla, four or five miles distant. This water, though unpalatable, is the best to be had.

The town was the seat of commerce for Ethiopia; now it is a miserable little village, insignificant in size and in everything that dignifies the abode of men. Upon landing, our motley crowd, of all nationalities, soon sought shelter in tents. The Catholic convent is the most striking object there. The bishop at its head was one of those self-sacrificing men whose life in the wilds of Africa is one of constant danger. Simple and beautiful in character, it was a pleasure to meet him in this out-of-the-way place. The convent is a large structure near the sea. With the exception of two or three government buildings and a few bastard-Moresque residences, this delectable place is a collection of miserable conical thatched huts, each covered with a sort of mat, the abode of insects and reptiles. The streets are so narrow that you have to walk Indian file in them. Sanitary measures are unknown. The smell of rancid butter used upon the heads of the inhabitants in a burning climate was in complete harmony with the exhalations from all other sources. At the landing we saw at a glance the commerce of the town: it is an *entrepôt* for the interior of Africa. Large ivory tusks, gum arabic, senna, ostrich-feathers, with a supply of wild animals and beautiful plumed birds, plainly indicated commerce with the equatorial regions. Monseignenr Bouvier, several French priests, the vice-consul of France, and two or three traders were the only Europeans there. Besides a number of Banyans, British-Indian Mahometan traders, the rest of the population were Shohos, belonging to a Mahometan tribe who live a sort of migratory life in the mountains a short distance back and in the high lands along the shore of the Red

Sea. They are a supple, well-formed black race with woolly hair. Saturated with butter, this shock of hair stands straight up like a huge mop on the top of the head, and has an arrow-like stick run through it. They are constantly scratching their heads with this, as though spurring the parasitic inhabitants to activity. Their cotton drawers are worn from the waist to the knees; a sort of white cotton toga is thrown around their naked backs and shoulders; sandals on the feet and large leathern bracelets above the elbow, with Koran charms in them, complete their toilet. A leather belt, with a knife and a sword shaped like a reaper attached, and a lance and shield comprise their outfit, as they strut about in warrior fashion. Luckily we were all invited by Ahmed Bey, the governor, to share his residence, a well-constructed building on the intermediate island, a short distance from Massowah, and connected with the main causeway. There is a breeze from the sea during the day which makes the climate endurable, but the mountains circling round these islands in crescent form shut out the land breeze at night, and then it becomes fearfully hot. Sleep is impossible; after remaining up during the night, the perspiration rolling from every pore, I was not astonished that the people who live here look so miserable and exhausted.

CHAPTER V.

PREPARING FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

Arrival of Prince Hassan for service on the staff—Luxury of his outfit—Discords and intrigues at headquarters—Ahmed Bey, Governor of Massowah—Pressing need of an early march and the route selected—Delay from the difficulty in getting a camel-train—Secret opposition of Ratib Pacha to the prosecution of the campaign—Serious difficulties which the chief of staff had to meet—Arrival of released prisoners and a messenger from King John—The horrible condition of the mutilated prisoners and the effect on the Egyptians—Detention of the Englishman Kirkham, the envoy of King John, as a prisoner—Kirkham's sensible advice.

At Massowah we were joined by Prince Hassan, the third son of the Khedive, an active, stoutly built young man of twenty-two. He presented a letter from the Khedive asking my kind attention, and another to Ratib Pacha requesting a place on his staff for him. Partly educated by an Englishman, Hassan was sent by the Khedive to Oxford by advice of the Prince of Wales, whence graduating through a royal road to learning he returned to Egypt in 1873 and was an actor in the noted marriage festivities in that year, with two half brothers and a half sister, the beautiful Fatima. He married Khadigeh Hannoum, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, the granddaughter of Mehemet Ali, and a few months later went to Berlin and entered the Prussian army, the Emperor and royal family receiving him well.

If the matter had stopped with Hassan's simply being a staff officer it would have been well, but Ratib insisted on showing him royal honors during our stay at Massowah. The greatest possible care and solicitude were shown for

him, and it looked as though the real object of the expedition was changed, and that the prince hereafter was to be the strategic point.

One of the eccentricities of his advent was his sumptuous table, which groaned with every luxury. He was kind and hospitable, and I was invited to mess with him during the campaign. Though the offer was tempting, I thought best to enjoy the frugal repast of my own table, as I had supplied myself with a fine cook and many good things, and was really independent, even of the government, enough to prefer messing alone; besides, he scarcely or never invited any other of the Americans to dine with him. So I enjoyed dining with him by special request only, a courtesy which in his good nature was frequently extended.

Another motive on my part was to discourage this unnecessary luxury, I thinking it best to leave all this display in the rear, on account of the scarcity of transportation. Ratib Pacha, a *bon vivant*, had no idea of losing the sweet things of the prince's table. The choice viands and costly wines hung lingeringly upon his cultivated palate, and having no idea of making war if he could help it, he could see no reason why there should not be a "flow of soul" in this princely excursion into the Happy Valley of Abyssinia. All these interesting incidents occurred amid no little clashing between the general staff of Ratib Pacha and a kind of private staff, through which, to our astonishment, he was in the habit of issuing secret orders, which conflicted with his "regular orders" sent to the army.

While engaged in harmonizing these discordant elements, we were startled by an indignant complaint from the commanding general that some correspondent in the army had been criticising him in very severe terms, and that the criticism had reached the Khedive. It was well known that those at court were the peculiar friends of Ratib Pacha, and consequently everything sent came back to him. As such a thing was calculated to cause distrust in one natu-

rally suspicious, I told him all I had written. He thought that somebody else must have had "a finger in the pie," and expressed a great fear that imprudent communications might get into the papers. I had great difficulty in soothing his troubled spirit. An order of the Khedive directed that all correspondence should be opened, and this caused heart-burning among many of the officers from the commencement of the campaign, and continued to its close. This fresh incident did not ameliorate the unpleasant order.

I have already written a full statement of the affair of Arrendrup, circumstantial and reliable enough to place beyond doubt that Major Dennison and Ruchdy Effendi, by their good judgment and courage, saved the survivors of that unfortunate disaster. The young governor, Ahmed Bey, nephew of Sadik Pacha, the unfortunate Finance Minister of the Khedive, had been sent, on the death of Arrikel Bey, to Massowah. Without thought, and before he was conversant with the facts, he sent a telegram to Cairo saying that these officers were in fault. On my arrival I found that they were under censure. An explanation from myself to Ratib Pacha here, which I got from Major Dennison, and a letter which I sent to Cairo, put the matter at rest without any difficulty. Ahmed Bey now made another effort to distinguish himself. Having heard of Ratib Pacha's sending a proclamation to the people of Abyssinia disclaiming any idea of conquest, he thought he too could send one that breathed fire and sword against King John and his people and made the most extraordinary demands. Coming to me with his agreeable smile for my signature, the intrigue was met by my crushing the aspirations of the ambitious young gentleman. He gently subsided. Becoming afterward the pliant instrument of Ratib, I do not think he ever made another attempt to distinguish himself.

It was found that there were few camels at Massowah, our reliance for transportation. Weeks passed, and yet

they did not come. In the mean time the necessity for seizing strong places in the mountains, before the enemy could gather an army and the approach of the rainy season, and the urgent orders from Cairo to hurry our march into the interior, gave us serious concern. Therefore there was a necessity for reducing baggage and material to articles absolutely needed. Estimates were accordingly made, and places on the route selected. The admirable and reliable paper already referred to concerning Abyssinia, written by the Abbé Duflot, having satisfied both General Stone and myself that the direct route to Khaya Khor and the Gura valley, about eighty miles from the coast, was by the way of Yangoos, Bahr Rezza, and Addi Rasso, this route was determined upon. Immediately on reaching Massowah and conversing with Major Raif, one of Arrendrup's party, who had just been to Khaya Khor, I was confirmed in my opinion.

Ratib Pacha, who had also fixed upon this road, had the habit of spreading out a large map and inviting the Pachas to go over it with him, and he very often pointed out the wrong road. Upon being corrected in this, he would say that he did it because he did not want every one to know the road he intended to take. There is one thing I will mention, because it aided me. In the East everybody carries a seal, and the humblest Arab wears it on his little finger; it is the sign-manual and evidence of his bond. From the fellah to the Khedive, the seal is the signature, and like a signature, the seal is authentic. It was a common thing for me to give my seal to the Americans and most of the Europeans among us, to facilitate business. I did this in my own office, as it gave me more time for reconciling differences, overcoming obstacles, smoothing ruffled passions, keeping the commanding officer in good humor, and by a candid course with him thwarting the petty intrigues of the marplots who surrounded him. The subject of transportation, to enable us to move, was all im-

portant, and those who had anything to do with it were blamed. Ahmed Bey, the governor, came in for his share of abuse for delaying it, but I have ceased to believe him responsible. Ratib, all powerful, dictated, and the governor obeyed. Largely, too, the delay was not only the fault of the system of government, but the extent of country to hunt it up in. Spread over sparsely inhabited regions like the Soudan, the Bedouins must be hunted before their camels could be got. These shrewd men of the desert dread to lose their animals, and at the first alarm of war they drive them far into the most remote and inaccessible places, beyond reach of the pursuing officer. This of course involves delay, but it would be childish raving in the Western man to abuse the ruler who is acting from the habits of ages, because he and his people do not change in a few days or years and act in accordance with the most approved system of a higher civilization.

Enough camels to start the vanguard of the command finally arriving, the necessary orders were issued through the chief of staff by the commanding general, and Osman Pacha, with a command of over 3000 men of all arms, began the advance, and General Field, inspector-general, the ablest and most experienced officer who had reported for staff duty, with Colonel Mökln, another able man, were assigned to duty with him. Their command had hardly left before the private Arab staff of Ratib Pacha, which I had supposed to be defunct, turned up as a factor. Ratib, forgetting his own orders, commenced in his inexperience a series of instructions to Osman Pacha, conflicting with those already given. This caused some confusion and delay, and Ratib, apparently very repentant, promised to do better in the future. This performance developed the serious and important fact that little dependence could be placed on his determination or promises. Often in minor matters I humored him in order to get him to attend to those of a vital character. Very often, however, in vital

matters he went in direct opposition to my advice and his own orders previously given. The opinion was forced upon me that he and Osman, both being opposed to the campaign, took secret measures to delay it, thinking to deceive me in the field and the Khedive at home by their apparent willingness. After a barefaced wrong like that just mentioned, Ratib would proclaim his innocence and swear by the Prophet it should never occur again. This state of things was rather ominous at the outset of the campaign, but I was determined to force it through with the aid of the Americans, if it could be done with the assistance of these able officers and an experience of over forty years, much of it in just such war as this. I never despaired, to the last moment, of inducing the commander to overcome his fears and prejudices and be guided by a little common-sense. Having a fine army well armed, I knew that it was capable of winning success if properly handled. In reading this book the reader may be amazed that such a military comedy as the one I speak of could be played in any country in this enlightened age. He may think it strange that I should have remained throughout under such an ordeal; but he may have already surmised the motives and influences which induced me to stand by the interests of the Khedive to the bitter end, amid surroundings that would have caused many to refuse to assume the slightest responsibility. As the delay caused by Ratib affected the transportation, I will state that before leaving Massowah, in order that Ratib and his lieutenants might know the precise situation, there were prepared estimates and maps of roads, stations, and trails, which were mentioned in an elaborate report. I invited Ratib and his two commanders, Raschid and Osman Pachas, to attend and have everything explained to them. In talking to them they seemed to comprehend the estimates, but paid little attention to the topography of the country. Ratib with only a modicum of intelligible French, the Pachas knowing only Arabic, and

the interpreter knowing but little of either of those languages, it was of course difficult to make them comprehend, under any circumstances, what the explanations were. Ratib, after an ignorant effort to say something, finally gave it up and sat through the conference with the imperturbable indifference of his race pictured upon his quizzical face, while the other Pachas looked as if time for prayer had arrived and their pious souls hungered for the performance of that important duty. Having determined at the outset on the Khaya Khor route, I frequently advised the bringing up of the troops which were at Sanheit and on the frontier of Bogos and Gallibat to operate on our right flank, and particularly to take into the service friendly chiefs and their warriors, there being several of them who were hostile to King John. Other important men could have been induced to aid us, but for some unexplained reason, I never could tell what, this was not done. Shortly after our arrival, Kirkham, an Englishman who had been for several years in the service of King John in Abyssinia, came to Massowah. He was sent under the pretence of bringing back to us as a peace-offering an officer and one hundred and five prisoners captured in the Arrendrup affair. His object was to slip through our lines. Of these unfortunate people, twenty-seven were horribly mutilated. Such miserable creatures were never before seen in war. The king had two objects in sending these victims back. One was the hope that Ratib Pacha, induced by apparent kindness, would let Kirkham pass through with his letter to Queen Victoria complaining of Egypt. This person, fearing the Egyptians, remained outside of our lines, and sent word with the prisoners that he was sorry he could not come with them. The cunning hint of the king fell flat upon the ear of the Egyptian commander, who determined to let no one pass from under his authority. Another idea of the king was that this savage reminder should impress the ignorant Egyptian soldiers with a dread of what they might

expect from the cruelty and prowess of the Abyssinian. This well-timed embassy had the desired effect. Instead of lashing the Egyptians into a frenzy of righteous indignation and the desire to revenge their mutilated comrades, it filled them with dismay to see such evidences of the ferocity, the bravery, and the strength of the enemy. These unfortunate wretches, in telling their tale of sorrow and misery, too painfully marked upon their persons, did not fail to exaggerate the courage and power of the Abyssinians, the difficulties of advancing into the country, and the almost certain death that would follow the attempt. The Egyptian officers talked with bated breath, and heard the conversation of these people with the soldiers in a quiver of suppressed fear. Altogether it was a sad and horrible scene, and most damaging in its effects upon the *morale* of the expedition. Some savages cut off the heads of their enemies; and some, like the North American Indian, take their scalps. It was the custom of the ancient Egyptians, even in the reign of so grand a Pharaoh as Usurtasen, in the splendid era of civilization in the twelfth dynasty, to mutilate the dead, leaving the body on the field, carrying the trophies of their courage to the king to be counted and engraved on the temples of Thebes and Memphis, where the traveller can see them to this day. But the Abyssinians mutilate the living in the same manner.

So the officers of the Egyptian army commenced bitterly deprecating the war, declaring it unnecessary, and lamenting that they were all to be killed. They said that Egypt had more land at home than they could cultivate, and that it would have been more to the interest of their country to keep the army there to till the soil and take care of their suffering families. Officers and men in discussing the invasion saw an enemy behind every bush and rock. The passage through mountain gorges, to these men who had lived all their lives in the level lands of Egypt and were unaccustomed to lofty heights, magnified the difficulties of the

advance, their fears preparing them to believe that great rocks would be hurled down upon them, every step disputed, and no man allowed to escape. It was not long before Kirkham and two English companions who were with him were made prisoners by our outposts and came into camp. The two men with Kirkham, by the name of Houghton, were well-informed Englishmen who had strayed into the country, and as there was no reliable evidence to satisfy Ratib that they had taken any part in the war, he thought best to risk the imprisonment of one Englishman, Kirkham, and let the others go, as he was fearful of international complications. On releasing the Houghtons he asked as a favor, for many reasons, that I would treat them kindly, and this I did without inconvenience. The imprisoned Kirkham was also treated kindly and was often visited by the American officers during his confinement, there being no severe restriction laid on him. Mrs. Bent, with her young child, the widow of a missionary and the daughter of Dr. Schimpffer, a noted German botanist, long a resident of Abyssinia, whose wife had been one of that people, came into camp at the same time with Kirkham. She was immediately released when these facts were known, and she left shortly afterward en route for Jerusalem.

The appearance of this man Kirkham, dressed in an old and dilapidated English uniform, was that of one utterly used up by disease and dissipation. An adventurer, he had served with Walker in Nicaragua and with Gordon in China. He was wounded in India, had been a steward on a Red Sea steamer, and then a general in the army of King John and governor of one of his provinces. Priding himself upon his nationality, he was indignant that an ambassador from the "king of kings" to the Queen of England should be put into captivity, and threatened vengeance against the Khedive for his violation of the laws of nations.

Kirkham said to me in one of his conversations that King

John in forty or may be fifty days would have a fighting force of over 60,000 men; that he was reconciling all the chiefs, that he did not intend to move from near Adua until he had a large army; and that if we expected success we must hasten and attack him before the Gallas, the Raz of Shoa, and the Raz of Godjam could join him about the time already stated. He said that while he hated the Khedive, it would depend upon circumstances whether he ever returned to Abyssinia. He liked the Americans, and was sorry to see them in the country; and for their sake he would advise them to hurry up their movements. These statements proved singularly true. Ratib Pacha was informed of them, but expressed contempt for their source. He declared that he intended to keep poor Kirkham in prison until finally he should be compelled to feed upon the insects he bred upon his person. There is no doubt that if it had been in his power to do so he would have executed his threat. After a while I persuaded Ratib to let the prisoner walk about the town and visit my headquarters, thinking him perfectly harmless. On the return of the army to Massowah after the campaign he was still a prisoner, and was possessed with the idea that he was being poisoned. He was taken sick, and Colonel Lockett, a kind-hearted gentleman and one of the most accomplished of our American officers, devoted much of his time to ministering to his necessities. He had him removed from the place of his imprisonment to the Lutheran mission, where charity relieved his last wants, and where he died before we left the country.

CHAPTER VI.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION AND PERSONNEL OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY AND THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

The basis of the Egyptian military force—Early services of Colonel Séves, a Mussulman Frenchman—Assignments to staff duty—General Stone's difficulties in staff organization—The Ministers of War jealous of the Etat-Major—Ratib's hatred of the staff service. Description and sketch of Ratib—One of the most cowardly and incapable of commanders—Something more concerning the American officers in Egypt. The author's connection with the Khedive's army.—Assigned to the active command of the army and navy—The American and foreign officers assigned to the Abyssinian expedition. The Egyptian staff.

THE organization of the Egyptian army as we found it when we went to Egypt was based upon the French system. There had been a staff, but there was nothing left of it on our arrival, and it became necessary to organize a new one.

Colonel Séves, an officer in the army of Napoleon I., left France after the fall of the First Empire, offered his services in 1816 to Mehemet Ali, and organized his regular army. Egypt had been torn by internecine war for centuries, her fields wasted, and her population reduced to two million souls, and those in the midst of starvation and misery, when he took charge of her military system.

Mehemet Ali was then instilling new life into a wretchedly impoverished country by forcing all classes to cultivate the rich soil, and in the mean time he was glad to avail himself of the services of a trained soldier to organize and discipline his forces. It was that army, of which Colonel Séves was chief of staff, which under Ibrahim Pacha gained the victories at St. Jean d'Acre, Konieh, and other fields,

and revived the name of Egypt, whose people had been debased in slavery. Ibrahim began by subduing the warring tribes of Egypt and bringing under his power the Bedouins of the desert; afterward, entering Arabia, he soon crushed the turbulent Wahabees. Throughout Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, and Syria all the discordant elements were brought under subjection, and the peaceful tillers of the soil were protected in their flocks and herds. Their history in those days, however much they may have fallen under the ban later, proved that the much-abused fellaheen, when properly commanded and officered, can be led to victory.

Ibrahim in his march upon Constantinople was only checked by superior European power. England menaced Egypt in his rear, and it was only in this manner that the Sultan, tottering to his fall, was saved from utter ruin. Suleiman Pacha (Colonel Séves), who rendered such highly important service in these military experiences, like others of his countrymen of that day, found it easy to change his religion when it suited his interest to do so. Becoming a Mussulman, he accepted all the accessories of that faith, and had a well-filled harem. He avoided European society, and only countenanced foreigners when business forced him into their association. In spite of an habitual air of dignified reserve he could unbend on occasion, and, being of versatile mind and well informed, was often very entertaining. One thing he could not do—namely, disguise his French origin. He was a brave and good soldier, and had he left a staff as good as the well-drilled army, he would have conferred a great benefit upon Egypt. Suleiman Pacha died an aged man shortly after the Crimean war—it is said he died a "true believer"—and with him faded out the organization of the Egyptian staff.

When, in the spring of 1870, General Stone entered the War Office of Egypt as chief of staff of the army, he found there no staff existing. There was one "colonel of the staff" on the rolls, but he, an able French officer, was in

England on special duty procuring supplies, and he remained there until 1880. He found in the War Office no maps, no military books, no military magazines or journals. There had been no chief of staff in the Egyptian army since the death of Suleiman Pacha, who during the last half of the reign of Mehemet Ali had caused a number of pupils to be sent to France to receive a military education, and on their return had attached them to his staff, which was organized on the principles in vogue in France at the time of Napoleon I.

No new chief of staff of the army was appointed until 1870, when General Stone was called to Egypt by the Khedive Ismail to take the position. Of the former staff officers, but few remained alive, and they had all been called to other duties, generally civil, where their education made them very valuable. Among these may be named Cherif Pacha, the present Prime Minister, one of Suleiman Pacha's favorite and most capable officers, who in 1870 was already Prime Minister and regent of the kingdom during the temporary absence of the Khedive; Murad Pacha, now president of the mixed tribunals at Cairo; and Ali Pacha-Ibrahim, recently Minister of Public Instruction. All was therefore to be created anew. And not only this, but the general officers of the army, who had grown up to their higher grades during the time while no staff existed, had little or no idea of the duties or the usefulness of staff officers or of a staff organization.

General Stone began by preparing a report setting forth the necessity of a staff in the army and the duties of staff officers, with an account of the relations which should exist between the staff, the commanders, and the troops.

This report, submitted through the Minister of War to the Khedive, was highly approved by the latter, and the organization of a staff was ordered. Then commenced for General Stone the heavy labors required in finding and preparing the officers for their duties and preparing the army

for its working with a staff. His first recommendation was for the education of the army. He procured from the Khedive an order that no man should thenceforth be promoted in the Egyptian army, even to the grade of corporal, unless he could read and write well. Then, to enable men of all ranks to attain promotion, he procured an order for the establishment of a school in each battalion, where not only the officers but also the non commissioned officers and soldiers could have instruction during at least an hour and a half each day. Next he procured an order authorizing him to organize a good staff college, where selected pupils taken from the best schools could be trained in the higher studies required for the education of staff officers. This school turned out year by year, from 1873 onward to 1878, very able young officers, who were placed on duty in the staff bureaus and with the general and superior officers who had come from America. A few intelligent young officers of artillery and cavalry who could speak either French or English were called into the staff and placed on duty with the author, the only foreign officer in direct command of the troops, and there they received unremitting care and attention from their general, who exercised them in the practice of various staff duties.

Next, the chief of staff procured from the Khedive an order for the organization of a special school for non-commissioned officers, and in this he soon had fifteen hundred sergeants and corporals under instruction, causing them to be taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and the keeping of regimental and company books. These men formed two model battalions for the army, and as fast as they finished the course of instruction were sent back to their companies, carrying with them uniform instruction in drill, and were replaced by other intelligent non-commissioned officers drawn from their regiments. This school was kept up in the barracks attached to the War Office, so that General Stone could inspect the instruction frequently.

The results of these organizations were quickly apparent, and were most satisfactory. In 1870 one third of the officers in the Egyptian army could neither read nor write, and not one tenth of the rank and file could read or write. In 1873 more than seventy per cent of the rank and file of the army could write well enough to make their own written applications for leave of absence and appeals for justice.

Finding the children of the non commissioned officers coming to their parents in the school to learn, General Stone proposed to the Khedive the establishment of a special school for soldiers' sons—not as a charity, but as the right of the soldier bearing arms for the country to have his children educated by the nation. This suggestion was promptly acted upon by the Khedive, and for each division of the army a school was established in which the sons of the soldiers of the division were received, put in a clean and neat dress, taught and given their dinner each day, returning to their mothers at night. Those soldiers whose families lived far from the stations where they were serving could have their sons provided with bed and board at the school without expense to them.

In a few years this institution, established at the suggestion of American civilization, had become so important that twenty-eight hundred sons of soldiers were receiving a good education instead of being left ignorant and nearly naked to run about in the villages and towns. The instructors in these schools were mostly officers of the army detached from their regiments for this service, and soldiers detailed on special duty attended to the kitchens and dormitories, so that the cost was not excessive. The Khedive expended $75,000 yearly on these schools for soldiers' children. The promise was great; but, unfortunately, European civilization came in 1878, demanding economy for the benefit of the bondholders, and the first economy made by the European commission was the destruction of the staff college and the schools for soldiers' sons! Neither of these

schools has been re-established during the recent reforms; but it is to be hoped they will be when Egypt shall again be governed for the Egyptians, and not exclusively for the benefit of Europe.

Among the American officers who first took service in Egypt were a few who had been employed on staff duty in America. These were Colonel Alexander Reynolds, formerly quartermaster U. S. A. and afterward brigadier-general in the Confederate army; Colonel Rhett, who had been chief of ordnance in the Confederate army commanded by General Kirby Smith; Colonel Allen, engineer officer under General Sheridan; Lieutenant-Colonel Purdy, formerly assistant adjutant-general in Franklin's corps; Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. Long, formerly captain and commissary of musters under General Lew. Wallace; and Colonel F. A. Reynolds, formerly of the Confederate artillery. Colonels Alexander Reynolds and F. A. Reynolds were assigned to the staff of General Loring. So also was Colonel Allen; but the latter resigned after two years' service. Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. Long was assigned first to the staff of a native brigadier-general, serving in Loring's corps; afterward to the section of orders and correspondence in the staff bureau, and later still he was detailed as chief of staff to Colonel Gordon, when the latter became, in 1874, Governor-General of the provinces of the Equator. Lieutenant-Colonel Purdy, promoted to the grade of colonel in the fall of 1870, was placed in charge of the third section of the staff bureau, the section of maps, etc. Colonel Rhett was assigned to ordnance duty under the orders of the Minister of War.

Gradually the various sections of the general staff were formed in the War Office and were placed under the direction of officers who from time to time came only from America. As fast as the staff college produced graduates, these were made lieutenants and assigned, some to General Loring, others to the sections in the War Office, and they

were trained for the performance of their special duties. A library was formed, where large numbers of standard military works and books on tactics from all the nations were placed, and where were deposited each week the military magazines and journals of America, England, France, Germany, Austria, and Russia. This library now contains nearly 4000 volumes.

From the first year of the existence of the staff, officers were sent out to explore and map the country; and the expeditions of the corps gradually pushed farther and farther toward the south until, in 1874, '75, and '76 these expeditions pressed their work through Kordofan and Darfour (previously unknown in its geography) down to the Equator, and far off to the south-east to Berbera, Harrar, Guardafui, and Juba.

It would not be too much to assert, General Stone having furnished me with the data to sustain the statement, that the Egyptian general staff officers, between the years 1871 and 1878 explored and mapped in detail more of unknown African territory than all the other explorers of the world. This may seem a bold assertion, but an examination at Cairo of the reports and maps of the staff explorers in Africa will bear it out. It is not intended to compare the work of any one Egyptian officer with the grand discoveries of Stanley and others, but the aggregate work done in hitherto unexplored portions of Africa by the Egyptian staff is more than that of all the European explorers during the period mentioned.

Staff officers trained in the staff college of Egypt did their duty well in the campaigns of Abyssinia and Bulgaria and Servia. Although the first graduates came out into service only in 1873, yet at the time of this writing six per cent of all the graduates have fallen dead on the field of battle, while two per cent have died in the work of exploration in the Soudan or of disease there contracted. Of those now living, nearly all are at present employed in the public

General Stone located his staff headquarters at the Citadel, near Cairo, and early in the day began, as stated, the herculean task of organizing and putting the system into operation, there being absolute necessity for it. Securing a number of experienced officers, he succeeded in establishing the offices, and was ready for duty either in the barracks or with an army in the field. Lithographic, photographic, and printing offices were also established, with experienced men in charge. No enlightened government had a better system. To give it the necessary Arab infusion, a large number of competent young native officers had already been educated, and others were progressing rapidly at the military school. Special attention was given to staff instruction. So far everything was promising. To reconcile the army to the introduction of the system and to work it successfully was the difficult task General Stone had to perform. Assisted by myself and others, he had to combat the customs and prejudices not only of those immediately above him, but of every officer in the army and every person connected with it by the tie of relationship or influence, including the much vaunted Coptic clerks, who were a power in the land. There was no general-in-chief in reality; there was one called by the title, but his duties were to sit upon commissions, and he never pretended to issue an order. All orders emanating from the Minister of War were sealed by him, and with few exceptions the entire army sent its papers to him directly or to some Arab in his immediate office. I fought against this, and did my best to have correspondence sent through the chief of staff. The one through whom it was sent to the minister was usually some under officer, or may be a Coptic clerk. If the chief of staff issued any order, it was exceptional. I do not now speak of matters relating to explorations and scientific observations: these were under the control of the chief of staff. The Minister of War, though extremely amiable, looked upon the interference of the staff as an infringement

of his rights and dignity, and a deprivation of a certain share of prestige. He insisted on his seal being put to every paper however trifling, and he never could be persuaded of the staff's utility or made to understand that a staff added to his dignity and saved him trouble. How often have the general in-chief and Secretary of War in the United States had difficulties about orders? In Egypt every commanding officer, from the highest in rank to the lowest subaltern, was in reality his own adjutant-general, quartermaster, and commissary, and as a rule a civilian clerk attended to all the duties. All these important officers saw that they could in no other way sit upon their divans and hold levées with contractors, thereby filling their pockets *sub rosa* with side tributes. There is nothing an Eastern man likes so much as this affected importance while it fills his coffers. Added to this, he has a natural distrust of change and a great dislike for sharing his authority with a foreigner. This made the War Minister bitterly averse to any interference by the staff.

But there was a greater cause of hostility to the staff sent with the army on this expedition. It was a deep-seated opposition to the war, not only on the part of the officers and soldiers, but of the entire people of Egypt. I believe this feeling entered into the cabinet of the Khedive, and the fact that the staff was determined to do their whole duty brought upon them the hostility of Ratib Pacha and his officers. All these manifold difficulties the staff sent to Abyssinia had to combat. Senseless theories of Egyptian indolence and criticisms on Coptic clerks may be a safety-valve for disappointed hopes and imaginary grievances. Impotent and vindictive rage may vent its hatred upon the Khedive and his family, but it does not do away with the fact that we went to Egypt to assist him in his military establishment. Every intelligent man, before he went, knew what he had to encounter, and if the staff did not succeed in overcoming all the difficulties before them their

consciences were clear that they did the best possible in human power to do.

After landing at Massowah it soon became necessary to organize the army and to assign the numerous staff officers to duty. I said to the general (Ratib Pacha) that there was no objection to his personal staff, but there were legitimate duties for the Etat-Major to perform, and I proposed at once to assign its several members to the duties they were best fitted for. This was readily assented to, and no man could have been more complaisant so far as promises went. I have already stated the duties expected of Colonel Dye. I assigned General Field as inspector-general, and Lieutenant-Colonel Mökln and Captain Sormani as his assistants. Lieutenant-Colonel Derrick (until the arrival of Colonel Lockett) was assigned to duty as chief engineer, with Major Dennison, Major Dorholtz, Captain Irgins, and two Egyptian lieutenants as assistants. Major Loshe was made quartermaster and commissary, and Captain Porter his assistant, with an Egyptian lieutenant assigned as Arab and English translator. Dr. Wilson was surgeon of the staff, Dr. Johnson (soon after) his assistant. Lieutenant-Colonel Ali Bey was put in charge of the ordnance. The other Egyptian officers were assigned to duty where they could be most useful, including my personal staff. The other positions in the army, at the particular request of the general, were left in the hands of Arabs, who were accordingly ordered to their respective duties.

A part of the small island near our residence was fortified by Major Dennison, who with good judgment collected the wreck of Arrendrup's command and encamped it there. The main body of the expedition brought with us was tented on the mainland, under the command of Raschid Pacha and Osman Pacha, both Circassians. Ratib Pacha, the commander, prided himself also upon being a Circassian. He had been a slave of Said, a former Viceroy, and held the honorable position of pipe-cleaner to his High-

ness. Ratib was of dark complexion, small in stature, and past fifty; compact and wiry, he could be very active when his fears or interests excited him. Sent when a boy by Saïd to Paris, he had been evidently educated in the salons of the demi-monde of that magnificent city, and returned to Egypt speaking French glibly and with an affectation of Parisian manners. Upon his return Said made him a lieutenant. It was not long after this that Said in a fit of caprice struck him. He solaced his wounded *amour-propre* by shooting himself through the upper part of his nose in the endeavor to discover his brains. Remorse shadowed the Pacha, and to make amends he promoted Ratib. Subsequently the ex-pipe-bearer attained the nominal rank of general-in-chief of the army. His immediate staff were Riffat Effendi, an educated Arab and Turkish scholar, and Major Turnheysen, who had seen service in Austria and had been with Maximilian in Mexico. There were three Egyptian officers on his staff in addition. We were informed that the Coptic clerks had an immoderate and dangerous influence over princes and others in authority, which they used possibly in their own interests, and that when one was a Mussulman, as was Riffat, who really acted as an adjutant-general, he became still more dangerous. Ratib, who had been a slave and was ignorant of his duties, took this man as his clerk and correspondent. The clerk certainly became the "sphinx in the background" and helped materially to ruin the expedition. Riffat was a voluminous writer, and falling into the power of the enemy, he was one of those who helped to pacify King John and to scare the cowardly Ratib, through his correspondence, into giving many rich presents to that barbarous potentate.

I entered the service of the Khedive in 1869, and was offered higher rank, but preferred to go as Lewan Pacha, equivalent to brigadier-general, but with the promise of promotion soon after arriving. This and many other promises were fulfilled. I wish to say here that I was indebted

Ratib Pacha, Commander of the Egyptian Army in Abyssinia.

to no one during my stay in Egypt for any favors except the Khedive, Nubar Pacha, and Stone Pacha; and in matters of pay, to Mr. Farman, American consular agent. I was the friend of General Stone before he went to Egypt, and subsequently as he had opportunity he did me kindnesses. I never failed to render them to him whenever it was in my power to do so. He went thither as chief of staff for the army of Egypt, and there was no man more competent, by reason of education, experience, ability, and industry, to fill the position. When I was in command of the larger portion of the army of Egypt, and subsequently, I never failed to aid him in carrying out his designs, in the organization of the staff, and in pursuing its legitimate duties, even at the sacrifice of my own interests at times, of which I shall speak hereafter. My first experience was as inspector-general of the army.

I was indebted to the Khedive and his minister during this service for the highest and most complimentary appreciation, and no one labored more in building up the army which was subsequently destroyed by the new rulers of Egypt. No army could have been more cordial than that of Egypt was, during this period and subsequently, in obeying my instructions and in adopting my recommendations. While in the midst of my arduous duties as inspector-general, in the early part of 1870, I was suddenly summoned to the palace of Abdeen, in Cairo, the residence of the Khedive, and introduced into his private office. I found seated at his table the Khedive, Kassim Pacha, the Minister of War, the general-in-chief, and General Stone. I was invited to a seat next to General Stone. The Khedive in person, after ordering nearly his entire army to Alexandria and the coast of Egypt, and discussing many things not necessary to mention, directed the Minister of War to assign me to the command of both army and navy, with my headquarters at Alexandria, and the palace of Moussaffa Khanah as my residence; later I was given the

use of Gabara Palace, the late residence of Said Pacha, the former Viceroy. When the Khedive made this announcement General Stone arose in his seat and turned toward me as though he were surprised. But for this I should have believed that he had had something to do with it. It was the act of the Khedive alone. Having commanded departments and armies in my own country, I felt fully prepared to meet the responsibilities, and therefore did not share the astonishment. On parting with the Khedive, he said to me that I must come to him in person or correspond directly with him for whatever I desired, and that it should be at once attended to; and to insure the matter he said, "Communicate in English." In the first years I sent considerable correspondence to the chief of staff which was acted upon, and throughout, when it was not acted upon promptly, I never failed in time to get all I wanted by communication with the Khedive. It was generally thought that General Stone burdened himself with too many new officials, though to be sure he had extensive explorations and scientific duties for them to perform. Many of them who came were very able and accomplished, but still there were too many who had little to do. Accustomed to lives of usefulness at home, life became irksome to them in Egypt, and a number left soon after arriving there, while others took seats in the bureaus at the Citadel to lament the fate that had brought them to the country. Those ordered as assistants in the Abyssinian campaign were as follows: Colonel William M. F. Dye, who graduated at West Point in 1853. He served on the frontier before the Civil War, and was a colonel and brevet-brigadier-general in the U. S. A. during its progress. He resigned in 1870 and entered the Egyptian service late in 1873. This officer, who had come to Egypt before we started, for what service I am not informed, was subsequently on duty at the Citadel in one of the offices of General Stone. He came to Abyssinia as assistant to the chief of staff. General Charles W.

Field graduated at West Point in 1849. He served for many years on the frontier, was a major-general in the Confederate service, and was wounded in front of Richmond. He went to Egypt as a colonel, and had only arrived a short time before our departure. Of Colonel Lockett, a graduate of West Point in the engineer corps, who had been a colonel in the Confederacy, I have already spoken at some length. Lieutenant-Colonel Ali Bey was an Italian in the Egyptian army. Colonel Derrick, engineer, served in the Confederacy as captain of engineers. He had not been long in Egypt. Lieutenant-Colonel (Baron von) Mökln had been an officer in the Austrian army, and had not been long in Egypt when he started for Abyssinia. Major Loshe had been an officer of volunteers in the Civil War and subsequently in the U. S. A. He had only recently come to Egypt. Dr. Wilson, an assistant surgeon U. S. A., had seen much service in the field and during the Civil War. Captain Porter, son of Admiral Porter, arrived in Egypt as the expedition was leaving, and was assigned to duty with it. Captain Irgins served during and after the Civil War as an officer in the U. S. A. Captain (Count) Sormani, an Italian, was appointed just before leaving. Major (Count) Turnheysen, aide-de-camp to the commanding-general, was appointed in the army on the eve of departure.

One of the most useful officers on my staff was an Egyptian, Ibrahim Lutfy Effendi (now colonel). Many years in the army, he served on my staff as an adjutant general for nearly ten years, and was one of the most accomplished and useful officers in Egypt. He knew English well, was familiar with French and Italian, and was a good Turkish and Arab scholar. For Americans he entertained the warmest affection. During the long time spent in my office in continuous and arduous labor, while in command of the largest portion of the Egyptian army, he became acquainted with every officer, and was known to every soldier in it. Being

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARCH INTO THE INTERIOR.

Lieutenant-Colonel Graves left at Massowah to guard the rear and hold the base of communications—The baggage lightened to meet the lack of transportation Breaking up camp Adventures on the march The lion of Abyssinia, and the way he is hunted—Arrival at Adi-Rasso—An Abyssinian paradise—Another reorganization of the baggage train—Colonel Dye's assault on Ibrahim Lutfy Effendi—Colonel Dye summoned before a court-martial, resigns.

On arriving at Massowah, the absolute necessity for an experienced naval officer was apparent, to regulate the transport ships, arrange for the movement of troops and supplies from them, and to have a general superintendence of the bay and town. Above all, it was important to leave in our rear not only an accomplished sailor, but a military commander of determination and character. Fortunately, Colonel Charles I. Graves was ordered for the duty, and throughout our trying services aided us by his good judgment. Subsequently the colonel was engaged in scientific duties in Egypt, and was selected by the Khedive for the important duty of exploring the coast of the Sumali Mijjertain, bordering the gulf of Aden and the islands adjacent, and of selecting a site for a lighthouse for the safety of the commerce of the world arriving from the Indian Ocean and entering through the gulf into the Red Sea. The Khedive had been long anxious to secure an officer of the highest scientific skill to fill the place, as it was necessary to study the country bordering the sea, and to determine the force of winds and currents, of which little was known. It was a work of great labor, and its completion met with apprecia-

tion by the Egyptian Government. Colonel Graves's reconnoissance and reports were published by the scientific periodicals of the world as an interesting addition to science. The duty accomplished, to mark the service the Khedive conferred upon the colonel a high decoration of the Order of the Medjideh. Upon being discharged at his own request he was invited to remain, and leaving Alexandria was offered a high position in the Soudan.

When the army was ready to move, the Prince Hassan was persuaded to leave behind a gorgeous tent of varied colors and many other accessories of luxurious campaigning which would have employed a great amount of transportation on the journey over the mountains. Amid the confusion incident to the setting out of a motley crowd on a campaign, Ratib issued a general order for his movement. The minutest details of this order were studied and explained, so that errors of translation, of which there had been complaints on former occasions, could not be offered as an excuse for its violation. On the morning of departure, as was to be expected, there was a great deal of confusion, and a general scrambling for camels and mules followed. In justice to Prince Hassan on this occasion it is due to say that though a large number of the animals intended for others were appropriated for his enormous outfit, as soon as the fact came to his knowledge, too late to do much good, he protested against it. It was the fault of Ratib, the royalty of the prince being uppermost in his mind, as well as his regard for his own appetite, and it mattered not who else was inconvenienced. The scene was animated and picturesque. Vast crates of crockery, boxes of wine and delicacies of all kinds, enormous tables, and pots and kettles with a huge iron stove, were piled upon the backs of camels and mules. I had seen stampedes of animals in the Rocky Mountains and other scenes of the olden day in breaking up camps, but this scene beggared all description. As the train wound its way along the narrow

causeway, one could see mules kicking off their loads and camels running off, scattering the valuable property of the prince and lessening, amid the crash of wine-bottles and crockery, the chances of Ratib for a good dinner. The amusement accompanying this Eastern fashion of making war would have made an anchoret laugh, and it was impossible to feel indignant at seeing our transportation disappearing in the distance. I forgave Ratib his folly, in consideration of the comedy he had unwittingly provided. The tumult being over and our enterprising quartermaster, Major Loshe, having other animals, we got them at a late hour and reached our encampment at daylight next morning at Yangoos, a small village where Colonel Mokln had sunk several pumps to afford water for the troops and animals. Our ride during the night was very dark and dismal, and the rain made it specially unpleasant. Climbing disintegrating hills and rubbing against the sharp thorns of the stumpy mimosas, which were abundant, was more exciting than pleasurable. The mimosa often attains the height of ten or twenty feet, and resembles the mesquite which fringes the Rio Grande in Texas. It has a leaf and wood like the *Acacia Farnesia* which grows so abundantly in Egypt and Florida, but is without its small yellow blossom of delicious perfume. The aloe-plant grows here, as it does throughout Abyssinia, to a great size, and is very beautiful, as it shoots upward in a slender stalk ornamented with saffron-colored, bell-shaped flowers, and surrounded by its thick, dark-green, sharp-pointed leaves.

But we are still on our tired animals, who are munching dried grass and vegetation as they pick their way, uncertain of their footing in the extreme darkness, through the long bed of a dry river overhung by the tamarisk and mimosa. It will be said that our setting out upon the campaign was not quite such a gala scene as the departure of the prince with his man Ratib in the morning. The only breaks in the monotony of this ride were caused by the cries of the

jackal and the scream of the hyena, whetting their teeth for their future repast on dead man and beast. Now and then the roaring of the lion echoed as we neared Yangoos; for this was his watering-place, and an interruption by the invader made him ferocious. There was at Yangoos a horse upon which an Arab had once been seated when a lion sprang upon him. I saw where the beast had struck his huge claws and dragged the flesh from the hind-quarters of the animal, upon the very road we had just travelled. Our guide, a Shoho, with his top wool and smell of rancid butter, armed with lance, shield, shotgun, two pistols, and a club, like a veritable man of war, was equal to an arsenal, and of course, though myself unarmed, I felt safe under his escort. Arriving at the valley of Ambatikum, which is frequented by the Shohos during the rainy season to raise teff and doura and pasture the cattle of Abyssinians who live farther in the mountains, the prince, who was riding with me, stalked two wild boars, but they trotted off unharmed, though numerous shots were fired at them. General Field, on our return, killed one near here of good size and of delicate flesh. Reaching Bahr Rezza after six hours' marching we camped upon a rivulet, the banks of which were rich with vegetation and grasses. The change from the desert and burning region of the coast, where there was neither tree nor shrub, to a height of several hundred feet and a cooler atmosphere proved refreshing to the spirits of every one. From neglect of sanitary precautions by the Arab commanders, however, this camp became a cesspool. Abbé Duflot says that in the late spring and early in the summer, by the double effect of water and heat, there is great abundance of vegetation, and it is one of the unhealthiest regions of Abyssinia. For that reason no inhabitant lives permanently in the valley. Here was placed a depot, which was fortified so as to guard it and the trail leading to a place called Guinda.

We had been in a region since leaving the coast which

is a paradise for the larger wild animals, particularly the lion, which grows here to a great size. The lion of Abyssinia is said to have a fondness for human flesh, particularly after he has once tasted it. All agree that he does not hesitate to spring, as in the case already related, upon any solitary traveller. The former consul of France at Massowah tells of his pursuit of a lion in company with a number of the people of the village in which he happened to be at the time. One of these monsters in company with his mate (for they always go in couples) had seized a woman near the village, and throwing her on his back, as is the animal's habit, made for his lair. When the pursuers overtook him he dropped the mangled body of the woman and escaped. The leopard of Abyssinia is said to attack man when asleep. One of the escort of a noted traveller, not long before our arrival, had been killed and partly eaten, as was supposed, by a lion; but as the body was found upon the very place where the man had evidently slept, the Abyssinians decided that it was a leopard that had done the deed, it being the habit of this beast to devour its prey on the spot.

The Abyssinian, as a rule, passes the lion without disturbing him, and this respect is reciprocated; but the lion will always fight if pursued. There is no reason why this animal should make war upon man in this country, for nowhere in the world is there such an abundance of game suited to his taste and easy of capture. The Abyssinians do not, as a rule, use firearms, but hunt big game, such as the elephant and lion, with their enormous scythe-shaped swords well sharpened. By nature a wonderfully brave people, two of them will attack a lion. One will get before him some short distance beyond his spring and draw his attention, keeping his eye steadily upon that of his antagonist glaring at him. The huge cat advances slowly to the regular distance before the final leap, and as he never watches more than one object at a time, which instinct tells

him is soon to be in his grasp, he does not notice the swift progress of another enemy in his rear, who with noiseless step is rapidly coming upon him with uplifted sword. The scene now becomes exciting. The lion is about to gather for the spring, when the well-poised sword comes down unerring in its stroke upon his hind legs, severing his hamstrings, and the "king of beasts" finishes his attack by dragging his hind legs in a last desperate effort to get at his enemy. Failing to reach him, he rolls over with a roar of agony, when the conquerors quickly give the *coup de grâce*. The killing of a lion is considered one of the greatest acts of courage and skill, and when an Abyssinian comes out alive from the terrible encounter he is honored by the king and receives a public ovation as he struts about wearing the skin as a trophy of his prowess. The refreshing stories told of the lion and leopard had the effect of keeping our men in camp and on the march from straggling, so that few deserters dared take the back track. Subsequently upon this road we saw innumerable very tame guinea-fowls, quails, pinnated grouse, partridges, and hares, while the beautiful gazelles bounded in great numbers on both sides of our trail. On the next march we commenced ascending an elevated country and passed through thick mimosa and tamarisk trees filled with beautiful birds, among which was the small red and green parrot. The small animals had fled before the strange invasion, but the fanciful and inquisitive little monkey and the whiskered, dog-faced baboon stood their ground, now and then showing their teeth and chattering with fear. The Arabs were delighted with all this change of country, of birds, and of animals.

We reorganized our transportation, for the prince, who by this time had learned that the road was strewed with his useless baggage, began to realize that it was best for royalty to travel with fewer encumbrances, and that he was not in the palace of Gezeerah at Cairo. Still ascending, we climbed the mountains of Bemba, 4500 feet high, the name

meaning "baby" in Arabic. The Arabs had their joke over this mountain, for they declared that Bemba was the biggest baby that they had ever seen, when toiling up and over its tortuous and winding trail, among rocks and dense timber. The Arab is essentially a religious animal, though the common people can give you no idea of what their religion is. If you ask an Arab, he will say, "God is great, and Mahomet is His prophet," and there his creed ends. The thought uppermost in his mind is of Allah (God). As he walks along or carries a load he says "Allah." In every affair in life the name is in his mind, and he believes he is benefited when he mentions it. On the morning on which we left this camp my "syce," who handled my horses, kept me waiting; upon hunting him up, I found him at some distance, numbed by the unaccustomed cold, and when I roused him suddenly, he cried "Allah" with the greatest earnestness, thinking the Abyssinians were upon him, and that his final doom had come. No one saw or cared this in the dark, and I tell it as an illustration of this peculiarity in their character. These Arabs retaining their primitive manner of thought, like that of the Old Testament people, their simple minds fully believe in a special divine interference; Allah gives them money, and Allah takes it from them; nothing happens that Allah has not specially arranged.

A toilsome march over rocky hills brought us to Addi Rasso, where we were delighted to find limpid water, a rich vegetation, and beautiful shady trees. The rocky cliffs were so different from the flat lands of the Delta in Egypt that the Egyptians expressed their conviction that "Allah was great" to have made such wondrous things. But suddenly coming upon the nodding date-trees, growing wild here, their enchantment knew no bounds; they showed their pleasure by hugging and kissing them, reminded thus of home and their poor miserable huts and families. No man has a greater attachment for his humble home with all

the trials incident to this domestic devotion. Though living under a despotic government, with its tyranny, he prefers it to all others, because he is taught to believe it to be the mainspring of his peculiar faith. He loves to sit in the door of his hut after his toil is over, and drink his coffee and smoke his pipe and declare that "God is great, and Mahomet is his prophet." This is his highest idea of human happiness.

Abbé Duflot says that tradition makes this spot the boundary line of the Saracenic invasion, and that the planting of these trees is the only vestige left to mark the course of the invader. The weakness of transportation again caused the road to be strewed with the property of the command, and there was another lessening of baggage and reorganization of transportation. To secure this depot a fortification was ordered for two companies and two guns. No thought was given to trails. This made little difference, as the Abyssinians travelled without encumbrance, taking always the shortest cut and crossing mountains at pleasure. While I was engaged in conversation, an hour before day, with the commanding general at his tent, about the march for that day, an Arab officer came to him to say that Colonel Dye was violently assaulting Ibrahim Lutfy Effendi. The general requested me to go at once to the scene of action. I hastened, but did not get there until after the difficulty was ended. Colonel Dye complained of Lutfy's having that day disobeyed some order, and, I believe, of having left a valuable box upon the road. The Effendi protested that he had done all that had been ordered, and that he had been suddenly struck without cause or provocation. As this affair subsequently caused some difficulty, and as the story became known in many versions, I sent a letter to Egypt since coming to America, and received the following statement from an officer high in authority (chief of staff), who could best give an accurate account of the matter:

"Ibrahim Lutfy Effendi on his return from Abyssinia, or rather a considerable time after his return, probably urged to it by some high Turkish official, made a complaint against Colonel Dye for striking him, and demanded justice. Hassan Pacha, Minister of War, ordered a court-martial to try the case, placing the court under the presidency of Koozroo Pacha, and naming as members two Americans, Colonels Colston and Field. I tried first to have the matter settled amicably, but failed utterly. Colonel Dye, on assembling of the court, did not appear. I had not in any manner been consulted on the subject by the minister, but seeing trouble and scandal ahead for the army, went to Cherif Pacha and to Prince Hassan. The latter was very angry about the matter, bitter against Colonel Dye, and evidently a little against me for what I had said on the subject to Effaltoon Pacha. After a long conversation he asked me what I would be satisfied with in the matter of the court, adding that he was determined to have the case tried. I then told him that the court ought to have only the power of a court of inquiry, and that the chances of the two officers should be made more equal. That as it stood, Lutfy could make himself understood by all the members of the court in their own languages, while all that the other could say would have to be translated to more than half the court. He then consented to Effaltoon Pacha being on the court, as he understood both English and Arabic. In the mean time Colonel Dye went to Mr. Farman and claimed protection of the consul-general; so it was arranged that Colonel Dye should resign his commission, and the proceedings of the court cease. Colonel Dye never appeared before the court; thus the case was never tried. Yet Colonel Dye received the same pay and indemnity that he would have had he been discharged, and the government gave him £1000 on account of the wound he had received in Abyssinia. This ended Colonel Dye's service in Egypt."

CHAPTER VIII.

INCIDENTS AND EXPERIENCES OF OUR PROGRESS.

Example of Arab fanaticism—Profusion of animal life—Fine marching qualities of Egyptian troops—Front view of the valley of Gura—Ratib suddenly changes the predetermined plan without consulting the chief of staff—Characteristics of the flora of the country—Arrival of an Abyssinian chief hostile to King John—His proffered services refused—Abbé Duflot is sent for by the commanding general—Services rendered by this able and devoted man—Another instance of Ratib's cowardice and folly—He finally agrees to move further into the valley of Gura—Continued blundering in changing a position—General Field sent to the rear to regulate the base of supplies and communications and to urge forward supplies—The camel and his importance in the desert—The camel cormorant—How Ratib's proclamation was received by King John—Another disaffected chief offers his services to the Egyptians—Conversation with this chief—The dangerous diseases prevalent in Abyssinia—The music of the country.

I WAS much interested during our next march, while riding over the plains of Halua, by a conversation with an intelligent Arab who had been educated in Europe. We saw upon a tree a beautiful little Abyssinian parrot, about the size of a Florida paroquet and not unlike it in its dress of green and gold. It had probably strayed, for it was alone. He said to me, "You know that we have a belief in our religion, and many give credence to it, that all of us who are killed in battle for our faith go at once to heaven." But I replied, "You are not fighting for your faith in Abyssinia." "Ah! but we consider if we battle under a Mahometan government that we are martyrs in that sense. Our belief is, that until the day of judgment, the souls of the Faithful go into the crops of green birds, which eat of the fruits of Paradise and drink of its rivers.

Look at that beautiful bird," he said; "I wonder if it will please Allah that I shall be killed and my soul take its flight to Paradise in its crop." I was familiar with this belief, nevertheless this incident gave it a distinctly personal flavor.

The trail, rugged at the outset, had now spread itself into the broad plains of Halua. Still the thorny mimosa and grassy vegetation were abundant. The partridge, the flight of quail, the guinea-fowl, the ever-beautiful gazelle, and innumerable small birds richly colored and singing merrily, enlivened the long march. The bustard is also found here, which is nearer in size to the ostrich than any bird in this part of Abyssinia. Numerous antelopes and a magnificent animal called *elan*, a large species of the antelope, with long, corkscrew horns, were seen along our route. General Field, our great hunter, killed a splendid buck at Bahr Rezza. So far we had found no settlements near our trail, though passing through a broad valley, a sort of circle in the centre of a nest of high mountains with innumerable trails covered with stumpy mimosa. Some distance to the right there was a heavy growth, and now and then a stray Abyssinian was seen, who pretended to be friendly; this caused the general to search his map very carefully for fear these stragglers' presence might portend the advance of King John.

Throughout this day the splendid marching quality of the Egyptian was observable, and we had a good chance to test it. Stepping close to the ground, he moves easily along without fatigue. He is tall and finely proportioned; never touching bacon, and living upon little, mostly bread and vegetables, he has no surplus flesh about him; never taking strong drink, his blood courses purely, and he is the healthiest soldier in the world. Free from the effects of liquor, his blood unexcited, painful and dangerous wounds heal rapidly, and, whether or not it be the result of fatalism ingrained in his very existence, he bears, while calling upon

Allah, the most excruciating agony from wounds with a fortitude approaching almost to apathy. I have never seen, even among the most determined men of our Western civilization, more indifference to suffering or more heroic fortitude in submitting to fearful operations. And when death approaches, he meets it without a murmur. In answer to a word of sympathy, his invariable reply is "*Inahlil-laahoewah inahillihee raageeoon*" ("Verily to God we belong, and verily to Him we return")! An inquiry about his health evokes the reply, "*Alham deleelah rahah Kareem*" ("Praise be to God! Our Lord is bountiful").

This day's march finished, we encamped in a pocket in the mountain of Khaya Khor, which was covered with a thick growth of the mimosa, and was near a small Abyssinian village. We found a trail leading through our camp, gently at first, but afterward abruptly to the top of the pass over the mountain. After our severe march we found it difficult to get water. Upon the height, over 3000 feet above, we placed a strong guard for the night, as we were approaching the village of the enemy. Next morning, having climbed the pass, we had a pleasant and gradual descent to the plateau or table-lands of Abyssinia. From this pass, which is hemmed in, we got a slight glimpse of the plain of Halua and of the small sombre valley of Gura, which is about eight miles long and two broad. There are heights around the valley of Gura, which I climbed in order to view the great nest of mountains of Abyssinia, which can be fully appreciated in all their beauty from this point alone.

Before leaving Massowah, we had, with the aids mentioned, learned the ways to Khaya Khor; and there was not an intelligent staff officer who cared to learn them that did not have a perfect knowledge of the pass and its approaches, the valley of Gura and the trails entering in and out of it, the places and quantity of wood and water in it, the surrounding hills, their probable height, and the villages

in the valley and on the sides. So when we entered the valley, General Field, the inspector-general of the army, whose duty it was to place the camp, and myself were in advance of the army on the trail leading to the camp selected before we left Massowah. A few miles after leaving the pass near the centre of the valley, and just before coming to the camp, the forces were suddenly halted by Ratib Pacha, and to our surprise turned off to the left. Passing through the village of Gura and over a high hill we descended into a very small contracted valley without trees, or even undergrowth, scarcely large enough to hold us and entirely surrounded by high, heavily timbered hills and completely commanded by them. The army was in a splendid place for King John to creep down upon us. A Remington rifle could reach any spot in the camp from the encircling hills. It was as complete a *cul-de-sac* as an army ever got into, and, considering that a wily enemy was on the lookout, it was a most dangerous position. The occasion of this change of mind on the part of the commander was that he had met a chief of the village who, he thought, knew better than he did where an army ought to camp. He crossed the mountain ridge and established the camp before he could be reasoned with. This camp was a sort of pen for and was filled with the small, long-horned, and humped cattle of Abyssinia which, with the teff, doura, and barley, constitute the people's food. The water was in holes and difficult to get at, besides being dabbled in by the cattle and the people. The grass was short, well cropped, and little was left for our animals to feed on. The horns of these Abyssinian cattle are very long, but Salt says, when in the country of the Gallas east of Abyssinia, a pair were given him, now in the museum at London, four feet long and measuring twenty-one inches in circumference at the base. I will mention that on the hills near this encampment I saw a most interesting tree, called by the natives *kolkual*. It answers to the description of a Eu-

phorbia Arborescent. It has all the appearance of the cactus, grows to a great size, and spreading out its branches covers a large extent of ground. Other travellers have likened it to a huge candelabrum. Covered with thorns, it bears a small saffron-colored flower and has a fruit in shape like a fig. When pierced a slimy substance exudes which is deadly poisonous. Colonel Mökln killed near here a bird resembling in size, color, and taste the black-cock of Russia, and small game, gazelles, and antelopes were everywhere very abundant.

The Egyptians called this people *Habaishe*. Abadie writes that the Portuguese, about the middle of the sixteenth century, called them Habaichi, then Abexum, and finally Abyssinians. The name given them by the Arab was one of opprobrium, meaning a people without genealogy. This change of names is something like what occurs in America when pronouncing foreign names. A river in Oregon, named by the French voyagers La Creole, is now pronounced and written on the map Rickreall. The Abyssinians designate their country as the kingdom of Ethiopia, and name themselves Ethiopians.

Our coming to this camp was marked by the arrival of Leige Barrou, an enemy of King John, who had just burned for this chief his village Adda-Huala and a number of others of those who had adhered to his cause. Being friendly disposed, he came to offer his services to Ratib Pacha. He was tall, magnificently formed, and much the finest specimen of an Abyssinian we had yet seen. He came into our camp with drums and horns, accompanied by the usual rag-tag and bob-tail. Mild and pleasantly mannered, he claimed royal descent and was anxious to join in the fight. He could have rallied a large following of the disaffected. Ratib Pacha positively refused to accept his services, as he did in the case of all others; why he could never explain. I could hear of no orders from higher authority against it. Possibly it was that he did not intend

to fight much if he could avoid it, and did not want many allies to help him. At first Ratib Pacha took a great liking to the chief, but his Mahometan dragoman, Adam (Naib), a Shoho chief from the coast, persuaded him out of the notion. I was desirous, as a matter of course, to get further information of the different trails leading to Adua, the king's capital, which when Ratib left Cairo was an objective point. To the end that maps might be arranged with a certain knowledge of the country for the use of the commanding general, reliable guides were necessary. Failing to get these among the natives, it became absolutely necessary to procure the services of Abbé Duflot, the only one who had given accurate information, and really the only one so far as I knew in Abyssinia who could give it. He was then absent at some distance in his province. The endeavor to send for him by one of the natives was thwarted by this fellow Adam, under the sneaking connivance of Ratib Pacha, whom I caught in the trick. I have never been able to put any other interpretation upon this conduct of Ratib than that his fears were aroused, for he had already satisfied me that he was morally and physically an arrant coward. He dreaded that he might, if he had information, be forced to move forward. However, after a few days this was all changed, and he suddenly became anxious for it. Finding that all the information he had got of King John's movements in the distance proved false, and that even the trails that Adam and his employés had settled on as to Adua were calculated to lead him into a snare, he became anxious for the Abbé, and an express was sent for him. I will say here that I am not a Catholic, but my attachment for this brave and good man was founded upon sincere respect for his many manly virtues, for the great suffering he had undergone among these savages for his numerous people, and for his religion. I knew that he was sincerely anxious to aid us, and that he would have been pleased to see Abyssinia under the Egyptian Govern-

ment. He did more than any one belonging to the country to help us, thinking that he and a large tribe where his influence was paramount would soon have protection against the constant tyranny to which they were subjected. Upon coming he gave us the necessary information, and went so far as to take his life into his hands and go with Captain Irgins into the enemy's lines to enable us not only to get a map of the country, but to bring us valuable information of the movements of the king. During this interesting episode Ratib became satisfied from information obtained, as he said privately, which really was not true, that the enemy was only twenty-five or thirty miles distant on the Adua road and was about to throw himself upon him. Thoroughly alarmed, without regard for the future, and taking counsel from his fears, he sent a dispatch ordering the greater part of his forces, strung along the line in his rear, to his camp, and at once commenced fortifying the western hill far away from water. Before sending his order, I expostulated with him in the most forcible language I could find, urging upon him the fact that he had 6000 troops of all arms with a heavy park of artillery at his camp in a *cul-de-sac*, and that it was folly to fortify the position he proposed; I told him that it was the part of wisdom to move into the valley of Gura, about two miles distant, and there make his camp, with the double object of protecting the pass of Khaya Khor, and fortifying for a depot, which he needed, where he could safely leave baggage and supplies, when he desired, with a small force; that he could there find abundance of wood, water, and grass, while his present situation was deficient in water for a permanent camp. I urged on him that he could find abundance of water almost anywhere in the numerous dry beds of rivers in the valley, there being a substratum of rock a few feet beneath the surface which retained it, and by digging he could get abundance—certainly within two or three miles of the pass or at the camp originally selected, three or four miles

below, which was only a few miles from Khaya Khor. With his force fortified he could defy the enemy. His people had managed so badly with their transportation that there was not food enough for additional troops, and with his limited transportation he could never hope to keep his command supplied in the valley unless he increased his means beforehand. I also called to my aid the Prince, who then had influence with Ratib, and succeeded in counteracting some of his folly. Finally he agreed to move into the valley if I should find for him a suitable camp.

The engineers selected a position about two and a half miles from Khaya Khor, and commenced digging wells. In a short time there would have been an unlimited water supply for his army, including the immense number of animals; besides, the spot had all the requisites for a depot and fortification. Unfortunately, Ratib came to look on, and decided not to take the place selected. This, as the result soon taught him, was a fatal mistake. Striking while the iron was hot, I finally persuaded him to move to water in the valley two or three miles from his camp, which would do very well for the present. He had no sooner pitched his tent on the 2d of February than he commenced fortifying. There was subsequent talk of moving nearer Khaya Khor, but he was impressed with the idea that the enemy might suddenly come upon him, and for other reasons known best to himself the movement was given up. This was another fatal mistake of Ratib. It would have been better for him to be nearer Khaya Khor, and with that pass fortified he would have been secure from attack, and his forces would have been more closely drawn together. With any other commander it would have made little difference; the place he held would have answered. With him every military principle was set at defiance, and his fears at times possessed him to such a degree that his senses seemed completely benumbed. Every exertion was used to handle the elephant and keep him straight, but in

spite of earnest and persistent care he constantly rushed into difficulties, and then only by careful watching was it possible to keep him from certain ruin. Colonel Derrick soon threw up an impregnable fortification, which did him great credit, and answered all that we required, and eventually stood the test of a severe ordeal. General Field was sent to the rear to take charge of the transportation, and by main strength of will and energy, with his able assistant, he brought some regularity out of chaos. But the constant interference of Ratib Pacha and his Egyptian commanders, in violation of his own instructions regularly issued, thwarted him no little in this important duty. If he had been allowed to carry out his orders there would not have been the slightest difficulty in his having the troops and supplies at Fort Gura or Khaya Khor in ample time, notwithstanding that those who had the control of the transportation had, by their wretched management, lessened the number of animals by the 22d of February by some 1900. Many of them had died, and the usefulness of others was destroyed. A part of this wholesale destruction came from not properly feeding and watering the animals on the road, disregard of their wounds, in never removing the pack-saddle, if the drivers could help it, of either camel or mule, which was the transportation entirely used, and in overworking them, particularly with forbidden property by Egyptian commanding officers. In my experience the camel on the desert has a very hard time; and man, his companion, shares the same exposure and suffering for want of water and food; but never had I witnessed such utter disregard for the poor camel, where food was comparatively abundant, as in this campaign. Having made with a large command the longest march on record over a trackless country, and having had many animals necessarily die from starvation and want of water, I can speak as few can, when I say that for cruelty and wanton waste of animal life in this Abyssinian war there is no parallel. There was no excuse

for it, for the camel will live on what no other animal will touch. The cartilages which line his lips and mouth are insensible to the rough food and pricking thorns of the bushes of the desert. He grinds the date seeds to powder after man has eaten the fruit, and relishes them with zest. He has such a delicate sense of smell that after going six days without water, he often lets his master know where it is to be found. Called the ship of the desert, he is far more independent than any ship. With bags of *boxomat* (biscuits), dates, and a skin of water he enables man to track those otherwise pathless wastes. No one doubts his affection, on seeing him look with his large amiable eye at his master from under his great long eyelashes. When talked to he seems to understand, and always quickens his pace when sung to. When trained, by a simple touch and a peculiar sympathetic intonation of the voice, the docile creature will lie down and get up at his master's bidding. A pre-Ishmaelite poet thus describes himself and his camel :

"My body can endure everything, but my soul cannot endure disgrace ;
I am the son of patience, and the camel is my companion."

The camel is not found upon the earliest monuments of Egypt, yet was a part of the wealth of Abraham when in Egypt during the time of the Hyksos dynasty. He may have been introduced by these Semitic Pharaohs. He has never been found wild, and cannot be happy without man, there is such evident sympathy between them. The tradition is that the camel was formed out of the same clay with Adam who, when turned out of Paradise, was allowed to take his camel and date-tree with him. With so much in common between the camel and man, his ill-treatment is a great crime.

There was a species of refined cruelty which came to my knowledge as having been inflicted upon the poor miserable animal ; and I will say that Ratib, who had a stoic indiffer-

nce to human suffering, when it came to his knowledge, could not tolerate this visitation upon the dumb brute, but took decided measures to stop it. It seems that in Egypt, where few can write or have any authorized seal with which to furnish vouchers for public property destroyed, as in the case of animals, men who report losses are compelled to furnish the brand of the dead animal as a voucher for its loss. As many animals were too weak to bear their burden and were left on the road, it was the custom of these inhuman rascals to cut the brand out of the living animal. Camels thus mutilated sometimes gained strength by resting and came into camp, and it was in this way that we learned of this horrible practice. Strange to say, a pretty gray bird, nearly the size of a mocking-bird, with a red bill, very active, and chirping its lively air, has the habit of sitting on the back of the injured animal and sticking its bill into his wounds. Being fond of living flesh, it pushes it down until its taste is fully gratified, and if the wound is healing its great delight seems to be to reopen it. Upon observing the habits of this winged monster, I was surprised at its great skill in keeping its place in spite of the biting, kicking, and brushing of the animal in its agony.

There were many supplies in the country, such as teff, doura, and barley flour, and an unlimited supply of cattle and sheep. To induce the inhabitants to bring them into camp a market was established, and the people heartily responded. But their treatment by the Soudanese soldiers, who were really savages and not able to distinguish between friend and foe, destroyed the trade to a great extent. Timely efforts by the Pacha, in censuring the commanders of troops who committed the outrages, would have preserved the useful trade, but in this as in many other cases he neglected his duty.

There were constant complaints from the office of disobedience of orders on the part of the Arab officers and men; when correction could be effected through Ratib

Pacha, it was always done. Officers sometimes protested that they could not understand the orders, which were said to be too voluminous and badly translated. This may have been true in some instances, but the utmost pains were always taken. Certain it is that Ratib was often worried, and the difficulty kept my amiable temper on the strain. I will say here that though Ratib was thrown in constant contact with me in many of these trying scenes, he never in a single instance showed any ill-temper toward me. This much justice must be done the man, with all his faults. The trials of the staff officers were very great, for, as a rule, the translators, who were constantly employed, could not at times make out their own translations, which were no doubt singular compounds. Upon inquiring of the people of King John who came into our camp if he had ever received a proclamation sent to the people of Abyssinia, written in what purported to be the Amharic, the written language of the country, we learned that a document of large size, done up with great pretentiousness, came to King John as he was squatting on his throne in council. It was opened by the king, who looked at the great seal. As he was not able to read it, it was passed around to each of his head men, all of whom failed to interpret the paper. The abouna, the father of the church, was sent for, and in the most solemn manner, in the presence of the eager throng, he took the paper and tried to make it out. Finally, removing his spectacles and carefully wiping them, he made another effort, turning the paper every way. Being supposed to be the most learned man in Abyssinia, and not wishing to lower his prestige, he was most anxious to make it out, for all eyes were upon him, in eager expectation. At length, handing it back he acknowledged his inability to read it.

The king scanned it, wondering what Ratib had sent that for. His Majesty then laughed, in which he was followed by his counsellors, chiefs, and lastly by the whole

assemblage. The two traditional lions, who always sat the right and left of the king, started at the unusual sou and roared, which so entertained his Highness, who b lieved this to be a good omen, that he ordered his cellar be emptied of its *teige*, the national beverage, for t assembled public. So all Abyssinia was happy for o day, and took a universal drink to Ratib Pacha. It m be noticed here that the Amharic looks like the Hebre and is said to be derived from it.

Another of the princes deposed by King John, Degat Weldo Mikail, came into camp about this time with his tw sons and two or three hundred followers. His motl crowd came marching in military fashion, having learn the art no doubt from Arrendrup, with whom this chief h had intercourse.

Mikail was a large, compactly built man of sixty, stro and nervous. He had a splendid head, his iron gray loc were encircled by a band of gold, and his entire head w reeking with melted butter which made his neck and sho ders shiny and sleek in the noon-day sun. His marl face, prominent Roman nose, and deep-set scintillating ey had a wonderfully cunning and knowing expression. H kuarie (toga) was thrown around his person, a rich leb (leopard) skin lay over his shoulder, a curved sabre hung his right side, and a buckler of rhinoceros skin glitterl with brass encircled his left arm. This was his appearan as he sat on his horse with his big toes in his stirrup, a to add to his grandeur, this grave and dignified savag covered himself with a traditional red umbrella. Tho who followed him, and some in advance, beat on drun and blew instruments which emitted a shrill, piercir sound. The party was a curious medley of patched a parti-colored humanity—of chiefs, warriors, servants, hors and mules, promiscuously mixed as they came pushing a knocking to get the best place, and each one in the di order trying to be thought the biggest chieftain in the cla

Looking at them in the distance, one would take them for a war-party of Comanches on a trail to steal cattle from the settlements. The chief seemed pleased with my acquaintance, for he gave me a handsomely caparisoned mule, expecting no doubt a much larger present in return, as is their custom. I was puzzled to make a suitable return, as they do not value money, salt being their medium of exchange, and now and then the Maria Theresa silver dollar. Doing the best I could to make him a return, I made the mule and its trappings a present to my friend Abbé Duflot. Unlike Leige Barrou, he did not cover his crown with a red tarboosh (fez) nor encase his feet in red pointed Egyptian shoes.

In conversation Mikaïl said that he was "descended from royalty." Upon being asked if he was related to Raz Mikaïl, who seventy years before held great power and was in constant wars with Raz Welled Sellassee, he replied that he was, and that he was now opposed to King John, and that Raz Welled Sellassee, who was fighting on the side of the king, was the grandson of that prince, and that they were still on opposite sides. I demanded, "Why do you fight against the king?" "Because Kassa (the name they call him) has no right to be king; he is nothing but a robber and sold himself to the English for a few old guns and an old English uniform; besides, he has outraged me and my family, burned my villages, killed my people, and carried off my cattle, for no other reason than to break the spirit by starving the stomach. I have come here with my people to help the Egyptians, but my heart is sick because they will not let me do so."

"I see your people eat raw meat; do you like it?"

"Yes, I like it when it is freshly killed, but if it is kept it must be cooked."

"Is it true that your people cut steaks out of living animals?"

"No; I have never known that, but I know that the Gallas drink the warm blood of living animals."

"I hear that living upon raw meat makes you sick sometimes?"

"Yes, where people live upon nothing else. They have the tape-worm. Some say the glutinous matter in the teff and doura when not well cooked causes it."

I learned that the remedy for this ailment comes from the flower of a beautiful tree which grows in the high altitudes of Abyssinia and is known to medical men; they call it here the *kosso*, and give that name to the medicine. It is of medium height, of slender and graceful body, and has symmetrical branches. The edges of its green leaves are prettily indented, like those of the rose, and its flowers are very beautiful. All the people take the *kosso* two or three times a month, it being dangerous to take too much. It is administered a little at a time, expelling portions of the tape-worm gradually until it all disappears. It is a most nauseous medicine. The Abyssinians take the dried flower of this tree and crush it upon a stone with a little water or *teige* until it becomes a paste; it is then diluted, and some filter it. A handful of dry flowers is considered a dose. Many attribute this disgusting disease to eating raw meat without salt and reeking with blood just after it is killed. Others think it comes from the glutinous matter of badly cooked teff and doura. On the frontier along the Rio Grande in the early days (1851 to 1856) it was a common thing with the Mexican people there, who lived almost entirely upon dried beef and venison without cooking it, to be afflicted in this way. In Switzerland it is said to be the water which causes the disease so frequently there. This eating of raw meat, Baker says, is universal with the Arabs and other tribes on the Atbara and throughout the desert; he has seen them eat the heart, liver, and entrails of the gazelle, sheep, and buffalo, while cutting them up, and they consider it a *bonne bouche* to take the paunch fresh from the

animal, sprinkle the contents of the gall-bladder upon it, and then smack their lips over it. It is also done by many tribes among the North American Indians.

The most fearful disease in Abyssinia is the *frendeet* (filaria). This is supposed to be communicated by the water. It is caused by a worm which installs itself usually in the leg and causes it to swell enormously. No larger than a very small string, the worm is imbedded a little distance under the skin and soon produces great pain. The savages accustomed to it make what they call *doors* by burning spots along the route of the worm with a heated needle. In the course of a week one of these spots festers into a small white boil, through which the head issues. This is seized, and they daily with great care wind it around a stick about the size of a match, and in about a week it is all drawn out. In case this parasitic worm is broken, inflammation ensues and another opening is necessary; then the trouble becomes more dangerous. I saw two men who had accompanied Colonel Long to the Equator terribly afflicted with this malady. Another ailment is an enlargement of the throat, which is sometimes cured with a root, but often ends in death from suffocation; and elephantiasis, itch, and scrofulous diseases are frequent. Dysentery during the cold and rainy season proves fatal to Europeans, and a malignant fever lurks on the rivers, just after that season, at the time when vegetable malaria is rife. This is one reason why the people of the country during this season do not sleep on the banks of the rivers, but construct their villages high enough up on the mountains to escape the malaria from below. They have another reason: in war mountain elevations are their principal means of protection. From these mountain eyries they can better communicate with their neighbors. It is their custom in case of alarm for the whole people of a village to collect on the top of the mountain and scream; this is taken up from some other hill-top, and soon the tocsin is sounded over vast stretches

of country calling their friends to arms. It is not surprising that these people are visited by the extraordinary maladies mentioned when it is considered that they take no sanitary precautions, but live in filth, without the slightest attempt at cleanliness in eating or in person. They never wash themselves except on holidays, and great numbers are crowded into a single small hut, where they cook, eat, and sleep. They live half the year upon teff and doura, and the other half upon raw meat, hot and reeking from the animal. They are utterly debased in morals. They are drunken when they can get strong drink; failing in this they swallow great quantities of *teige* or *bonsa*, swilling it to get at a few drops of alcohol. No wonder the tape-worm and frendeet are so common. There is no more healthy country in the world than these beautiful mountain plateaus are, for the air is pure and exhilarating, and ordinary sanitary measures are necessary to keep the country free of disease.

A word or two about the music of the Abyssinian may be of interest while I am speaking of their every-day life. Every one who goes to Axum visits the great church erected by the Portuguese during their stay in the country, and is attracted by the peculiarity of its pictures, among them that of St. George, the patron saint of the Abyssinians. They point to another picture with great pride. It is a painting of one of their numerous saints, the one whom they believe gave them the music which they so dolefully drawl out in their religious services, than which to their primitive minds nothing is more delicious. "Music at its origin expresses languor and sadness; it is a grief, painfully portrayed by those whose life is one of suffering; the cry of war succeeds to it. The song of mirth and joy comes with the refinements of civilization," says an able writer. The Abyssinians tell you of the tradition of their musical saint, how he gathered the three notes from the three beautifully feathered birds he heard carolling amid the foliage of the large daro-tree which grew near the great

church, and combining them while his mind was inspired by the Holy Trinity, into one melodious song. He then invented an instrument, and struck his chords before the delighted king. The latter was so enraptured that in planting his spear, that he might better enjoy the delicious sounds, he struck it into the big toe of the celebrated saint, who was so absorbed by his inspiration that he had not the slightest idea of being pinned fast to the earth. Those, however, who have ever heard the hideous din which the Abyssinians call music are forced to believe that the saint had no ear for sweet sounds, and the birds from which he copied his notes must have produced a cacophony so distressing as to make the nightingale and mocking-bird commit instant suicide.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM.

Ratib disposes of his would-be Abyssinian allies—Vain attempts to organize a system of scouting parties—The terrible fright of the commanding general—Movements of King John—The Abyssinian's reputed message to Ratib—False alarms—Demoralization of the Egyptians—Utter lack of capacity and courage in Ratib—The council of war—General Loring explains the situation and lays down a plan of operations—His advice ignored by the council—What Prince Hassan said—Osman Pacha ordered to desert Khaya Khor, but the order countermanded—Utter worthlessness of Osman.

THESE two worthies (Leige Barrou and Degatch Mikail) were disposed of by Ratib giving them empty promotions. Leige Barrou, on being dismissed, disappeared entirely; the other, during our affair of the 7th, succeeded in stealing one of King John's lions. I never heard of anything else he did on that occasion. His offer of men was refused, but he was promised the government of his province of Hamazen and made a pacha. His right to the place depended upon whether or not King John could drive him out. His honors were brief, for not long after we left Abyssinia the pacha was a fugitive within the frontier of Egypt. As Ratib had no authority to give titles, it made little difference, but it answered his purpose to keep this man quiet.

Before leaving Massowah the commanding officer was advised to organize a system of scouts and always keep them in advance—a corps composed of the best officers and men well mounted. But he put the matter off; his army marched along haphazard, relying upon Allah. We were no sooner encamped in the valley of Gura than scouts became necessary for our safety, and even then it proved

difficult to organize them. Ratib stationed one third of his command on picket on the hills ranging one and two miles around him, and strong mounted pickets on all the trails leading to his fort. Then he threw a line of sentinels around his fort within one hundred yards. Besides this he kept one half of the command all night standing at the parapet with their Remington breech-loaders charged and lying upon it, but would not send out scouts, the great necessity of all invading armies. Soon there was an alarm of the approach of the enemy. The men, scared by the excitement of the pacha, cocked their pieces in the dark as they lay upon the parapet, with all the thousands outside on guard and within range of the Remingtons. At the least movement they would no doubt have fired, and there is no telling the damage that would have been done to our own people. Luckily news came from the front that the alarm had been created by a herd of cattle, and the camp for the time being settled down into peace again. After no little persuasion, and urged by the prince, who told Ratib he was making old women of his soldiers, the commander finally allowed scouts to be sent out, and staff officers Derrick, Irgins, Somani, and Dr. Wilson were ordered on this important duty. The king in the mean time gathering his clans at about the time that Kirkham had said he would, learned from his spies and scouts the fact that Ratib Pacha had no idea of moving farther into the interior, which, now that he was strong, would have suited him admirably. It being impossible for the enormous cavalcade he had with him—men, women, and children (for they all go to war)—to remain many days in any one locality, he was forced to begin his movement. There were no trains or baggage to impede him, and living entirely on the country he was passing over, it soon became known that he was south of us and making the first decided demonstration. Developing clearly his plan of operations, it was not long before his advance extended to the Mareb River, indicating his pur-

pose to march to our rear. Small parties spread themselves over the country and mounted the hill-tops within eight or ten miles of us. In the mean time our scouts, under determined staff officers, very often obtained sight of them, and gave chase, running them from the field. The good effect of this upon the soldiers was at once observable; they had seen the enemy, and he had fled before them. It correspondingly alarmed the Abyssinians. Upon the king it was salutary; for drawing in his people his movements were stopped. Unfortunately, while these matters were going on an event occurred which in its result did us incalculable harm. Captain Irgins, a bold, experienced officer, had been ordered out with a large scouting party on the 27th of February, with explicit orders to do a certain duty. While he was engaged in carrying out his instructions to the letter, Prince Hassan happened to go out of camp a short distance a little to the west of our camp, where there was a rocky eminence overlooking a considerable distance; and standing there he descried smoke, really in a direction contrary to that in which the scouting party had gone. Thereupon he rushed headlong into camp, imagining that a fight was progressing, and imparted the terrible news to Ratib, whose fears were always alive. The latter went a step farther and conjectured that all the command had been butchered by the Abyssinians. Coming into camp and finding it in an uproar and Ratib excited, and instantly knowing that the alarm was groundless, I tried to reason him out of his folly, but he was so demented as to be incapable of listening to reason.

Without ascertaining the road the reconnoitring force had taken, he sallied out with a still larger command to the rescue, wringing his hands before his soldiers in great agony of mind, declaring that these men were certainly all killed, and that the Khedive would have him shot when he got back to Cairo. As soon as the news came I went to the rock upon which the prince had immortalized himself, and

saw that the smoke came from a small wood fire in the distance, and was not the smoke of firearms in battle. I returned immediately with such information as would satisfy any one with a modicum of sense or experience, that it was only the smoke of a single fire in the mountains, not more than a mile in the distance, and entirely unlike that of a gun of any kind. But it was lost upon this unfortunate man. Going out some three miles and night coming on, he stopped his command in a *cul-de-sac*, so that if there had been an enterprising enemy about he would have had a good chance to slaughter the Egyptians to a man. Ratib, valuing his own skin, returned to the fort only to find that Irgins had come back at the time appointed, innocent of what was occurring, not having seen or heard of an enemy that day. The nerves of the commander were so shattered by this event that he never recovered, and what was still worse, it put an end to our scouting. We had labored so persistently only to enable King John to get the information he wanted; for the abject conduct of Ratib was so notorious that the people all knew it and carried the information to the king. The Abyssinian conducted his movements with more boldness than before, and his parties showed themselves with impunity to the Egyptians, moving around us while travelling through the country of the people disaffected to him, and by burning their villages, as we could see from our camp, visiting punishment upon them. These people, to avoid greater horrors, fled into the valley of Gura in great numbers, and gave minute accounts of the movements of the king and his intentions. Taking this route was not only strategic, but it had the effect of striking terror among the inhabitants of the valley, who were his enemies. As we were without scouts, and acting in accordance with the Arab fashion of calling everybody into the fort for fear that somebody might be hurt, it was through these fugitives alone that we could get direct information of the whereabouts of the enemy. One of their

reports was that the king intended to attack Fort Gura. Relying upon this information, Ratib sent a despatch to Cairo, on the 26th of February, that the enemy was expected to attack his camp. The king was at Abba Mata on the 1st of March, and on the same day his advance was heard of as far as Tzaze. The course of the enemy could be traced by burning villages, which corroborated the statements of the flying people. The scenes in and around our camp were sources of merriment to those living in the valley, it being currently reported among them that the king had sent word to the pacha of his being aware that he had only old women under his command who were afraid to come out of their fort and fight a battle; that they intended to stick within it; but that, when he was ready, it was his purpose to come to Fort Gura and there pen him up and eat him at his leisure. The alarm of war, so often sounded, was exemplified at the fort again. I had just entered my tent at a late hour in the night when, hearing a shot fired, soon followed by a fusillade from nearly the entire command, I hastened toward the line to know the cause of the trouble. In the mean time there was a tumult within the camp which added to the general excitement; the tethered animals in great numbers broke loose and were racing over tent-cords amid the yells and shrieks of the Arabs, which with the firing made the scene a Bedlam not easily described. It was utterly hopeless to learn anything without stopping the noise. A bugler passing me in the dark, I ordered him to sound "cease firing." Quiet being thus restored, it was found that a soldier, alarmed, had discharged his piece at an imaginary object. This incident is referred to because of its bearing upon discipline, and for the reason that we had several hundred men scattered along our entire front within range of our rifles. I am not aware of any one being injured by this wild discharge. It was another experience of the army so soon to be tested in a fearful tragedy.

These simple-minded people, capable of making good fighting soldiers, were thus by a series of wretched follies on the part of the commanding general brought to such a nervous state that upon the least excitement their alarm knew no bounds. Ratib Pacha and his commanders were victims of the same state of mind, and the confidence of the troops in them was utterly destroyed. Ready to run at the approach of the enemy, the men, appreciating their fine qualities in this particular, stood on the *qui vive* to follow their chiefs at the crack of a gun. This is the culminating fact among those already detailed in explanation of the fatal results of the fighting, an account of which it is proposed to give in this statement.

The king from the outset in "swinging around the circle" had but a short distance to travel from Adua to Khaya Khor, the latter place being in our rear. From accurate information there was no doubt that he was moving in that direction, and was, when last noticed, in proximity to Khaya Khor. This directly threatened that fort and our communications between that mountain pass and our depot at Bahr Rezza. There was not the slightest difficulty in his interrupting our communications if he pleased to do so. All the movements and facts which came to us went to show that King John did not intend attacking us at this time in our intrenched camp, but Ratib affected to believe that he did, even after every one ceased to share the idea with him that the Abyssinians would come within cannon range. On the 3d of March our small scouting party gave accurate information, and news also came to us from the fugitives already mentioned, leaving no doubt of the intention of the enemy to enter the valley of Gura, in which our fort was situated, by the 7th of March. Having continually impressed on the commanding general what the facts within his knowledge dictated should be done, I took further occasion to enlarge on these matters at a council of all the Egyptian officers, pachas, and beys,

a very large gathering, including the commanding general, Prince Hassan, and his aide-de-camp, Zorab Bey. I presented my opinions in the following terms, hoping that if there were any among them who dared brave the commanding general (his peculiarities being so apparent) they would give expression to their assent. I requested Prince Hassan and Zorab Bey, his aide, both accomplished English and Arabic scholars, to interpret what I had to say, in order that there might be no misunderstanding of what was said. I explained to them the movements of King John up to that moment, as detailed in the foregoing paragraphs, and our own situation no less succinctly, as already pictured. My argument was that Fort Gura was impregnable, and that something ought to be done at once to meet and counteract King John, and that to that end the defences at Khaya Khor should be completed without delay. It was urged that a force of 700 or 800 men should be left in Fort Gura, with a complement of artillery, as this command could defy the enemy, while even 500 men could hold the place.

The rest of the command, over 6000 strong, armed with Remington rifles and a heavy park of artillery, including the Krupp guns, of which there were a large number, should be moved at once to Khaya Khor, six miles distant, and there united with the command of Osman Pacha, which was about 2500 strong, who also had artillery, in this manner not only protecting the rear but keeping open the communication for reinforcements which were soon expected. Further, it was recommended that General Field should be brought from Bahr Rezza, about thirty-five or forty miles distant, where he was engaged on duty with a command of about 1500 strong, at the earliest possible moment. By the time King John could concentrate in the valley we could meet him or not as we pleased, from Khaya Khor, a strong position, with full 10,000 effective men. Here we could wait and watch his movements. Our energies should

be used in getting up troops from the rear, strengthening the defences of Khaya Khor, and improving the means of getting water at that fort, this being scarce and distant, except in small quantities, at the pass proposed to be fortified. It was also important to send more formidable scouts to distract the enemy and get information of his movements and designs. It was certain that King John was near us, moving to our rear; he was out of supplies, and with his immense motley crowd of men, women and children he had to go great distances to get water. From his position and necessities he would be forced to take the Amhoor and Arato trails in order to obtain supplies. These trails ran between Fort Gura and Khaya Khor and near the latter. All his energies would be strained to enter the valley of Gura, where these trails debouched into it, and to force a passage across it, a distance of only two miles, and then over the hills to water and provisions. He did not fear an attack from Khaya Khor one mile distant from these trails, or Fort Gura, five miles distant, all information concurring to inform him that this command did not intend to attack him. Messengers were reported as coming from him saying that he expected at his leisure to hem up the Egyptian forces in this fort. When we were concentrated at Khaya Khor, the enemy, on making the attempt to cross the valley, should be attacked in flank with our whole power and with no hesitation, all being prepared beforehand to go at him without gloves. With our strength, discipline, and splendid arms, such a sudden blow at his hordes, unprepared for an attack, would certainly be crowned with success. Under no circumstances should we divide our forces; that would be fatal. Nor should we place our forces outside of our fortifications or beyond their protection, and act upon the defensive; that too would be fatal. Unless we did as advised, the rocks, hills, and valleys, densely covered with trees, would give the enemy complete protection and all the advantages over us. It was forcibly impressed on

CHAPTER X.

THE BATTLE OF GURA.

Further evidence of Ratib's incompetence—Approach of King John with his hordes—Ratib orders the force out of the fort into the valley—General Loring's first impression that the movement was to concentrate at Khaya Khor—Discovering the mistake, he takes means to secure the new position—Activity of the American officers—Appearance of the Abyssinian vanguard—Abject flight of the commanding general—Preparations for receiving King John's attack—Ratib refuses to advance a skirmish line—Topography of the valley of Gura—Unprotected situation of the right of the Egyptian line—Vain attempts made to have it strengthened—Situation of the two forces—The Egyptian army demoralized by their commander's cowardice—King John's amazement at the position of the Egyptian army—He turns Ratib's right flank—Vain endeavor of General Loring to order up reinforcements—Ratib deliberately runs from the field followed by a large portion of his army—Futile attempts of Prince Hassan and the American officers to rally the fugitives—Raschid Pacha, commanding the right, slain while gallantly fighting—The retreating Egyptians deserted by their officers, miss the fort, and rush on the weapons of their foes—A bloody massacre—Attempt made by Loring Pacha to persuade Ratib to a night attack on the enemy's camp—Ratib's refusal—A shining example of ignorance, stupidity and cowardice.

VERY little of note occurred on the 5th of March, the king continuing to feel his way cautiously. On the morning of the 6th Ratib invited me to go with him to Khaya Khor; and thinking something was wrong about the fortifications, we took with us Colonel Dye, the assistant to the chief of staff, and Colonel Derrick, the chief engineer. Shortly after our arrival an invitation was extended to go into a tent and talk over the approach of the enemy. In order that Colonels Dye and Derrick might express their opinions, I called them into the tent, it being my custom, whenever opportunity offered, to give the staff an opportu-


High Plateau
Tyhoul
Port Gura
Plain of Gura
Prisoners
Massacre
Camp
Plain of Haala
Scale
Miles
MAP
OF PLAINS
OF GURA & HAALA
From the original of Col Lockett

nity of expressing their opinions. Upon entering we found Ratib and Osman Pachas and Osman Bey, one of the colonels at Khaya Khor and under Osman Pacha. It was proposed that the junior should first give his opinion. Colonel Derrick then said in substance that a sufficient command should be left at Fort Gura, and the rest of the command brought to Khaya Khor. Colonel Dye was of the same opinion, canvassing the different roads and the method of protecting them. Agreeing with them in this, Ratib turned to Osman Pacha and Osman Bey, the other two present, who did not understand a word of what had been said, and conversed a few minutes in Turkish, not long enough to tell them what had been said, to which they smiled in response. Ratib, apparently amused, turned toward us and said we were all agreed. His whole manner was marked by insincerity and cunning. Very little further of any importance was referred to, and the conference ended. If there had been any one else concerned in so serious a matter, something might have been expected. Soon after reaching Fort Gura (this was on the 6th of March) I again argued with Ratib on the subject of our movement to Khaya Khor as one which ought not to be delayed an instant longer than necessary to get ready and march there; for it was naturally to be expected that orders would be issued at once when proposing it. He stared incredulously, as though he had not thought about it, and finally said that he did not intend to give any orders for a movement. I exhausted every argument, but, in spite of his recent assent, persuasion and entreaty were in vain. I was not surprised, and waited anxiously to see what his fear would dictate, for I had ceased to think that any other feeling controlled him, and could now only do the best possible to save him from jeoparding the army by any sudden freak. Thus affairs stood in our fort when night closed. King John in the mean time was concentrating all his strength in the immediate direction of Khaya

Khor, undoubtedly with the intention of entering the valley near there, and with a remote possibility of attacking that position. On the morning of the 7th, Derrick, our only reliable scout, was in front of the enemy at an early hour, sending numerous despatches of his movements over the trails by which he was expected. Osman Pacha, commanding Khaya Khor, finally informed Ratib that the enemy was near him. Without further notice or preparation, Ratib ordered verbally about 2500 men, possibly a fraction over this number, together with a number of Krupp guns, to be left at Fort Gura, and with about 5000 men of all arms and a number of guns moved out of the fort. When marching with his soldiers it was his custom to give all his orders in person, without the intervention of a staff officer, either native or foreign. Riding out with the prince after the troops had been marched out for a few minutes, I was surprised to find the command halted within a few yards of the fort instead of marching directly upon the other fort. Hassan, smiling incredulously, said he thought Ratib expected the enemy from some other direction. While in this position, evidently uncertain what to do, I said to him that delays were dangerous, and it was best to hurry to Khaya Khor as the enemy could not be more than eight or ten miles distant; but he did not budge an inch. Just then a despatch came that the dust of the enemy was seen on the Arato and Amhoor roads leading into the valley, between the two forts and near Khaya Khor. Upon this Ratib moved diagonally across the valley to the right and a little in advance of the fort, and then halted again. I now felt that he had determined not to join his forces, and that the best thing to be done was to secure him in the position he had taken and save his army. This position was on the decline of a prominent ridge, the main height of which circled around his rear some little distance from right to left. There was a deep broad gully running along his front and curving around his right, between him and the hills

some distance back. A thick growth of mimosa covered the entire valley in front. On his left he had an open road without obstruction to Fort Gura, and the possession of the prominent hill partly in front of his left secured his retreat. Sending his cavalry in advance, his staff of all nationalities was constantly employed, many acting immediately with the troops and others carrying orders and bringing information. Those actively engaged were Colonel Dye, Colonel Derrick, Major Mökln, Drs. Wilson and Johnson, Major Turnheysen, Captains Irgins, Porter, and Somani, together with a number of Arab officers. Ratib stood on a prominent elevation where with the aid of his glass he could scan the valley, of which he had as perfect knowledge as any one in the army. Notwithstanding this, I kept the staff continually on the move, so that the information in possession of the commander was as accurate as it was possible to obtain, now that the enemy was upon him. Another despatch came to me, which I read to the general, that the enemy was moving upon the Dember trail. This led more directly upon Khaya Khor and was threatening that fort. The road was some distance to our right, probably two miles and a half to where it debouches into the Gura valley, and the enemy's line of march upon it was plainly defined by its dust. Examining through his glass the great clouds of dust moving, which denoted the rapid approach of the enemy, Ratib seemed, in his nervous excitement, to forget he had an army, and wonderingly asked when he saw this dust, why the enemy was coming that way? The doubt was very soon solved by the enemy's appearance in great numbers on a ridge diagonally across the valley, about two miles distant from the command. We had been in this position a long time before the enemy appeared in complete view on this height, and it was after one o'clock before all his movements could be accurately observed where the Amhoor and Arato roads debouched into the valley. During these events I became satisfied that the command-

ing general, from his conversations with me and all his actions, did not intend to move out of his position at this place, and under his command I took immediate steps to secure him in it. Dr. Wilson was sent to examine the extent of a deep gully on our right, which wound round toward our rear. He reported favorably, and I proposed to the general that we should go together and examine the gully and secure his right and rear in that direction, as he had determined to make a stand here. The prince accompanied us on this duty. As the affair was becoming every instant more serious, I deemed it best to keep the general always within sight, so that I could instantly be with him in case of necessity or if any change should be made. This was one of the reasons I had for inviting him to come with me to the right, where he could keep the enemy in view and I at the same time could be near him for any orders. Instructions had been given for the duty we were then engaged in, and while attending to details Ratib unfortunately crossed the gully and got out of my sight. I was surprised to find that he had given an order for a movement. Instantly hastening to the rise on the opposite side of the gully where he stood, I got there in time to hear him give directions to halt the command when he sounded the bugle of his orderly. I soon learned that he had been advised and had determined to move his entire command to a new position. When the movement began I supposed it was his intention to form a connection with the command at Khaya Khor by a rapid movement, which might possibly have been effected, though I thought it was dangerous to undertake, as the time for it had passed; the active enemy was then actually swarming within the valley. He knew this from observation, and Drs. Wilson and Johnson and Captain Irgins had brought information confirming it. From our position after getting on the ridge, which was better than anywhere else, it was still plain to us that one party of the enemy had already moved toward Khaya Khor;

his movements going and coming we distinctly followed, and the other party some distance toward our right front. The ridge upon which Ratib moved was the same as that we had occupied; it turned a little more to the right, and gently descended from left to right in a direct line to a point where it was somewhat abrupt; then, curving sharply, formed part of the glen in the hills which lay between our right and the fort. I had from the time of leaving the fort insisted upon his throwing out skirmishers, and covering his entire front and right flank, and the advance and rear guards, but could not prevail upon him to do it. Now that the enemy was upon him, the safety of his army required it; but this necessity for the safety of an army he could not understand. I could see parties entering the valley and passing along our front, while others were at this time moving among the heavy growth on our right and into the glen unperceived, and so over the hills toward our rear.

The army marched its whole length in the movement on the ridge before Ratib ordered the bugle to sound. Then it halted at the abrupt point just mentioned, some little distance before the hill turned toward the glen. Finding that his right was probably one mile distant from Khaya Khor, I made inquiry of Ratib whether he was in communication with that fort, and said to him that in a short time the enemy would fill the valley and get between him and his force there; that unless he effected a junction with the forces there he would jeopard his army, as I had stated to him in the council of war several nights before. He had no plan of action, but had drifted into this position without a skirmish, scout, or picket in his front, even as Arabi Pacha did later, and there he awaited his enemy. Fearing the consequences of his critical position, and anxious that he should communicate with Osman Pacha at the fort looking down upon us, it was proposed to effect that; but to every appeal he seemed insensible; in reality he was stunned by the complications which surrounded him. My proposition

was to secure our right, in the mean time to communicate with the fort, and by concert of action his command could then strike the enemy in the flank as he moved across the valley, while the troops in the fort could attack the left flank and rear of the enemy, and still victory might be won. The better to understand the movements proposed, it is necessary to give a further account of the valley.

The distance across the valley where the enemy were in force was about a mile and a half or two miles. Khaya Khor was about half a mile to the north of the enemy and on the same ridge with him; our right was, as stated, a mile distant from Khaya Khor. The valley was everywhere covered with a thick growth of the mimosa-tree. Some of it would conceal a man on horseback, and was cut up with deep gullies which could conceal a large force in its approach, and which, together with the trees, would enable it to pass around us unobserved. The roads Arato and Amhoor, upon which the enemy were, ran directly across the valley and into a sort of glen about three quarters of a mile wide, the trail ran about a quarter of a mile from our right, and went back about three quarters of a mile, and then over the hills to where an abundance of water and provision was obtainable. This was the grand object King John had in view. The ridge we occupied has been already described. The batteries were in the most elevated positions. That in the centre was much higher than any other, and from this point Ratib, who remained there, had a better view than any other in the line; and from the height immediately in the rear he could take in the whole field and its surroundings far better than anywhere else. The battery on the right was the most important and Raschid Pacha, who commanded the entire right, had it protected. The battalion upon which he relied was subsequently removed and led around the hill, according to him, without his authority; so that this battery was isolated, really inviting the enemy to creep upon it under cover of the mimosa without

danger. The space between this battery and the right was the length of the battalion. It was advised to strengthen this battery at the outset. Of this Raschid Pacha was particularly warned, so as to prevent the enemy turning it, it being an important point in case an attack was made upon the enemy. With that as a pivot it was an easy matter, in King John's movement across the valley, to strike him in the flank with the entire force; and the command at the fort seeing our movement should beyond a doubt be precipitated upon his left. Placing his army where he did, there was no alternative but to make the fight as stated, or to be destroyed by a protected, unseen, and powerful enemy. It is needless to say that nothing was done. The day was then far advanced, and King John, who had hesitated for a long time, finally threw a strong line of sharpshooters along our entire front, opening a brisk fire, to which we replied, sending at the same time cannon shot at his force on the ridge and those that were toward our right. This forced the King to circle around nearer Khaya Khor, evidently trying to make his way into the glen on our right. It was then that two or three shot from cannon were fired from the height, which was all that was heard from that fort during the day. The smoke of these cannon was seen from our elevated position. The enemy were soon silenced in our front by a sustained fire from our entire line in their direction, which delayed their movement. The Abyssinians were now evidently approaching, and from observation finding the battery on the right had been left without protection, I hastened to Raschid Pacha and ordered him at once, in the name of the general, to send a force to its immediate relief. In a violent rage he declared that it had been supported, but that without his knowledge or authority the command intended for its protection had been taken from under his immediate control, and that he had just sent an officer to complain of this interference. In my presence another command was started

to its support. Soon afterward, learning from Colonel Derrick that there was still no protection, I again went to the right and saw the force sent there returning and Raschid in angry conversation with the officer who commanded it - my impression was, he was reproaching him for coming back I considered Raschid the best commander in the army, really the only one in whom confidence could be placed, and was satisfied he was doing the best he could. While here, becoming satisfied that this battalion, about which so much has been said, was in danger, a great effort was made to get a force over the ridge to its support, in which I did my best. We succeeded in getting it part of the way up the mountain, when finding my services were required with the general, it was left to a staff officer and Raschid. In the mean time the enemy was thickening in the valley. It was now still later in the afternoon, and they were bolder in their movements.

The scene around our small force was a curious and interesting spectacle. In full view were the frowning bulwarks of Khaya Khor, and the poltroon Osman, skulking behind them with 2500 of the best soldiers of the expedition, placidly looking down upon us in perfect safety, without extending aid when the enemy was within short range of his bristling cannon, and within that of the Remington rifle; fearing, as he subsequently confessed in an incautious moment, to fire upon King John, lest it might make the sable monarch angry and draw upon his devoted command a fierce and determined attack. Within a half mile of Osman, and a mile and a half of our position, and in its immediate front, marshalled in barbarian splendor upon an elevated ridge, were the serried hosts of the foe, full 50,000 strong, their banners and shields glittering in the declining sun, waiting the orders of their king, the ablest and most renowned African warrior of modern times, to move *en masse* across the valley. Around our right and rear, there were also lurking in great numbers their bravest and most

venturesome warriors. In addition to their great numerical strength, the Abyssinians were known to be a desperately brave people, who had defied the conquering Saracen, and held their mountain homes when more powerful nations around them had succumbed to the scimetar, and who more lately were flushed with their victory over the brave Arrendrup, the unfortunate Egyptian commander, which had inspired them with an exaltation only equalled by the despondency it had occasioned the Egyptians. How, it is naturally asked, could a general go systematically to work to place so small a force, in spite of the strongest protest, in a simple defensive position and await with folded arms the doom so swiftly to fall upon him? The question can only be answered as it has been already, by saying that what little judgment Ratib Pacha possessed was entirely crushed by abject fear. The events as they have occurred are conclusive that the king did not contemplate this battle, though it is barely possible he would have attacked Khaya Khor. If Ratib had not come up opportunely and put himself in the best possible position for King John to attack successfully, it is certain that the latter would have marched directly across the valley, between the two forts—Fort Gura, five miles distant, and Khaya Khor, one mile distant—and taking the roads already described, have made his way in hot haste to water and provisions, of which, according to our information, he was sadly in need. He never dreamed of finding Ratib out of his fort. In this he was deceived; and it must be said it was as much a surprise to those immediately with the Egyptian. I have explained the great exertion that was made to reinforce the right of the command. It is possible, if the battery placed there had been thoroughly supported by a very strong force, it would not, as it undoubtedly did in the end, have invited an attack, and the king might have carried out his original design. No man of sense can for a moment think this isolated battery, even though it might have been

supported to some extent by the small battalion of 400 men placed around the mountain, and so far from it as not to afford immediate support, could have beaten back King John and his 50,000 men, with every possible advantage on their side, as already detailed. It has been said that the little battalion fought with great bravery, though it too was forced to leave, as it was too much like playing with forked lightning, particularly as the remainder of the army thought prudence the better part of valor and took to their heels. Having just left Raschid Pacha on the right, engaged as stated above, I was on my way to the commanding general when Colonel Derrick overtook me with the statement that the enemy was turning the right. I had for some time been satisfied that numbers were already in our rear; and it was now, when they discovered the battery on the right isolated and easy of approach, that they dashed against the exposed flank. Derrick, going with me to the commanding general, made the same statement. He thought himself attacked, which was true—at this time the cavalry on the right had taken flight and were coming to the rear mixed with infantry. Ratib, who is of swarthy complexion, upon hearing it became ashy pale, whereas before this he had concealed all emotion. Without giving us time to say a word he rode rapidly toward the left, possibly, it was thought by us, to do something toward saving his army. But he took no steps to that end. Frightened out of the last vestige of manhood, he had deliberately run away, and he did not stop until he was out of all danger. Looking at him for a moment to see what his intentions were, I turned my horse and gathering a number of the staff rode rapidly to the right. It being but a short distance, we were soon near the battery, and were met by the retreating infantry and cavalry mixed in chaotic confusion. There did not appear to be any immediate cause for the retreat, as there was little or no firing in any direction. There were at this time, according to the most reliable information, but few of our

men killed—a fact which a subsequent visit with a number of staff officers to the entire field of battle corroborated. It was then that we saw regiment after regiment turn deliberately in their tracks and walk away, Egyptian officers setting the example. Raschid Pacha and a few brave men alone tried to stop the retreat. Making no haste, they laughed while firing their guns in the air, as though it were fine sport. Soon the fugitives became an unwieldy mass, and resisted all effort to stem their retreat. The American and foreign staff threw themselves in their front, but after extraordinary efforts were forced along with the retiring column. I had seen retreats before, but this one cannot be described. Becoming general, men and officers, artillery, camels, horses, and mules were out of all control and in the greatest disorder. Our forces had no sooner left the right than the enemy rushed pell-mell in pursuit of the plunder left. Arms scattered on the field, and camels, horses, and mules running wild attracted the Abyssinians, who valued these objects more than they did the Egyptian soldiers. For some time their attention was turned to gathering the spoil. They then left the scene of action with their booty for fear that others might rob them of it. King John, meanwhile, on the top of his ridge, witnessed this extraordinary movement, and in his amazement could not understand what it meant. Never having seen many disciplined troops, those about him say that as soon as he recovered from his astonishment, his first impressions were that the Egyptians were moving to a position for the purpose of attacking him in the rear as he moved across the valley. Observing our army in the distance moving slowly, it was natural for him to believe this, for he had not up to this time determined upon a decided attack. When it flashed upon him that the Egyptians were retreating in a confused mass, he instantly gathered up his clans. With shouting, drums beating, and the shrill shriek of their wind instruments there was a general rush of the entire Abyssinian

horde and the valley soon became alive with the mov
man. Those who first reached our rear fell like the sc
to wrestling and fighting among themselves for the ri
left on our line of march, and only a few followed us.
Abyssinian, accounting for their extraordinary rend
and we met often as many as fifty men would rush at
single file, and the lucky individual would mount his
start over the hills for his home. The necessity for a
guard to cover the retreat induced a chase after Ratil
bring him, if possible, to the rear for the purpose of fo
ing one.

I found him on foot at the head of the retreating colu
engaged in a laudable effort to push back the entire a
with the flat of his sabre; for, being a short man and
foot, he was entirely covered by his men, and out
every possible danger of a stray shot. The engine be
more powerful than the bull, the little man was stepp
backward at double quick, which, from the activity
displayed, did not seem unpleasant to him. There
just time to tell him that he must come back with me
the rear of his army; that the mob could not be stoppe
that way; there was no time to waste, and that unles
did it at once his army would be lost. It was necessar
give an order to some officer to form a command of his
men where he then was, and let the others pass in the r
to Fort Gura, as there was not a living soul in the
capable of doing anything. The prince with large numl
of the staff was far in the rear, using every exertion to s
the torrent, but in vain; and King John was moving
that very moment rapidly up the valley. The enem
horsemen were then distinctly seen coming across the va
about in his direction. Ratib, catching a glimpse of
terrible vision (being covered by his men he had not see
before), straightened himself up, looked several inc
taller, and scanned the heads of the jumping cavalry
they bobbed up and down among the mimosa trees of

valley. One look was enough; he doubled himself up as though he were going to say his prayers, Mahometan fashion, in the belief that his last day was come, and then suddenly disappeared, like a prairie dog into his hole, rushing headlong into the crowd of soldiers, who laughed at the dodge of the commanding general. Little did they dream that the farce was soon to be turned into one of the most terrible butcheries ever witnessed. I rode back with the staff to see whether some pacha or bey could not be found to do something for the army, as those who commanded regiments could alone do it, but all these gallant men, except Raschid Pacha and Osman Bey Nahgeeb, one of his colonels, had ignominiously fled and left their men to their fate. These two brave men were on foot. There was not at this time a single officer to be seen who was mounted. Colonel Dye, Dr. Wilson, Captain Irgins, and Colonel Mokln, Captains Porter, Somani, Turnheysen, Dr. Johnson, Colonel Derrick, and Major Dorholtz, and a number of the Arabs of the staff were near here in danger, as they had been through the day, doing all they could, as true chivalric men should do under the extraordinary ordeal through which they had passed. A few minutes after the events I have related happened, poor Raschid Pacha succumbed to a fatal wound. I had known this gallant soldier for many years, and a more brave and honorable officer was not to be found in any army. It is an agreeable task, where so many were recreant to their duty, to record his death at the post of honor.

So far few had been killed on our side. It was impossible to say how many of the enemy had fallen, but no doubt quite a number. Riding with numerous staff officers every few minutes from the right to the left before this retreat had commenced, I observed no alarm among the troops and was fully informed of the number killed and wounded. It was after the retreat that the butchery took place. It was now, however, certain from the facts detailed and from the

through the lungs, and another desperately wounded and left for dead on the field. He subsequently came into camp. Several of the Arab staff were wounded and captured during the day. At this crisis large bodies of cavalry were coming up in our immediate rear, and on the right flank of the moving column. Noticing the head of the column bearing away from the fort, then about a mile distant, Captain Irgins was sent to turn it in the right direction. There was at this time some of the enemy's cavalry and a few Abyssinian footmen between us and the fort; there was every reason to face this danger rather than the greater one, for there was a heavy body of cavalry and footmen coming up rapidly toward the right flank of the troops and in our immediate front. For some unaccountable reason the column did not change its direction, and to this day it is impossible to give a rational explanation of their course in not following the ordinary instincts of self-preservation. Though the fort was almost within a stone's throw, they persisted in turning from it, notwithstanding Irgins pointed the right direction and ordered the column to go there. What was most surprising was that Ratib Pacha, Prince Hassan, and a large body of officers parted from this very command, and were edging toward the fort. The commander, who had taken such pains to make cowards of his men, as he rode away was seen waving his hands to them to follow him, but in his folly he had lost all hold upon even his ignorant soldiery. Soon the cavalry began to thicken as it approached in our rear, and was showing itself on our right, our front, and in the direction of our path to the fort. With my escort exposed to a fire from the hill on our right, the situation now became not only complicated but exceedingly dangerous. Had Ratib gone in person to the head of the column it would have followed him beyond a doubt, but he was destined to add this chaplet of infamy to a character already stained beyond redemption. Here too he rode deliberately away from his

command and left a large body of the troops sacredly intrusted to him to a certain doom without making an effort to get them out of danger. Nothing in the history of warfare that I have ever heard of or can conceive of, equals the utterly degraded cowardice shown in this abandonment of his troops. Ratib and his party were immediately opposite the fort, on a direct line, and while engaged with the enemy on our right we kept his movements under observation. It was not long before we were cut off from the command and between two fires. A few minutes more and Ratib and his party must be inevitably cut off from the fort, but they rode rapidly for the place of safety. The movement of the small party was at first at right angles to theirs, but soon turning the point of the hill upon which the enemy was posted, the movement became diagonally toward the fort. There was a cannon shot about this time fired from the fort directed up the valley, but it was very soon stopped, as it was observed that numbers of our men were making their way down the valley. An artillery fire from Fort Gura might have answered a good purpose at the time of the [illegible] it was too late. Ratib [illegible] the fort and [illegible] the danger he [illegible] army [illegible] the [illegible] of the enemy. [illegible] fort [illegible] of the cannon [illegible] to wear the enemy off. I looked out anxiously and saw his abandoned troops, moving with measured tread in plain view, going up along the slope of the mountain, not a mile distant. At least he could have made a diversion, for he had a large force, as already stated, and the enemy's cavalry was but a small one compared with the Egyptian infantry, alongside of which this cavalry was riding, sticking their lances into the men and capturing them in droves. Dr. Wilson, who is still a surgeon in the United States army, had been carried into the fort, having been terribly wounded in the affair at the hill. This very gallant man throughout

the day had borne himself with the utmost daring and coolness, and no danger had appalled him. My orderly was dying from his wound. On arriving at the fort, and getting another, with a fresh escort, I and a few others retraced our steps for the purpose of guiding the retreating command. Getting as near as it was possible to approach it, and in a position where we could be distinctly seen, almost within hailing distance, while exchanging shots with the Abyssinians, who were between our party and the Egyptian column, we tried by every means to attract the attention of the Egyptians and to get them to turn upon the small body of cavalry on their right flank which was immediately in our front. It is impossible to convey the sensation of horror which thrilled us in witnessing this terrible sight. The Egyptians not only let themselves be killed by a handful of savages, but slowly continued to turn away from the fort and were marching into the enemy's clutches, which beyond a doubt must result in their general massacre.

Having been joined here by Osman Bey Nageeb, the last Egyptian to leave the troops, I sent him to the commanding general to report the facts above stated and to say to him that, having several thousands of fresh troops in the fort, he could by marching them out safely open the way for the rescue of his people, and that he would find no difficulty in driving back the small body of cavalry on their right flank. Besides this message, I sent word by a responsible officer that I should remain outside until relief came or until the last of his people were to be seen. This message was repeated to the bey so as to make him comprehend the whole situation. I have no doubt that he repeated it accurately, and so the last effort that could have been made by Ratib he let pass. It is well to observe that Ratib Pacha could see everything from the parapet of the fortification. Any man of courage would without prompting have done as advised. Other messages of the same import were sent, but no answer ever came, while the little force I had was gradually thinning out. The Egyptians

slowly and as it were in measured tread making no resistance, were seen throwing away their arms, while others were being lanced and killed, or surrendering in bodies in plain view of the commanding general and those in the fort.

Further comment is unnecessary upon the conduct of the Egyptian commander, and if it were words must fail to express the just indignation that one experiences for so infamous a creature. Here I stood, physically and mentally fatigued, and witnessed this sickening spectacle, after one of the most anxious and laborious days in my long life, and as the column of Egyptians was winding its slow length along, we knew that it was creeping into the entangling web of a remorseless and cruel foe. Still no effort was made from the fort, no message was sent, no aid, no troops; the silence of death reigned there; it was the shadow of the doom that awaited the remnant of the army which had so gayly marched out of Fort Gura in the morning.

The enemy in our front increasing, they gradually forced us back just as the last of the Egyptians entered the hills and disappeared from sight. It was then that the Abyssinians closed in upon their rear with a ringing shout of triumph. That night Ratib sent a secret order to Osman Pacha to abandon Fort Khaya Khor and come to Fort Gura, the safety of the prince being his plea. That gallant young man laughed, because he knew that Ratib was concerned only for his own safety. Luckily Osman, never contemplating any risk to his own skin, did not obey the order, and thus the command of 1500 men under General Field got there about one o'clock in the morning in safety. Hearing of the order, Field thought it ought to be obeyed after his arrival, and urged compliance upon Osman, but this fellow, like his commander a miserable coward, slipped off from Field and let him wait in the saddle all night expecting the order.

The enemy, but a short distance across the hills which tervened between us, made the night hideous with pro-

longed yells and howls like the roar of wild beasts. It came from gathered thousands of savages rejoicing over the scenes of a bloody tragedy. These struck additional terror into the heart of the unfortunate Ratib. Hearing the unearthly screams and no Osman coming to save him, he was only thinking of himself and the dawn of to-morrow, when the enemy would again pounce upon him. Crouching in a corner, with huge piles of hard bread in bags thrown around him and over him for additional protection, he constantly cried in his agony of grief that the Khedive would certainly order him to be shot. Finally the howling ceased, and the Abyssinians, drunk with blood and satiated with massacre, sunk to sleep by the side of their fires, the flickering of which on the hills could be plainly seen.

Ratib becoming more tranquil, he too about this time doubled up, Arab fashion, and went to sleep in his corner of the fort. Hearing that Field had arrived and had joined forces with Osman, I went in search of Ratib Pacha, and stumbled upon the prince in the dark, whom I found in great sorrow. I told him I was in search of Ratib, with the proposition that as Osman was coming to us with his command and that of Field who had arrived there, he should be halted outside and united with most of those in the fort, and in the darkness we could march noiselessly to the top of the hill, one mile distant, and under its crest, a half mile from the sleeping camp, be ready there, at the dawn of day, to open fire and make an easy prey of the enemy. If they heard us at night, knowing we had received reinforcements, their uncertainty would induce them to scatter. In any event we could not but meet with success. If trouble ensued we could fall back under cover of our fort. In this way we could retrieve the losses we had met and rescue the large numbers of our soldiers scattered among the hills and in the valley who would otherwise fall into their power on the returning day. The prince thought it was useless to try Ratib, as he did not think I could get him out of the fort.

In the dark, among old rubbish and bags of bread, I found Ratib after a long search. The magnificent son of the Prophet was fast asleep, and with no little difficulty was awakened from his deep slumber. Soon explaining my mission, I related all that had been said to the prince. Rousing himself and reflecting a moment, his reply was that he did not believe it possible to undertake it, and again subsided into dignified repose. It so happened that the cautious Osman, possibly suspecting that something of the kind might be done, did not come as expected. Thus ended the last effort of the day to save the great numbers of our wounded still on the field and the soldiers scattered in large numbers in the valley, in the gullies, and among the mimosa-trees, to say nothing of the honor of the command. I ascertained long after midnight that thousands of camels were outside the fort and immediately alongside of it which could be saved without an effort, but that if left there without securing them, they would certainly stray off or be taken by the Abyssinians in the morning. This would deprive us of a great portion of our transportation, which might at any moment become important. After going to everybody who was awake, I finally found Yusef Bey in the darkness, the officer in command of the fort. I gave him this important information, and impressed upon him the fact that the preservation of this transportation might involve the safety of the command, and explained to him how it could be effected with perfect ease, as eight or ten men could do it. He, too, though an instructed man, was so frightened that he answered my proposition with bated breath, as though the Abyssinians might hear him, that he did not think it safe to go out under the breastworks. There was not the slightest danger. As expected, these thousands of camels, mules, and horses were all gone in the morning, except a few within two hundred yards of the fortification, and they were driven off in plain view of the command by the brave enemy.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Ratib refuses to send out for his wounded—Boldness of the enemy in coming up under the walls of the fort—The Abyssinians make a resolute onslaught on the fort—Their bloody repulse—Flight of the enemy after heavy loss—The Egyptians mutilate and partially burn the bodies of the dead Abyssinians—Indignation and horror of the American staff—King John makes reprisals by murdering six hundred prisoners in cold blood—American and European officers captured in the first day's battle—Example of kindness on the part of Abyssinian women—The loss of Egypt in killed, wounded, and prisoners—Assault of Egyptian soldiery on friendly Abyssinians, who saved the lives of their wounded—Ratib Pacha sends despatches deceiving the Khedive as to the results of the battle—He is directed to conclude peace—Negotiations with King John—He secretly steals away with baggage and men while these are pending—A coward in war and a traitor in peace.

THAT night and early next morning a number of our wounded came into camp and reported a great many still in the valley and on the hills, one or two miles distant. The next day, the 8th of March, the commanding general was pressed to send his cavalry to collect his wounded. The valley was open, and it could manœuvre without fear, and being an old cavalry officer I proposed to take command, with the entire staff, and bring them in. He would not let a soldier go out of the fort, and if he saw one on the outside he was fired upon. He was told that officers like Raschid Pacha, Mehemet Ali Pacha, Dr. Johnson, Major Dorholtz, and a great number of others might be still alive there. These were all friends of mine, and aside from a feeling of humanity and duty that was an additional reason, if there could be one, to induce me to urge action. I said that it was inhuman to leave them out in the burning sun

The Battle of Fort Gura

safety, as there was scarcely a spot within the fort that a shot from the sharpshooters could not reach. The bread fort was, however, a happy thing, as it afforded perfect shelter to our wounded officers, completely covering them, so that they could neither see nor be seen. It was not long before the Abyssinians, with sabres and lances, and shields covered in barbaric splendor with brass and silver, were seen glittering in the morning sun. They looked, as they stood in masses, as one might fancy the phalanx of Alexander the Great—the king in his *chemma*, the princes and priests in their *kuaries*, and the soldier in his *taub*, each resembling the Roman toga with red stripes through its centre. These folded around them or gracefully fluttering in the morning breeze gave them the air of the military civilization of an ancient day. Confident in his numbers, King John began forming upon the hills and their slopes immediately in our front and in the gorges that came out of the hills. From his movements it was expected that his many thousands would be at once pushed upon the fort in the attempt to end the matter in a single assault. It was an imposing sight, one of the most curious and striking that could be witnessed: I certainly never was more interested in a picture. The Egyptians knew that they had no quarter to expect, in what they believed to be a deadly fight soon to begin. In this feeling of the command lay the hope of successful defence. Knowing the strength of the fort, and having a large number of newly educated young officers, there was confidence that it could resist attack if the men stood faithfully to their work, armed as they were with the Remington breech-loaders and with Krupp steel guns glittering on the works. Osman Bey Nageeb, the bravest Egyptian in the army, was in command of the fort. With the entire staff I stood at the point of danger until the last gun was fired. The king began by throwing around the fort a line of skirmishers who, covered by the mimosa-trees and shrubbery, poured

tance, running as though they had abandoned the fight, a sortie was made from the fort, the Krupp guns still continuing to pour well-directed shots into the enemy on the slopes of the hills, and these too showed signs of weakening. The scattered throngs in the valley around us, seeing the discomfiture of their assaulting party, fled precipitately; those on the hills catching the excitement, music and shouting ceased, and King John and his army took to their heels. It was not many minutes before the great numbers of those who were hidden among the mimosa-trees, bushes, and gullies waiting to plunder the fort, catching the inspiration, were discovered quitting their places of concealment and flying wildly from the valley. There was scarcely a spot but the supple and fleet Abyssinian could be seen running out of the range of our shot, his pace accelerated by a constant fire till the speed was something marvellous.

The defence of the fort was very determined, and convinced me that these people would fight well behind breastworks. It was this that induced the belief that Arabi Pacha would have made a stouter defence at Tel-el-Kebir in the late war. The enemy left a number of killed and wounded on the field near the fort. As soon as the Abyssinians had disappeared from the hills the Egyptians (Soudanese), officers and men, now that all danger was past, rushed out of the fort, and at once showed their prowess by killing the wounded of the brave Abyssinians, mutilating the dead, cutting off their hands and feet and scattering them about.

To make the scene more horrible, they threw the dead bodies upon dry brush near by and set fire to it; others had straw placed upon their faces and fired. The fire blazing without consuming left a more than ghastly sight. As soon as this came to my knowledge I hastened to Ratib Pacha and urged him to stop such devilish work; but I found him unequal to the occasion. The prince, who was near, hearing my conversation with Ratib, for the facts just

wounded and dead by the Egyptians, who might have held them as hostages, would not have continued it as they did on the 10th of March. Unfortunately Mahometans when roused take no counsel other than that of their brutal instincts, as was the case in this instance. The butchery of the wounded was a terrible illustration of Egyptian ignorance and inhumanity, and in this campaign it was an illustration also of an utter want of that policy which would have been dictated by common-sense, if not by a proper consideration for their own suffering people. It is true it might have occurred under any circumstances, but that does not excuse the Egyptian army for taking the dreadful responsibility, when both policy and humanity dictated a different course. It would be well for the civilization of the age if a veil could be thrown over this terrible tragedy, but truth demands that those in authority, who had the power to stay the savage thirst for blood and did not use it, should be held up in the light of history for its condemnation. At dawn of the 9th of March I was on the parapet of the fort watching for the Egyptian wounded, having been up during the night on this sacred duty. Many came in during the darkness, and, aided by Captain Porter and others, we helped them into the fort and ministered to their wants, giving our clothing and blankets and everything we could find to keep the cold air from their wounds, while their own people were asleep and neglected them. Many of their wounds were in a most horrible condition, and hundreds were crying for food and water. It was at this early hour that I was pleased to see Dr. Badri Effendi coming, without any clothing on but his boots, wounded, and dragging himself slowly along. In giving an account of his capture and suffering he said the enemy had led him, wounded, naked, and bound, into their camp. As he was quite a small man, no particular guard was placed over him. During the night one of the young women cast toward him pitying glances not unmixed with playful fond-

quently others straggled in for several days and nights, and, with the number brought in by Colonel Derrick and Captain Irgins, there were over 1500 wounded who returned into the fort. There were nearly 2000 killed on the 7th of March, many along the line of march, and others in the dry beds of the valley and among the hills. This was after the army left the field of battle, where few were killed or wounded. Between 800 and a 1000 were taken prisoners; of these, nearly 800, many of them wounded, were massacred on the 10th of March in King John's camp. About 130 prisoners, who were some time in their hands, were delivered to us before we left Abyssinia. I went with several staff officers a few days after the occurrences related and made a thorough reconnoissance of the entire battlefield, the line of march, the valley and the hills; and this assisted me in the estimates given. On the 9th there were 17 killed, mostly officers, and 20 or 30 wounded. Among those of the staff of the army who were killed in the two days' fighting, were Dr. Mehemet Ali Pacha, Nieb Mahomet Bey, and Telferrata, telegraph operator, and one orderly of the chief of staff. The wounded were Colonel Dye, Dr. Wilson, Dr. Badri Effendi, Major Dorholtz, Dr. Johnson, one Egyptian captain, two Egyptian lieutenants, and the two orderlies of the chief of staff. The next day, the 10th of March, the air became too tainted for even the Abyssinians to remain in their camp opposite the fort, and King John moved it still further back into the interior. As soon as this was known I went at once to the commander and urged the sending of the cavalry after the wounded, mentioning Mehemet Ali, their great surgeon, and one of their most gallant men. I have to notice that a high Egyptian official met my appeal by saying, "Oh, it doesn't make any difference; he is too old to live anyhow." Finally the cavalry started for the camp from which King John had removed, accompanied by Colonel Derrick and Captain Irgins of the staff. On getting to the hill-top near the camp the men

stopped to consider that these friendly Abyssinians were more humane toward our wounded than they were themselves, and deserved the highest reward instead of such brutal treatment.

General Field, Colonel Lockett, and Major Dennison with their parties came into camp this day from Khaya Khor. They had made strenuous exertions to reach us before our first battle. Distinguished on many battlefields, they would have been of incalculable aid to us. Knowing how important they were, I had made great effort to get them up in time.

A strange medley of information came to my knowledge a few days after the occurrences already related. It seems that Ratib Pacha, thinking to conceal his losses, represented to the Khedive by letter and telegram that he had gained a great victory on the 7th of March; at least so he informed me, sending exaggerated accounts of the force he had combated and the miraculous numbers of the enemy killed. His object, cunningly devised, was to break the force of the terrible misfortune which had befallen his army, or possibly to give the Khedive the opportunity of publishing news of a victory over the Abyssinians. It was not surprising that in response to these telegrams an order came to demand of King John all arms, cannon, and prisoners he might have. Having no confidence in any statement he might make until this order was named, I doubted that he could have had the effrontery to send the unblushing statement. Believing it at Cairo, and tired of the war, his *amour-propre* satisfied, he said, that the Khedive had further ordered him to make peace at once with King John upon almost any terms. This latter clause did not make it appear to me that the Khedive was so greatly deceived after all. His correspondence, begun in secret, was becoming complicated, and he desired me to aid him. I declined, from that time thereafter, unless he undeceived the Khedive and gave me all the despatches that had passed between

The minister of the barbaric king had no sooner entered the camp than a gay and festive scene began. Splendid repasts were spread at the prince's table, and all went as merrily as though nothing had happened. While the band discoursed the sweetest music to beguile the representative of royalty into a happy turn of mind, costly presents of rich silks, beautifully worked blankets, and gorgeous saddles and bridles, with their rich trappings glittering in brass and silver, were showered on him, and they went to his heart. Bales of the same gaudy material were forwarded to the king to cultivate a good understanding with his sable majesty. The consequence of these unexpected offerings to the newly arrived ambassador was that he became not only pleased, but thought himself the best entertained individual of modern times. It was not long, as each new present was unfolded, before Ouarkee and Ratib got to embracing each other, and though the representative claimed to be a Christian, the two afforded infinite amusement in their maudlin state by praying together Mahometan fashion.

The farce continued for several days, when Prince Hassan, wearied of the camp and the barbaric show in which he played his part, and getting permission from the Khedive, took advantage of the Arabian nights entertainments going on to "secretly fold his tent and silently steal away," without the least sign of that royalty which had marked his advent. Hassan started ostensibly on a hunt, but no sooner was he out of sight than he made a straight course for Cairo, not checking his speed day or night until he was safely on board his father's yacht ready to sail at once out of the harbor of Massowah. The mantle of the prince falling gracefully upon Ratib, he at once assumed all the airs of the royal table and held high revel amid great rejoicing. You would have supposed, in witnessing this scene while nestled in the valley of Gura among the mountains of Abyssinia, that King John was about to abdicate, and the purple,

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

Dr. Johnson's account of his captivity among the Abyssinians—Saved from death by Welled Sallassee—Death of Dr. Mehemet Ali—Sad case of Major Dorholtz—Terribly wounded and brutally treated—Slain in a duel with Count Turnheysen after returning to Egypt—Implication of Prince Hassan in the matter—Incidents farcical and tragical before Abyssinia—Evil influences which sapped the military régime—Deep-seated hostility of officers and men to the Abyssinian war *Statu quo ante bellum*—Unfortunate effects of Egyptian failure on the Khedive's power and prestige—A personal word about the relations of General Loring with the Khedive and his court—Decorations received for distinguished service.

THE campaign being virtually over with the change of troops from Fort Gura to Khaya Khor, it was not long before this stronghold was also abandoned. For the time being a strong force was placed in it, and the army was ordered to Massowah. I am indebted to Dr. T. D. Johnson, now of Clarkesville, Tennessee, for much information concerning the habits and customs of the Abyssinians in their camp and on the march. It will be recollected that the doctor was wounded and captured in the affair of the 7th of March, after displaying great courage in the discharge of duty. During his first few days in the hands of the enemy he underwent most painful suffering, until by good fortune he came under the observation of the noted chief Raz Welled Sallassee, who controlled the powerful provinces of Amhara and Semien, and was, next to the king, the most distinguished man in the army. This prince, the descendant of the famous Welled Sallassee, claimed royal lineage. His ancestors more than seventy years before had supreme power in Abyssinia, and were even

Palace at Gondar.

strength was represented as nearly 60,000, but their total, including women and children, was over 100,000. He states that on the morning of the 10th from four hundred to five hundred Egyptian prisoners were shot dead in the Abyssinian camp. Their manner of killing was to make them run by striking them with their clubs, or pricking them with their spears, and then, amid jeers and laughter, to shoot them in the back as they ran. He speaks of seeing Mehemet Ali, the celebrated Egyptian surgeon, after he was taken prisoner by them, who upon meeting him seemed very much affected, throwing his arms around his neck and saying to him in French, "*Mon ami;*" but they were immediately torn asunder, and he never saw him again. This noted man was gentle and kind in his nature, and had been liberally educated in Europe, where he had a high reputation as a surgeon. It is said that the Abyssinians on the march left him in charge of another prisoner, one of the Soudanese (black) Egyptian soldiers, to hurry on with him. The doctor, aged and infirm, was on foot, and this soldier, afraid of being left behind, murdered him. It is said that this crime was avenged by executing the brutal assassin.

It now becomes a painful duty to speak of one most un-

are numerous spacious halls which by stairways lead to a broad platform, and there were once extensive balconies, but they are now scarcely recognizable. The windows and doors, miserably patched to make it habitable for the semi-barbarians, give it a hideous and dilapidated look, and detract from its character as a grand old ruin. Connected with this palace is a smaller one, the home of the queen. It is more graceful and ornamental, and is adorned with Greek crosses, cornices, and balustrades. Its architecture is good, and reflects credit upon the Portuguese both for their attainments and gallantry. There are many other structures which tell the traveller that the stranger was building up beautiful cities and massive works, when the people with savage ferocity either forced them from their country or destroyed them in it. There are other structures connected with this immense palace which have interested travellers.

Gondar is more important for its commerce and manufactures than any other city in Abyssinia. It is also the residence of the abouna and his assistant, the etchekia, of whom we have already written so fully.

subsequently to the tent of the king. I give the next scene in the tragedy in Dr. Johnson's own words. "I found, on arriving at the commissioners, all the prisoners, and a more motley crowd was never seen. Many of them were entirely naked, and a majority of them had nothing on but a ragged, dirty piece of cloth tied round their loins. The appearance of poor Major Dorholtz, a Swiss officer of the staff, and the only white man except myself captured, would have moved a heart of stone. The clothing he wore when captured was all gone except a short gray sack coat, and that was filled with dried blood, with which it had been saturated from the wounds he had received on the 7th of March. He had an Abyssinian shirt and drawers much the worse for wear, and attached to his feet without socks were sandals. His feet had been blistered by the sun and were now a complete sore. His chin was turned one side from the spear wound he had received, and he looked as if he had not eaten anything during his whole captivity. The prisoners were soon marched to the quarters of the king, where we were detained for several hours. Finally the Peace Commissioner and one of the ministers of King John came to the guard line, when three Arab officers and myself were invited to enter the king's tent. They stopped Major Dorholtz when he attempted to follow, because, as I supposed, he was not considered presentable." This gentleman, who had been so cruelly treated, it seems was in too horrible a condition for even his savage majesty to gaze on, though King John had revelled in carnage and massacre only a few days before. Major Dorholtz, through a foul slander, fell under the displeasure of Prince Hassan when he was in great suffering and nigh unto death in the enemy's power. The falsehood, hatched in camp by some infamous scoundrel, was that when a prisoner he had served the single cannon of the enemy in the battle which has been described as happening on the 9th of March. I have not sufficient evidence to enable me to name the author.

all over in the valley, there was a major of the guards accompanying and attached to Ismail Pacha Kamil's regiment, then marching to the front, who, frightened, it is said, and only malingering, was refused a place on the sick list by the doctor and remained at one of the depots in the rear. Upon coming to the front he was reduced to the ranks. Colonel Lockett, who accompanied the regiment in which this major was serving on its march from the rear, gives the most ludicrous account of their march to the front, which shows only too plainly the state of mind of the soldiers even as far back as Bahr Rezza, some thirty miles in rear of all danger. The commander of the regiment, a noted fellow by the name of Ismail Pacha Kamil, had with him 2000 men. Their road began by winding round a rocky chasm with high cliffs on each side and thickly wooded. Receiving wondrous accounts from those who had gone to the rear, of the daring and numbers of the enemy, and having their fears excited, they imagined a foe in every turn of the road as they marched. Keenly on the alert, shortly after leaving the post they saw a number of the large-sized monkeys (*Cenocephalus*), so common in Abyssinia, prowling on the sides of the mountain just above them, and frisking gayly about. The monkeys accidentally loosening the rock upon which they were treading, it came tumbling down the cliff. The monkeys stood up, chattering and grinning alongside the trees to which they were holding on by one paw. Attracted by the falling of the stones, on looking up and seeing these strange creatures and wise-looking gray-whiskered old gentlemen, the troops took them for Abyssinians, and thereupon the whole regiment, seized with sudden fright, went pell-mell, making tracks to the rear in what is called in America a regular "stampede."

After leaving the next station (Addi Rasso) a short distance they were again stampeded. This time they succeeded in forming squares. One officer, high in rank, lost his hat in getting upon his knees behind a horse inside of

7th of March and was coward enough to strike the lieutenant a blow which he knew he could not return without death. Subsequently it is said he joined the magnificent Osman in telling the unblushing lie that he had slain 800 men on that day (7th of March).

These two officers, the major already mentioned and the lieutenant, though both had been already punished for any crime they had been charged with, were, on the day we left Khaya Khor, chained by the neck to eight or ten deserters and led out of the fort and shot to death in the back. I cannot answer for the major, but I look upon the killing of the lieutenant as a base, unmitigated murder, instigated and carried into effect without just cause by men who ought to have been themselves shot for worse than cowardice. It would have been well if some of those could have been shot who by every act showed hostility to the war from the commencement, who by their example and counsel impaired the morale and discipline of the army, and who in a thousand ways destroyed the confidence of the soldiers in their officers, which, reacting, destroyed all confidence in the soldiers on the part of the officers. If some of those who thwarted the movements of the army, being well known, had been dealt with in the outset as they deserved, there would have been a far different result to record. The soldiers were taught in every conceivable manner by their commander and many of his officers to believe that they were engaged in an unnecessary war; that Egypt had more territory now than she could manage, and that it was cruel to bring them all the way to Abyssinia to be butchered. It was instilled into their minds that they were in constant danger at every step they took in advance; that they had neither the courage, strength, nor experience to cope with the enemy, who were so much more brave, powerful, and warlike than they.

In the first fight their commanding general and his higher officers were seen to run deliberately from the field of

and to do justice to those who had served him in good faith. It so happened that those whose incapacity did him most harm had their friends at court, and as it often happens in Mahometan countries, there was no more potent influence in propping them up than the women of the harems, an influence the more powerful because unseen. What did they care for the war when their bey or pacha was concerned? It mattered little to them whether their lords came back with honor or not, so that they returned. Living out of the world, in perfect seclusion and ignorance, never reading a book or newspaper or conversing with any intelligent human being about subjects of such small importance as war, it was impossible for them to know anything of it, even if it had been desirable that they should. There was one respect in which they were learned in a sublime degree—namely, in all the secret, subtile windings and intricacies of court intrigues. There is no disguising the fact that these women and their coadjutors environed the Khedive and bound him tightly with their invisible threads, and thus the hated war question was kept from him. It often happened that invitations were ordered by him in person to be sent to Americans to assist at his soirées and dinners, and sometimes for important purposes. The officials through whom they were sent often failed to transmit the notices, trusting that in the numbers invited the Khedive might overlook the special instances, and if he complained of the non-appearance of any one, particularly those invited upon business, a convenient lie was always ready to serve the purpose, and their object was thus gained through delay. The difficulty with him was to fix responsibility. Upon these occasions he often sought those who were neglected or whom he wished to see on business, and expressed regret that he had not met them. I am the more particular in stating these facts because it has been said, in criticism of the Khedive, that he failed to invite myself and others on the occasion of a dinner to General Grant, while

in the name of the Khedive in the most complimentary manner.

In order that I might know all the facts connected with the bestowal of these decorations by the Khedive, and correct statements which have been made on the subject, I addressed a letter to General Stone, chief of staff of the army, and received from him the following reply:

"I recommended to the Khedive, as was my duty as chief of staff, the bestowal upon you of the decoration of Grand Officer of the Medjidieh, and it was cheerfully and in the most complimentary manner accorded. Upon its coming into my keeping, it was my great desire to make its presentation as pleasing as possible, and that you should appreciate it as deserved so high a compliment.

"I applied to the Khedive for decorations for Colston, Field, Lockett, Derrick, Irgins, Wilson, and Johnson, and all were given in the most complimentary manner, except in the case of Lockett, which was prevented by the intrigue of a foreigner. Colonel Dye having stated that in case a decoration should be offered without promotion, he would refuse it, I made no official application for a decoration for him, because it would have been an intended insult to the Khedive had the decoration been tendered and refused. It was, of course, my duty to prevent such an occurrence. I thought that Dye by his service and his wound was entitled to a decoration, but he having (in advance and before it was tendered) declared that he would refuse it, I made no application for him."

When decorations were conferred, it was expected that those honored should call in an informal manner upon the Khedive and his Minister of War. I had already returned my thanks, in writing, to the Khedive. With another who had been a recipient, I made this visit. The Khedive expressed himself pleased with the visit; and this duty of simple etiquette ended, we next paid our respects to Prince